THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXVIII. — NOVEMBER, 1891. — No. CCCCIX.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

XVI.

THE CAMP.

D'Aulnay's sentinels about the walls, understanding that all this confusion was made by a stampede of ponies, kept the silence which had been enjoined on them. But some stir of inquiry seemed to occur in the bastions. Father Vincent, lying helpless in the trench, and feeling the chill of lately opened earth through his shaven head and partly nude body, wondered if he also had met D'Aulnay's gratitude for his recent inquiry into D'Aulnay's fitness to receive the sacraments.

"But I will tell my lord of Charnisay the truth about his sins," thought Father Vincent, unable to form any words with a pinioned mouth, "though he should go the length of procuring my death."

The soldier with his buckskin covered by Father Vincent's capote stepped out into the starlight and turned his cowled face toward the fort. He intended to tell the sentinels that D'Aulnay had sent him with a message to the commandant of St. John. The guards, discerning his capote, would perhaps obey a beckoning finger, and believe that he had been charged with silence; for not having heard the churchman's voice he dared not try to imitate it, and must whisper. But that unforeseen element which the wisest cannot rule out of their fate halted him before he had taken a dozen steps up the hill.

"Where is Father Vincent de Paris?" called some impatient person below the trench. Five figures coming from the tree gained distinctnecs as they advanced, but it was a new-comer who demanded again: —

"Where is Father Vincent de Paris? Did he not leave the camp with you?"

The soldier went down directly where his gray capote might speak for itself to the eye, and the man who carried the stool pointed with it toward the evident friar. "There stands the friar behind thee. He hath been tumbled into the trench, I think."

"Is your affair done?"

"And well done, except that some cattle ran mad among us but now, and we thought a sally had been made, so we put out our torches."

"With your stupid din," said the messenger from camp, "you will wake up the guns of the fort at the very moment when Sieur D'Aulnay would send his trucebearer in."

"I thank the saints I am not like to be used for his agent," said the man who had been upset with the torches, "if the walls are to be stormed as they were this morning."

"He wants Father Vincent de Paris," said the under-officer from camp. "Good father, you took more license in coming hither than my lord intended."

The soldier made some murmured noise under his cowl. He walked beside the officer, and heard one man say to another behind him: —

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"These holy folks have more courage than men-at-arms. My lord was minded to throw this one out of the ship when he sailed from Port Royal."

"The Sieur D'Aulnay hath too much respect to his religion to do that," answered the other.

"You would best move in silence," said the officer, turning his head toward them, and no further words broke the march into camp.

D'Aulnay's camp was well above the reach of high tide, yet so near the river that soft and regular splashings seemed encroaching on the tents. The soldier noticed the batteries on their height, and counted as well as he could for the cowl and night dimness the number of tents holding this little army. Far beyond them the palpitating waters showed changeful surfaces on Fundy Bay.

The capote was long for him. He kept his hands within the sleeves. Before the guard-line was passed he saw in the middle of the camp an open tent. A long torch stood in front of it with the point stuck in the ground. The floating yellow blaze showed the tent's interior, its simple fittings for rest, the magnificent arms and garments of its occupant, and first of all D'Aulnay de Charnisay himself, sitting with a rude camp table in front of him. He was half muffled in a furred cloak from the balm of that Easter night. Papers and an inkhorn were on the table, and two officers stood by receiving orders.

This governor of Acadia had a triangular face with square temples and pointed beard, its crisp fleece also concealing his mouth except the thin edges of his lips. It was a handsome, nervous face of black tones; one that kept counsel, and was not without humor. He noticed his subordinate approaching with the friar. The men sent to execute Klussman were dispersed to their tents.

"The Swiss hath suffered his punishment?" he inquired.

"Yes, my lord D'Aulnay. I met the soldiers returning."

"Did he say anything further concerning the state of the fort?"

"I know not, my lord. But I will call the men to be questioned."

"Let it be; he hath probably not lied in what he told me to-day of its weak garrison. But help is expected soon with La Tour. Perhaps he said more to the friar in their last conference."

"Heretics do not confess, my lord."

"True enough, but these churchmen have inquisitive minds which go into men's affairs without confession," said the governor of Acadia, with a smile which lengthened slightly the thread-lines of his lips. D'Aulnay de Charnisay had an eye with a keen blue iris, sorting not at all with the pigments of his face. As he cast it on the returned friar his mere review deepened to a scrutiny used to detecting concealments.

"Hath this Capuchin shrunk?" he cried. "He is not so tall as he was."

All present looked with quickened attention at the soldier, who expected them to pull off his cowl and expose a head of thrifty clusters which had never known the tonsure. His beaver cap lay in the trench with the real Father Vincent.

He folded his arms on his breast with a gesture of patience which had its effect. D'Aulnay's followers knew the warfare between their seignior and Father Vincent de Paris, the only churchman in Acadia who insisted on bringing him to account, and who had found means to supplant a favorite priest on this expedition for the purpose of watching him. D'Aulnay bore it with assumed good humor. He had his religious scruples as well as his revenges and ambitions. But there were ways in which an intruding churchman could be martyred by irony and covert abuse, and by discomfort chargeable to the circumstances of war. Father Vincent de Paris, on his part, bore such martyrdom

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silently, but stinted no word of needed rebuke. A woman's mourning in the dusky tent next to D'Aulnay's now rose to such wildness of piteous cries as to divert even him from the shrinkage of Father Vincent's height. No other voice could be heard comforting her. She was alone with sorrow in the midst of an army of fray-hardened men. A look of embarrassment passed over De Charnisay's face, and he said to the officer nearest him, —

"Remove that woman to another part of the camp."

"The Swiss's wife, my lord?"

"The Swiss's widow, to speak exactly." He turned again with a frowning smile to the silent Capuchin. "By the proofs she gives, my kindness hath not been so great to that woman that the church need upbraid me."

Marguerite came out of the tent at a peremptory word given by the officer at its opening. She did not look toward D'Aulnay de Charnisay, the power who had made her his foolish agent to the destruction of the man who loved her. Muffling her heart-broken cries, she followed the subaltern away into darkness, — she who had meant at all costs to be mistress of Penobscot. When distance somewhat relieved their ears, D'Aulnay took up a paper lying before him on the table and spoke in some haste to the friar.

"You will go with an escort to the walls of the fort, Father Vincent, and demand to speak with Madame La Tour. She hath, it appears, little aversion to being seen on the walls. Give into her hand this paper."

The soldier under the cowl, dreading that his unbroken silence might be noted against him, made some muttering remonstrance, at which D'Aulnay laughed while tying the packet.

"When churchmen go to war, Father Vincent, they must expect to share its risks, at least in offices of mediation. Look you: they tell me the Jesuits and missionaries of Quebec and Montreal are ever before the soldier in the march upon this New World. But Capuchins are a lazy, selfish order. They would lie at their ease in a monastery, exerting themselves only to spy upon their neighbors."

He held out the packet. The soldier in the capote had to step forward to receive it, and D'Aulnay's eye fell upon the sandal advanced near the torch.

"Come, this is not our Capuchin!" he exclaimed grimly. "This man hath a foot whiter than my own!"

The feeling that he was detected gave the soldier desperate boldness and scorn of all further caution. He stood erect and lifted his face. Though the folds of the cowl fell around it, the governor caught his contemptuous eye.

"Wash thy heart as I have washed my feet, and it also will be white, D'Aulnay de Charnisay!"

"There spoke the Capuchin," said D'Aulnay with a nod. His dark face allowed itself some pleasure in baiting a friar, and if he had suspected Father Vincent of changed identity his own men were not sure of his suspicion the next instant.

"Our friar hath washed his feet," he observed insolently, pointing out the evident fact. "Such penance and ablution he hath never before put upon himself since he came to Acadia! I will set it down in my dispatches to the king, for his majesty will take pleasure in such news: 'Father Vincent de Paris, on this blessed Pâques day of the year 1645, hath washed his feet.'"

The men laughed in a half-ashamed way which apologized to the holy man while it deferred to the master, and D'Aulnay dismissed his envoy with seriousness. The two officers who had taken his orders lighted another torch at the blaze in front of the tent and led away the willing friar. D'Aulnay watched them down the avenue of lodges, and when their figures entered blurred

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space watched the moving star which indicated their progress. The officer who had brought Father Vincent to this conference also stood gazing after them with unlaid suspicion.

"Close my tent," said D'Aulnay, rising, "and set the table within."

"My lord," spoke out the subordinate, "I did not tell you the men were thrown into confusion around the Swiss."

"Well, monsieur?" responded D'Aulnay curtly, with an attentive eye.

"There was a stampede of the cattle loosened from the stable. Father Vincent fell into the empty trench. They doubtless lost sight of him until he came out again."

"Therefore, monsieur?"

"It seemed to me as your lordship said, that this man scarce had the bearing of a friar, until indeed he spoke out in denunciation, and then his voice sounded a deeper tone than I ever heard in it before."

"Why did you not tell me this directly?"

"My lord, I had not thought it until he showed such readiness to move toward yon fort."

"Did you examine the trench?"

"No, my lord. I hurried the friar hither at your command."

"It was the part of a prudent soldier," sneered his master, "to leave a dark trench possibly full of La Tour's recruits, and trot a friar into camp."

"But the sentinels are there, monsieur, and they gave no alarm."

"The sentinels are like you. They will think of giving an alarm to-morrow sunrise, when the fort is strengthened by a new garrison. Take a company of men, surround that trench, double the guards, send me back that friar, and do all with such haste as I have never seen you show in my service yet."

"Yes, my lord."

While the officer ran among the tents, D'Aulnay walked back and forth outside, nervously impatient to have his men gone. He whispered with a laugh in his beard: "Charles de Menou, D'Aulnay de Charnisay, are you to be twice beaten by a woman? If La Tour hath come back with help and entered the fort, the siege may as well be raised to-morrow."

The cowled soldier taxed his escort in the speed he made across that dark country separating camp and fortress.

"Go softly, good father," remonstrated one of the officers, stumbling among stones. "The Sieur D'Aulnay meant not that we should break our necks at this business."

But he led them with no abatement and a stern and offended mien; wondering secretly if the real Father Vincent would by this time be able to make some noise in the trench. Unaccountable night sounds startled the ear. He turned to the fortress ascent while the trench yet lay distant.

"There is an easier way, father," urged one of the men, obliged, however, to follow him and bend to the task of climbing. The discomfort of treading stony soil in sandals, and the sensibility of his uncovered shins to even that soft night air, made him smile under the cowl. A sentinel challenged them and was answered by his companions. Passing on, they reached the wall near the gate. Here the hill sloped less abruptly than at the towered corner. The rocky foundation of Fort St. John made a moat impossible. Guards on the wall now challenged them, and the muzzles of three guns looked down, distinct eyes in the lifted torchlight, but at the sign of truce these were withdrawn.

"The Sieur D'Aulnay de Charnisay sends this friar with dispatches to the lady of the fort," said one of the officers. "Call your lady to receive them into her own hand. These are our orders."

"And put down a ladder," said the other officer, "that he may ascend with them."

"We put down no ladders," answered

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the man leaning over the wall. "We will call our lady, but you must yourselves find an arm long enough to lift your dispatches to her."

During this parley the rush of men coming from the camp began to be heard. The guards on the wall listened, and two of them promptly trained the cannon in that direction.

"You have come to surprise us again," taunted the third guard, leaning over the wall; "but the Swiss is not here now!"

The soldier saw his escape was cut off, and desperately casting back his monk's hood he shouted upwards: —

"La Tour! La Tour! Put down the ladder — it is Edelwald!"

XVII.

AN ACADIAN PASSOVER.

At that name, down came a ladder as if shot from a catapult. Edelwald ran up the rounds, and both of D'Aulnay's officers seized him. He had drawn one of his long pistols, and he clubbed it on their heads so that they staggered back. The sentinels and advancing men fired on him, but by some muscular flash he was flat upon the top of the wall, and the cannon sprung with a roar at his enemies. They were directly in its track, and they took to the trench. Edelwald, dragging the ladder up after him, laughed at the state in which they must find Father Vincent. The entire garrison rushed to the walls, and D'Aulnay's camp stirred with the rolling of drums. Then there was a pause, and each party waited further aggression from the other. The fort's gun had spoken but once. Perhaps some intelligence passed from trench to camp. Presently the unsuccessful company ventured from their breastwork and moved away, and both sides again had rest for the night.

Madame La Tour stood in the fort watching the action of her garrison outlined against the sky. She could no longer ascend the wall by her private stairs. Cannon shot had torn down her chimney and piled its rock in a barricade against the door. Sentinels were changed, and the relieved soldiers descended from the wall and returned to that great room of the tower which had been turned into a common camp. It seemed under strange enchantment. There was a hole beside the portrait of Claude La Tour, and through its tunnel starlight could be seen and the night air breathed in. The carved buffet was shattered. The usual log, however, burned in cheer, and families had reunited in distinct nests. A pavilion of tapestry was set up for Lady Dorinda and all her treasures, near the stairs: the southern window of her chamber had been made a target.

Le Rossignol sat on a table, with the four expectant children still dancing in front of her. Was it not Pâques evening? The alarm being over she again began her merriest tunes. Irregular life in a besieged fortress had its fascination for the children. No bedtime laws could be enforced where the entire household stirred. But to Shubenacadie such turmoil was scandalous. He also lived in the hall during the day, and as late at night as his mistress chose; but he lived a retired life, squatted in a corner, hissing at all who passed near him. Perhaps he pined for water whereon to spread his wings and sail. Sometimes he quavered a plaintive remark on society as he found it, and sometimes he stretched up his neck to its longest length — a sinuous white serpent — and gazed wrathfully at the paneled ceiling. The firelight revealed him at this moment a bundle of glistening satin, wrapped in sleep and his wings from the alarms of war.

Marie stood at the hearth to receive Edelwald. He came striding from among her soldiers, his head showing like a

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Roman's above the cowl. It was dark-eyed, shapely of feature, and with a mouth and inward curve above the chin so beautiful that their chiseled strength was always a surprise. As he faced the lady of the fortress he stood no taller than she did, but his contour was muscular.

After dropping on his knee to kiss her hand, he stood up to bear the search of her eyes. They swept down his friar's dress, and found it not so strange that it should supplant her immediate inquiry:

"Your news! My lord is well?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is he without?"

"My lady, he is at the outpost at the head of Fundy Bay."

Her face whitened terribly. She knew what this meant. La Tour could get no help. Nicholas Denys denied him men. There was no hope of rescue for Fort St. John. He was waiting in the outpost for his ship to bring him home, — the home besieged by D'Aulnay. The blood returned to her face with a rush, her mouth quivered, and she sobbed two or three times without tears. La Tour could have taken her to his heart; but Edelwald folded his empty arms across his breast.

"My lady, I would rather be shot than bring you this message."

"Klussman betrayed us, Edelwald; and I know I hurt men, hurt them with my own hands, striking and shooting on the wall!"

She threw herself against the settle and shook with weeping. It was the revolt of womanhood. The soldier hung his head. It relieved him to declare savagely: —

"Klussman hath his pay. D'Aulnay's followers have just hanged him below the fort."

"Hanged him? Hanged poor Klussman? Edelwald, I cannot have Klussman — hanged!"

Le Rossignol had stopped her mandolin, and the children clustered near Edelwald waiting for his notice. One of them now ran with the news to her.

"Klussman is hanged," she repeated, changing her position on the table and laying the mandolin down. "Faith, we are never satisfied with our good. I am in a rage now because they hanged not the woman in his stead."

Marie wiped away her tears. The black rings of sleeplessness around her eyes emphasized her loss of color, but she was beautiful.

"How foolish doth weariness make a woman! I expected no help from Denys, — yet rested my last hope on it. You must eat, Edelwald. By your dress and the alarm raised you have come into the fort through danger and effort."

"My lady, if you will permit me first to go to my room, I will find something which sorts better with a soldier than this churchman's gown. My buckskin I was obliged to mutilate to make me a proper friar."

"Go, assuredly. But I know not what rubbish the cannon of D'Aulnay have battered down in your room. The monk's frock will scarce feel lonesome in that part of our tower now: we have had two Jesuits to lodge there since you left."

"Did they carry away Madame Bronck? I do not see her among your women."

"She is fortunate, Edelwald. A man loved her, and traveled hither from the Orange settlement. They were wed five days ago, and set out with the Jesuits for Montreal."

Marie did not lift her heavy eyelids while she spoke, and anguish passed unseen across Edelwald's face. Whoever was loved and fortunate, he stood outside of such experience. He was young, but there was to be no wooing for him in the world, however long war might spare him. The women of the fort waited with their children for his notice. His stirring to turn toward them rustled a paper under his capote.

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"My lady," he said, pausing, "D'Aulnay had me in his camp and gave me dispatches to you."

"You were there in this friar's dress?" Marie looked sincerely the pride she took in his simple courage.

"Yes, though much against my will. I was obliged to knock down a reverend shaveling and strip him. But the gown hath served fairly for the trouble."

"Hath D'Aulnay many men?"

"He is well equipped."

Edelwald took the packet from his belt and gave it to her. Marie broke the thread and sat down on the settle, spreading D'Aulnay's paper to the firelight. She read it in silence, and handed it to Edelwald. He leaned toward the fire and read it also.

D'Aulnay de Charnisay demanded the surrender of Fort St. John, with all its stores, ammunition, moneys, and plate, and its present small garrison. When Edelwald looked up, Marie extended her hand for the dispatch and threw it into the fire.

"Let that be his answer," said Edelwald.

"If we surrender," spoke the lady of the fort, "we will make our own terms."

"My lady, you will not surrender."

As she looked at Edelwald, the comfort of having him there softened the resolute lines of her face into childlike curves. Being about the same age, she felt always a youthful comradeship with him. Her eyes filled again.

"Edelwald, we have lost ten men."

"D'Aulnay has doubtless lost ten or twenty times as many."

"What are men to him? Cattle, which he can buy. But to us they are priceless. To say nothing of your rank, Edelwald, you alone are worth more than all the armies D'Aulnay can muster."

He sheltered his face with one hand as if the fire scorched him.

"My lady, Sieur Charles would have us hold this place. Consider: it is his last fortress except that stockade."

"You mistake him, Edelwald. He would save the garrison and let the fort go. If he or you had not come to-night, I must have died of my troubles." She conquered her sobbing, and asked, "How does he bear this despair, Edelwald? — for he knew it must come to this without help."

"He was heart-sick with anxiety to return, my lady."

She leaned against the back of the settle.

"Do not say things to induce me to sacrifice his men for his fort."

"Do you think, my lady, that D'Aulnay will spare the garrison if he get possession of this fort?"

"On no other condition will he get the fort. He shall let all my brave men go out with the honors of war."

"But if he accept such terms, will he keep them?"

"Is not any man obliged to keep a written treaty?"

"Kings are scarce obliged to do that."

"I see what you would do," said Marie, "and I tell you it is useless. You would frighten me with D'Aulnay into allowing you, our only officer, and these men, our only soldiers, to ransom this fort with your lives. It comes to that. We might hold out a few more days, and end by being at his mercy."

"Let the men themselves be spoken to," entreated Edelwald.

"They will all, like you, beg to give themselves to the holding of Charles La Tour's property. I have balanced these matters night and day. We must surrender, Edelwald. We must surrender to-morrow."

"My lady, I am one more man, and I will now take charge of the defense."

"And what could I say to my lord if you were killed? — you, the friend of his house, the soldier who lately came with such hopes to Acadia. Our fortunes do you harm enough, Edelwald. I could never face my lord again without you and his men."

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"Sieur Charles loves me well enough to trust me with his most dangerous affairs, my lady. The keeping of this fortress shall be one of them."

"Oh, Edelwald, go away from me now!" she cried out piteously.

He dropped his head and turned on the instant. The women met him and the children hung to him; and that little being who was neither woman nor child so resented the noise which they made about him as he approached her table that she took her mandolin and swept them out of her way.

"How fares Shubenacadie?" he inquired over the claw she presented to him.

"Shubenacadie's feathers are curdled. He hath greatly soured. Confess me and give me thy benediction, Father Edelwald, for I have sinned."

"Not since I took these orders, I hope," replied Edelwald. "As a Capuchin I am only an hour old."

"Within the hour, then, I have beaten my swan, bred a quarrel amongst these spawn of the common soldier, and wished a woman hanged."

"A naughty list," said Edelwald.

"Yes, but lying is worse than any of these. Lying doth make the soul sick."

"How do you know that?"

"I have tried it," Le Rossignol answered. "Many a time have I tried it. Scarce half an hour ago I told her forlorn old highness that the fort was surely taken this time, and I think she hath buried herself in her chest."

"Edelwald!" a voice called from the tapestried pavilion. Lady Dorinda's head and hand appeared with the curtains drawn behind them.

As the soldier bent to his service on the hand of the old maid of honor, she exclaimed whimsically: —

"What, Edelwald! are our fortunes at such ebb that you are taking to a Romish cloister?"

"No cloister for me. Your ladyship sees only a cover which I think of rendering to its owner again. He may not have a second capote in the world, being friar extraordinary to D'Aulnay de Charnisay, who is notable for seizing other men's goods."

"Edelwald, you bring ill news?"

"There was none other to bring."

"Is Charles La Tour then in such straits that we are to have no relief in this fortress?"

"We can look for nothing, Lady Dorinda."

"Thou seest now, Edelwald, how France requites his service. If he had listened to his father, he might to-day be second to none in Acadia, with men and wealth in abundance."

"Yet, your ladyship, we love our France!"

"Oh, you do put me out of patience! But the discomforts and perils of this siege have scarce left me any. We are walled together here like sheep."

"It is trying, your ladyship, but if we succeed in keeping the butcher out we may do better presently."

Marie sent her woman for writing materials, and was busy with them when Edelwald returned in his ordinary rich dark dress. She made him a place beside her on the settle, and submitted the paper to his eye. The women and children listened. They knew their situation was desperate. Whispering together, they decided with their lady that she would do best to save her soldiers and sacrifice the fort.

Edelwald read the terms she intended to demand, and then looked aside at the beautiful and tender woman who had borne the hardships of war. She should do anything she wished. It was worth while to surrender if surrendering decreased her care. All Acadia was nothing when weighed against her peace of mind. He felt his rage mounting against Charles La Tour for leaving her exposed in this frontier post, the instrument of her lord's ambition and political feud. In Edelwald's silent and unguessed warfare with his secret, he had

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this one small half hour's truce. Marie sat under his eyes in the firelight, depending on the comfort of his presence. Rapture opened its sensitive flower and life culminated for him. Unconscious of it she wrote down his suggestions, bending her head seriously to the task.

Edelwald himself finally made a draft of the paper for D'Aulnay. The weary men had thrown themselves down to sleep and heard no colloquy. But presently the cook was aroused from among them and bid to set out such a feast as he had never before made in Fort St. John.

"Use of our best supplies," directed Marie. "To-morrow we may give up all we have remaining to the enemy. We will eat a great supper together this Pâques night."

The cook summoned an assistant and labored well. Kettles and pans multiplied on coals raked out for their service. Marie had the men bring such doors as remained from the barracks and lay them from table to table, making one long board for her household; and this the women dressed in the best linen of the house. They set on plate which had been in La Tour's family for generations. Every accumulation of prosperity was brought out for this final use. The tunnel in the wall was stopped with blankets, and wax candles were lighted everywhere. Odors of festivity filled the children with eagerness. It was like the new year when there was always merry-making in the hall, yet it was also like a religious ceremony. The men rose from their pallets and set aside screens, and the news was spread when sentinels were changed.

Marie called Zélie up to her ruined apartment, and, standing amidst stone and plaster, was dressed in her most magnificent gown and jewels. She appeared on the stairs in the royal blackness of velvet whitened by laces and sparkling with points of tinted fire. Edelwald led her to the head of the long board, and she directed her people to range themselves down its length in the order of their families.

"My men," said Madame La Tour to each party in turn as they were relieved on the walls to sit down at the table below her, "we are holding a passover supper this Pâques night because it may be our last night in Fort St. John. You all understand how Sieur de la Tour hath fared. We are reduced to the last straits. Yet not to the last straits, my men, if we can keep you. With such followers your lord can make some stand elsewhere. D'Aulnay has proposed a surrender. I have refused his terms, and have set down others, which will sacrifice the fort but save the garrison. Edelwald, our only officer, is against surrender, because he, like yourselves, would give the greater for the less, which I cannot allow."

"My lady," began Glaud Burge, a sturdy, grizzled man, rising to speak for the first squad, "we have been talking of this matter together, and we think Edelwald is right. The fort is hard beset, and it is true there are fewer of us than at first, but we may hold out somehow and keep the walls around us. We have no stomach to strike flag to D'Aulnay de Charnisay."

"My lady," said Jean le Prince, the youngest man in the fortress, who was appointed to speak for the second squad when their turn came to sit down at the table, "we also think Edelwald is right in counseling you not to give up Fort St. John. We say nothing of D'Aulnay's hanging Klussman, for Klussman deserved it. But we would rather be shot down man by man than go out by the grace of D'Aulnay."

Marie answered both squads: —

"Do not argue against surrender, my men. We can look for no help. The fort must go in a few more days anyhow, and by capitulating we can make terms. My lord can build other forts, but where will he find other followers

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like you? You will march out not by the grace of D'Aulnay, but with the honors of war. Now speak of it no more, and let us make this a festival."

So they made it a festival. With guards coming and going constantly, every man took the pleasure of the hall while the walls were kept.

Such a night was never before celebrated in Fort St. John. A heavier race would have been overborne by the sadness underlying such gayety, and appalled by the terrible burden of the elm-tree down the slope; but this French garrison lent itself heartily to the hour, enjoying without past or future. Stories were told of the New World and of France, tales of persecuted Huguenots, legends which their fathers had handed down to them, and traditions picked up among the Indians. Edelwald took the dwarf's mandolin and stood up among them singing the songs they loved, — the high and courageous songs, loving songs, and songs of faith. Lady Dorinda, having shut her curtain for the night, declined to take any part in this household festivity, though she contributed some unheard sighs and groans of annoyance during its progress. A phlegmatic woman, fond of her ease, she could hardly keep her tranquillity, besieged by cannon in the daytime, and by chattering and laughter, the cracking of nuts and the thump of soldiers' feet, half the night.

But Shubenacadie came out of his corner and lifted his wings for battle. Le Rossignol first soothed him, and then betrayed him into shoes of birch bark which she carried in her pocket for the purpose of making him dance. He began in a wild trot most laughable to see. He varied his paddling on the flags by sallies with bill and wings against the dear mistress who made him a spectacle; and finally, at Marie's word, he was relieved, and waddled back to his corner to eat and doze and mutter swan talk against such orgies in Fort St. John. The children had long fallen asleep with rapturous fatigue, when Marie stood up and asked her people to follow her in a prayer. The waxlights were then put out, screens divided the camp, and quiet reigned.

Of all nights in Le Rossignol's life this one seemed least likely to be chosen as her occasion for a flight. The walls were strictly guarded, and at midnight the moon spread its ghostly day over all visible earth. Besides, if the fortress were to be surrendered, there was immediate prospect of a voyage for all the household.

The dwarf's world was near the ground, to which the thinking of the tall men and women around her scarcely stooped. But she seized and weighed and tried their thoughts, arriving at shrewd issues. Nobody had asked her counsel about the capitulation. Without asking anybody's advice she decided that the Hollandais Van Corlaer and the Jesuit priest Father Jogues would be wholesome checks upon D'Aulnay de Charnisay when her lady should open the fort to him. The weather must have prevented Van Corlaer from getting beyond the sound of cannon, and neither he nor the priest could indifferently leave the lady of St. John to her fate, while Madame Antonia would refuse to do it. Le Rossignol believed the party that had set out early in the week must be encamped not far away.

Edelwald mounted a bastion with the sentinels. That weird light of the moon which seems the faded and forgotten ghost of day rested everywhere. The shadow of the tower fell inward, and also partly covered the front wall. This enchanted land of night cooled Edelwald. He threw his arms upward with a passionate gesture to which the soldiers had become accustomed in their experience with the young chevalier.

"What is that?" exclaimed the man nearest him, for there was disturbance in the opposite bastion.

Edelwald moved at once across the

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interval of wall, and found the sentinels in that bastion divided between laughter and superstitious awe.

"She 's out again," said one.

"Who is out?" demanded Edelwald.

"The little swan-riding witch."

"You have not let the dwarf scale this wall? If she could do that unobserved, my men, we are lax."

"She is one who will neither be let nor hindered. We are scarce sure we even saw her. There was but the sweep of wings."

"Why, Renot, my lad," insisted Edelwald, "we could see her white swan now in this noon of moonlight, if she were abroad. Besides, D'Aulnay has sentinels stationed around this height. They will check her."

"They will check the wind across Fundy Bay first," replied the other man.

"You cannot think Le Rossignol has risen in the air on her swan's back? That is too absurd," said Edelwald. "No one ever saw her play such pranks. You could have winged the heavy bird as he rose."

"I know she is out of Fort St. John at this minute," insisted Renot Babinet. "But how are you to wing a bird which gets out of sight before you know what has happened?"

"I say it is no wonder we have trouble in this seigniory," growled the other man. "Our lady never could see a mongrel baby or a witch dwarf or a stray black gown anywhere but she must have it into the fort and make it free of the best here."

"And God forever bless her," said Edelwald, baring his head.

"Amen," they both responded with force.

The silent cry was mighty behind Edelwald's lips, — the cry which he entrusted not even to his human breath:

"My love — my love! My royal lady! God, thou who alone knowest my secret, make me a giant to hold it down!"

XVIII.

THE SONG OF EDELWALD.

At daybreak a signal on the wall where it could be seen from D'Aulnay's camp brought an officer and his men to receive Madame La Tour's dispatches. Glaud Burge handed them down at the end of a ramrod.

"But see yonder," he said to François Bastarack, his companion, as they stood and watched the messengers tramp away. He pointed to Klussman below the fort, — poor Klussman whom the pearly vapors of morning could not conceal. "I could have done that myself in first heat, but I like not treating with a man who did it coolly."

Parleying and demurring over the terms of surrender continued until noon. All that time, axe, saw, and hammer worked in D'Aulnay's camp as if he had suddenly taken to ship-building. But the pastimes of a victorious force are regarded with dull attention by the vanquished. Finally the papers were handed up bearing D'Aulnay's signature. They guaranteed to Madame La Tour the safety of her garrison, who were to march out with their arms and personal belongings, and the household goods of her people; they also gave La Tour's ship with provisions enough to stock it for a voyage. The money, merchandise, stores, jewels, and ordnance fell to D'Aulnay with the fort.

D'Aulnay marched directly on his conquest. His drums approached, and the garrison ran to throw into a heap such things as they and their families were to take away. Spotless weather and a dimpled bay adorned this lost seigniory. It was better than any dukedom in France to these first exiled Acadians. Pierre Doucett's widow knelt to cry once more over the trench by the powder-house. Her baby, hid in a case like a bolster, hung over her shoulder.

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Lady Dorinda's belongings, numbered among the goods of the household, were also placed near the gate. She sat within the hall, wrapped for her journey, composed and silent; for when the evil day actually overtook Lady Dorinda, she was too thorough a Briton to cringe. She met her second repulse from Acadia as she had met her first, when Claude La Tour found her his only consolation. In this violent uprooting of family life so long grown to one place, Le Rossignol was scarcely missed. Each one thought of the person dearest to himself and of that person's comfort. Marie noted her absence, but the dwarf never came to harm. She was certain to rejoin the household somewhere, and who could blame her for avoiding the capitulation if she found it possible? The little Nightingale could not endure pain. Edelwald drew the garrison up in line and the gates were opened.

D'Aulnay entered the fort with his small army. He was splendidly dressed, and such pieces of armor as he wore dazzled the eye. As he returned the salute of Edelwald and of the garrison, he paused and whitened with chagrin. Klussman had told him something of the weakness of the place, but he had not expected to find such a pitiful remnant of men. Twenty-three soldiers and an officer! These were the precious creatures who had cost him so much, and whom their lady was so anxious to save!

He smiled at the disproportionate preparations made by his hammers and saws, and glanced back to see if the timbers were being carried in. They were, at the rear of his force, but behind them intruded Father Vincent de Paris wrapped in a blanket which one of the soldiers had provided for him. The scantiness of this good friar's apparel should have restrained him in camp. But he was such an apostle as stalks naked to duty if need be, and he felt it his present duty to keep the check of religion upon the implacable nature of D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

D'Aulnay ordered the gates shut. He would have shut out Father Vincent, but it could not be managed without great discourtesy, and there are limits to that with a churchman. The household and garrison ready to depart saw this strange action with dismay, and Marie stepped directly down from her hall to confront her enemy. D'Aulnay had seen her at Port Royal when he first came to Acadia. He remembered her motion in the dance, and approved of it. She was a beautiful woman, though her Huguenot gown and close cap now gave her a widowed look becoming to a woman of exploits. But she was also the woman to whom he owed one defeat and much humiliation.

He swept his plume at her feet.

"Permit me, Madame La Tour, to make my compliments to an amazon. My own taste is for women who stay in the house at their prayers, but the Sieur de la Tour and I differ in many things."

"Doubtless, my lord De Charnisay," responded Marie with the dignity which cannot taunt, though she still believed the outcast child to be his. "But why have you closed on us the gates which we opened to you?"

"Madame, I have been deceived in the terms of capitulation."

"My lord, the terms of capitulation were set down plainly, and I hold them signed by your hand."

"But a signature is nothing when gross advantage hath been taken of one of the parties to a treaty."

The mistake she had made in trusting to the military honor of D'Aulnay de Charnisay swept through Marie. But she controlled her voice to inquire: —

"What gross advantage can there be, my lord D'Aulnay, unless you are about to take a gross advantage of us? We leave you here ten thousand pounds of the money of England, our plate and jewels and furs, and our stores except a

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little food for a journey. We go out poor; yet if our treaty is kept we shall complain of no gross advantage."

"Look at those men," said D'Aulnay, shaking his glove at her soldiers.

"Those weary and faithful men," said Marie: "I see them."

"You will see them hanged as traitors, madame. I have no time to parley!" exclaimed D'Aulnay. "The terms of capitulation are not satisfactory to me. I do not feel bound by them. You may take your women and withdraw when you please, but these men I shall hang."

While he spoke he lifted and shook his hand as if giving a signal, and the garrison was that instant seized by his soldiers. The women screamed. There was such a struggle in the fort as there had been upon the wall, except that Marie herself stood blank in mind and pulseless. The actual and the unreal shimmered together. But there were her soldiers, from Edelwald to Jean le Prince, bound like criminals, regarding their captors with that baffled and half-ashamed look of the surprised and overpowered. Above the mass of D'Aulnay's busy soldiery timber uprights were reared, and hammers and spikes set to work on the likeness of a scaffold. The preparations of the morning made the completion of this task swift and easy. D'Aulnay de Charnisay intended to hang her garrison when he set his name to the paper securing their lives. The ringing of hammers sounded far off to Marie.

"I don't understand these things," she articulated. "I don't understand anything in the world!"

D'Aulnay gave himself up to watching the process, in spite of Father Vincent de Paris, whose steady remonstrances he answered only by shrugs. In that age of religious slaughter the Capuchin could scarcely object to decreasing heretics, but he did object as a man and a priest to such barbarous treachery toward men with whom a compact had been made. The refined nurture of France was not recent in D'Aulnay's experience, but he came of a great and honorable house, and the friar's appeal was made to inherited instincts.

"Good churchman," spoke out Jean le Prince, the lad, shaking his hair back from his face, "your capote and sandals lie there by the door of the tower, where Edelwald took thought to place them for you. But you who have the soldier's heart should wear the soldier's dress, and hide D'Aulnay de Charnisay under the cowl."

"You men-at-arms," Glaud Burge exhorted the guards drawn up on each side of him and his fellow-prisoners, "will you hang us like dogs? If we must die, we claim the death of soldiers. You have your pieces in your hands; shoot us. Do us such grace as we would do you in like extremity."

The guards looked aside at one another and then at their master, shamed through their peasant blood by the outrage they were obliged to put upon a courageous garrison. But Edelwald said nothing. His eyes were upon Marie. He would not increase her anguish of self-reproach by the change of a muscle in his face. The soldiers were trapped and at the mercy of a merciless enemy. His most passionate desire was to have her taken away, that she might not witness the execution. Why was Sieur Charles La Tour sitting in the stockade at the head of Fundy Bay while she must endure the sight of this scaffold?

Marie's women knelt around her, crying. Her slow, distracted gaze traveled from Glaud Burge to Jean le Prince, from Renot Babinet to François Bastarack, from Ambroise Tibedeaux along the line of stanch faces to Edelwald. His calm uplifted countenance — with the horrible platform of death growing behind it — looked as it did when he happily met the sea wind or went singing through a trackless wilderness. She broke from her trance and the ring of

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women, and ran before D'Aulnay de Charnisay.

"My lord," said Marie, — and she was so beautiful in her ivory pallor, so wonderful with fire moving from the deep places of her dilated black eyes, that he felt a satisfaction in attending to her, — "it is useless to talk to a man like you."

"Quite, madame," replied D'Aulnay. "I never discuss affairs with a woman."

"But you may discuss them with the king, when he learns that you have hanged with other soldiers of a ransomed garrison a young officer of the house of De Born."

D'Aulnay ran his eye along the line. The unrest of Edelwald at Marie's slightest parley with D'Aulnay reminded the keen governor of the face he had last night seen under the cowl.

"The king will be obliged to me," he observed, "when one less heretical De Born cumbers his realm."

"The only plea I make to you, my lord D'Aulnay, is that you hang me also; for I deserve it. My men had no faith in your military honor, and I had."

"Madame, you remind me of a fact I desired to overlook. You are indeed a traitor, deserving death. But of my clemency, and not because you are a woman, — for you yourself have forgotten that in meddling with war, — I will only parade you upon the scaffold as a reprieved criminal. Bring hither a cord," called D'Aulnay, "and noose it over this lady's head."

Edelwald raged in a hopeless tearing at his bonds. The guards seized him, but he struggled with unconquered strength to reach and protect his lady. Father Vincent de Paris had taken his capote and sandals at Jean le Prince's hint, and entered the tower. He clothed himself behind one of the screens of the hall, and thought his absence short, but during that time Marie was put upon the finished scaffold. A skulking reluctant soldier of D'Aulnay's led her by a cord. She walked the long rough planks erect. Her soldiers to a man looked down, as they did at funerals, and Edelwald sobbed in his fight against the guards, the tears starting from under his eyelids as he heard her footfall pass near him. Back and forth she trod, and D'Aulnay watched the spectacle. Her garrison felt her degradation as she must feel their death. The grizzled lip of Glaud Burge moved first to comfort her.

"My lady, though our hands be tied, we make our military salute to you," he said.

"Fret not, my lady," cried Renot Babinet.

"Edelwald can turn all these mishaps into a song, my lady," declared Jean le Prince.

Marie had that sensation of lost identity which has confused us all. In her walk she passed the loops dangling ready for her men. A bird poised for one instant on the turret uttered a sweet, long trill. She could hear the river. It was incredible that all those unknown faces should be swarming below her; that the soldiers were obliged to stand tied; that Lady Dorinda had braved the rabble of soldiery and come out to wait weeping at the scaffold end. Marie looked at the row of downcast faces. The bond between these faithful soldiers and herself was that instant sublime.

"I crave pardon of you all," said Marie as she came back and the rustle of her gown again passed them, "for not knowing how to deal with the crafty of this world. My foolishness has brought you to this scaffold."

"No, my lady!" shouted the men in full chorus.

"We desire nothing better, my lady," said Edelwald, "since your walking there has blessed it."

Father Vincent's voice from the tower door arrested the spectacle. His cowl was pushed back to his shoulders, baring the astonishment of his lean face.

"This is the unworthiest action of your life, my son De Charnisay," he de-

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nounced, shaking his finger and striding down toward the governor, who owned the check by a slight grimace.

"It is enough," said D'Aulnay. "Let the scaffold now be cleared for the men."

He submitted with impatience to a continued parley with the Capuchin. Father Vincent de Paris was angry; and constantly as D'Aulnay walked from him he zealously followed.

The afternoon sunlight fell upon the walls, leaving a bank of shadow behind the timbered framework, which extended an etching of itself toward the esplanade. The lengthened figures of soldiers passed also in cloudy images along the broken ground, for a subaltern's first duty had been to set guards upon the walls. The new master of Fort St. John was now master of all southern and western Acadia; but he had heard nothing which secured him against La Tour's return with fresh troops.

"My friends," said D'Aulnay, speaking to the garrison, "this good friar persuades in me more softness than becomes a faithful servant of the king. One of your number I will reprieve."

"Then let it be Jean le Prince," answered Edelwald, speaking for the first time to D'Aulnay de Charnisay. "The down has not yet grown on the lad's lip."

"But I pardon him," continued the governor, "on condition that he hang the rest of you."

"Hang thyself!" exclaimed the boy. "Thou art the only man on earth I would choke with a rope."

"Will no one be reprieved?" D'Aulnay's eye traveled from scorn to scorn along the row.

"It is but the pushing aside of a slab. They are all stubborn heretics, Father Vincent. We waste time. I should be inspecting the contents of this fort."

The women and children were flattening themselves like terrified swallows against the gate; for through the hum of stirring soldiery penetrated to them from outside a hint of voices not unknown. The sentinels had watched a party approaching; but it was so small, and hampered, moreover, by a woman and some object like a tiny gilded sedan chair, that they did not notify the governor. One of the party was a Jesuit priest by his cassock, and another his donné. These never came from La Tour. Another was a tall Hollandais; and two servants lightly carried the sedan up the slope. A few more people seemed to wait behind for the purpose of making a camp, and there were scarce a dozen in the entire company.

Marie had borne without visible exhaustion the labors of this siege, the anguish of treachery and disappointment, her enemy's breach of faith and cruel parade of her. The garrison was ranged ready upon the plank; but she held herself in tense control, and waited beside Lady Dorinda, with her back toward the gate, while her friends outside parleyed with her enemy. D'Aulnay refused to admit any one until he had dealt with the garrison. The Jesuit was reported to him as Father Isaac Jogues, and the name had its effect, as it then had everywhere among people of the Roman faith. No soldier could be surprised at meeting a Jesuit priest anywhere in the New World. But D'Aulnay begged Father Jogues to excuse him while he finished a moment's duty, and he would then come out and escort his guest into the fortress.

The urgent demand, however, of a missionary to whom even the king had shown favor was not to be denied. D'Aulnay had the gates set ajar; and pushing through their aperture entered Father Jogues with his donné and two companions.

The governor advanced in displeasure. He would have put out all but the priest, but the gates were slammed to prevent others from coming in, and slammed against the chair in which the sentinels could see a red-headed dwarf. The weird melody of her screaming

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threats kept them dubious while they grinned. The gates being shut, Marie fled through ranks of men-at-arms to Antonia, clung to her, and gave Father Jogues and Van Corlaer no time to stand aghast at the spectacle they witnessed. Crying and trembling, she put back the sternness of D'Aulnay de Charnisay and the pity of Father Vincent de Paris, and pleaded with Father Jogues and the Hollandais for the lives of her garrison as if they had come with heavenly authority.

"You see them with ropes around their necks, Monsieur Corlaer and Monsieur Jogues, when here is the paper the governor signed guaranteeing to me their safety. Edelwald is scarce half a year from France. Speak to the governor of Acadia; for you, Monsieur Corlaer, are a man of affairs, and this good missionary is a saint, — you can move D'Aulnay de Charnisay to see it is not the custom, even in warfare with women, to trap and hang a garrison which has made honorable surrender."

A man may resolve that he will not meddle with his neighbor's feuds, or involve a community dependent on him with any one's formidable enemy. Yet he will turn back from his course the moment an appeal is made for his help, and face that enemy as Van Corlaer faced the governor of Acadia, full of the fury roused by outrage. But what could he and Father Jogues and the persevering Capuchin say to the parchment which the governor now deigned to pass from hand to hand among them in reply? — the permission of Louis XIII. to his beloved D'Aulnay de Charnisay (whom God hold in his keeping) to take the Fort of St. John and deal with its rebellious garrison as seemed to him fit, for which destruction of rebels his sovereign would have him in loving remembrance.

During all this delay Edelwald stood with his beautiful head erect above the noose, and his self-repressed gaze still following Marie. The wives of other soldiers were wailing for their husbands; but he must die without wife, without love. He saw Antonia holding Marie and weeping with her. His blameless passion filled him like a great prayer. That changing phantasm which we call the world might pass from before his men and him at the next breath; yet the brief last song of the last troubadour burst from his lips to comfort the lady of Fort St. John.

There was in this jubilant cry a gush and a grandeur of power outmastering force of numbers and brute cunning. It reached and compelled every spirit in the fortress. The men in line with him stood erect and lifted their firm jaws, and gazed forward with shining eyes. Those who had faded in the slightest degree from their natural flush of blood felt the strong throbs which paint a man's best on his face. They could not sing the glory of death in duty, the goodness of God who gave love and valor to man; but they could die with Edelwald.

The new master of Fort St. John was jealous of such dying, and as the song ceased he lifted his hand to signal his executioners. Father Jogues turned away praying with tremulous lips. The Capuchin strode toward the hall. But Van Corlaer and Lady Dorinda and Antonia held with the strength of all three that broken-hearted woman who struggled like a giantess with her arms stretched toward the scaffold.

"I *will* save them — I *will* save them! My brave Edelwald — all my brave soldiers shall not die! Where are my soldiers, Antonia? It is dark. I cannot see them any more!"

POSTLUDE: A TIDE-CREEK.

When ordinary days had settled flake on flake over this tragedy in Acadia, until memory looked back at it as at

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the soft outlines of a snow-obliterated grave, Madame Van Corlaer stood one evening beside the Hudson River, and for half an hour breathed again the salt breath of Fundy Bay. Usually she was in bed at that hour; but mynheer had been expected all day on a sailing-vessel from New Amsterdam, and she could not resist coming down once more through her garden to the wharf.

Van Corlaer's house, the best stone mansion in Rensselaerswyck (that overflow of settlement around the stockade of Fort Orange), stood up the slope, and had its farm appended. That delight of Dutchmen, an ample garden, extended its central path almost like an avenue to the river. Antonia need scarcely step off her own domain to meet her husband at the wharf. She had lingered down the garden descent; for sweet herbs were giving their souls to the summer night there, and not a cloud of a sail yet appeared on the river. Some fishing-boats lay at the wharf, but no men were idling around under the full moon. It was pleasanter to visit and smoke from door to door in the streets above.

Antonia was not afraid of any savage ambush. Her husband kept the Iroquois on friendly terms with the settlement. The years through which she had borne her dignity of being Madame Van Corlaer constantly increased her respect for that colonial statesman. The savages in the Mohawk Valley used the name Corlaer when they meant governor. Antonia felt sure that the Jesuit missionary, Father Isaac Jogues, need not have died a martyr's death if Van Corlaer had heard in time of his return to the Mohawks.

At the bottom of her garden she rested her hands upon a gate in the low stone wall. The mansion behind her was well ordered and prosperous. No drop of milk was spilled in Antonia's domain without her knowledge. She had noted, as she came down the path, how the cabbages were rounding their delicately green spheres. Antonia was a housewife for whom maids labored with zeal, she could manipulate so deftly the comfort-making things of life. Neither sunset nor moonrise quite banished the dreamy blue light on these rolling lands around the head waters of the Hudson. Across her tranquil commonplace happiness blew suddenly that ocean breath from Fundy Bay; for the dwarf of Fort St. John, leading a white waddling bird, whose feathers even in that uncertain light showed soil, appeared from the screening masonry of the wall.

She stood still and looked at Antonia, and Antonia inside the gate looked at her. That instant was a bubble full of revolving dyes. It brought a thousand pictures to Antonia's sight. Thus silently had that same dwarf with her swan appeared to a camp in the Acadian woods, announcing trouble at Fort St. John.

Again Antonia lived through confusion which was like pillage of the fort. Again she sat in her husband's tent holding Marie's dying head on her arm while grief worked its swift miracle in a woman formed to such fullness of beauty and strength. Again she saw two graves and a long trench made in the frontier graveyard for Marie and her officer Edelwald and her twenty-three soldiers, all in line with her child. Once more Antonia saw the household turn from that spot weeping aloud, and De Charnisay's ships already sailing away with the spoil of the fort to Penobscot, and his sentinels looking down from the walls of St. John. She saw her husband dividing his own party, and sending all the men he could spare to navigate La Tour's ship and carry the helpless women and children to the head of Fundy Bay. All these things revolved before her in that bubble of an instant before her own voice broke it, saying, —

"Is this you, Le Rossignol?"

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"Shubenacadie and I," responded the dwarf, lilting up sweetly.

"Where do you come from?" inquired Antonia, feeling the weirdness of her visitor as she had never felt it in the hall at Fort St. John.

"Port Royal. I have come from Port Royal on purpose to speak with you."

"With me?"

"With you, Madame Antonia."

"You must then go directly to the house and eat some supper," said Antonia, speaking her first thought, but reserving her second: "Our people will take to the fields when they see the poor little creature by daylight; and as for the swan, it is worse than a drove of mynheer's Indians."

"I am not eating to-night, — I am riding," answered Le Rossignol, bold in mystery, while the moon made half uncertain the draggled state of Shubenacadie's feathers. She placed her hands on his back and pressed him downward, as if his plumage foamed up from an overfull packing-case. Shubenacadie waddled a step or two reluctantly, and squatted, spreading his wings and curving his head around to look at her. The dwarf sat upon him as upon a throne, stroking his neck with her right hand while she talked. She seemed a part of the river's whisper, or of that world of summer-night insects which shrilled around.

"I have come to tell you about the death of D'Aulnay de Charnisay," said this pigmy.

"We have long had that news," responded Antonia, "and worse which followed it."

Madame Van Corlaer despised Charles La Tour for repossessing himself of all he had lost and becoming the first power in Acadia by marrying D'Aulnay's widow.

"No ear," declared the dwarf, "hath ever heard how D'Aulnay de Charnisay died."

"He was stuck in a bog," said Antonia.

"He was stuck in no bog," retorted Le Rossignol, "for I alone was beside him at the time. And I ride from Port Royal to tell thee the whole of it and free my mind, lest I be obliged to fling it in my new lady's face the next time she speaks of his happy memory. Widows who take second husbands have no sense about the first one."

Antonia coughed slightly. It is not pleasant to have your class disapproved of even by a dwarf; and she did still secretly respect her first husband's prophecy. Had it not been fulfilled on the friend she best loved, if not on the husband she took?

"Mynheer Van Corlaer will soon be home from New Amsterdam, whither he made a voyage to confer with the governor," said Antonia. "Let me take you to the house, where we can talk at our ease."

"I talk most at my ease on Shubenacadie's back," answered Le Rossignol, holding her swan's head and rubbing her cheek against his bill. "You will not keep me a moment at Fort Orange. I fell out of patience with every place while we lived so long in poverty at that stockade at the head of Fundy Bay."

"Did you live there long?" inquired Antonia.

"Until D'Aulnay de Charnisay died out of my lord's way. What could my lord do for us, indeed, with nothing but a ship and scarce a dozen men? He left some to keep the stockade and took the rest to man his ship when he started for Newfoundland to send her forlorn old highness back to England. Her old highness hath had many a dower fee from us since that day."

"Your lord hath mended his fortunes," remarked Antonia without approval.

"Yes, we are now the greatest people in Acadia; we live in grand state at Port Royal. You would never know

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him for the careworn man he was, — except once, indeed, when he came from viewing the ruins of Fort St. John. It is no longer maintained as a fortress. But I like not all these things. I rove more now than when Madame Marie lived."

Silence was kept a moment after Madame La Tour's name between Antonia and her illusive visitor. The dwarf seemed clad in sumptuous garments. A cap of rich velvet could be discerned on her flaring hair instead of the gull-breast covering she once made for herself.

"Yet I roved much out of the peasants' way at the stockade," she continued, sending the night sounds again into background. "Peasants who have no master over them become like swine. We had two goats, and I tended them, and sat ages upon ages on the bank of a tide-creek which runs up among the marshes at the head of Fundy Bay. Madame Antonia, you should see that tide-creek. It shone like wet sleek red carnelian when the water was out of it. I loved its basin, and the goats would go down to lick the salt. They had more sense than D'Aulnay de Charnisay, for they knew where to venture. I thought D'Aulnay de Charnisay was one of our goats by his bleat, until I looked down and saw him partly sunk in a quicksand at the bottom of the channel. The tide was already frothing in like yeast upon him. How gloriously the tide shoots up that tide-creek! It hisses. It comes like thousands of horses galloping one behind the other and tumbling over one another, — fierce and snorting spray, climbing the banks, always trampling down and flying over the ones who have galloped in first."

"What did D'Aulnay de Charnisay do?" inquired Antonia.

"He stuck in the quicksand," responded Le Rossignol.

"But did he not call for help?"

"He did nothing else, indeed, until the tide's horses trampled him under."

"What did you do?"

"I sat down and watched him," said the dwarf.

"How could you?" shuddered Antonia, feeling how little this tiny being's humanity was developed.

"We had some chat," continued Le Rossignol. "He promised me a seigniory if I would run and call some men with ropes. 'I heard a Swiss's wife say that you promised him a seigniory,' quoth I; 'and you had enough ropes then.' He pledged his word and took oath to make me rich if I would get him only a priest. 'You pledged your word to the lady of Fort St. John,' said I. The water kept rising, and he kept stretching his neck above it, and crying and shouting, and I took his humor and cried and shouted with him, naming the glorious waves as they rode in from the sea: —

"'Glaud Burge!'

"'Jean le Prince!'

"'Renot Babinet!'

"'Ambroise Tibedeaux!'

"And so on until François Bastarack, the twenty-third roller, flowed over his head, and Edelwald did not even know he was beneath."

Antonia dropped her face upon her hands.

"So that is the true story," said Le Rossignol. "He died a good salt death, and his men pulled him out before the next tide."

Presently Antonia looked up. Her eye was first caught by a coming sail on the river. It shone in the moonlight, moving slowly, for there was so little wind. Her husband must be there. She turned to say so to Le Rossignol — but she was gone.

Antonia opened the gate and stepped outside, looking in every direction for dwarf and swan. She had not even noticed a rustle, or the pat of Shubenacadie's feet upon the sand. But Le Rossignol and her familiar had disappeared in the wide expanse of moonlight; whether deftly behind tree or rock, or over wall,

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or through air above, Antonia had no mind to find out.

Even the approaching sail took weirdness. The ship was too distant for her to hear the hiss of water around its prow. But in that Van Corlaer and the homely good happiness of common life were approaching. With the dwarf had disappeared that misty, sweet, sorrowful Acadian world.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

COUNT TOLSTÓY AT HOME.

During our acquaintance in Moscow, in the winter, with the family of Count Lyeff Nikoláevitch Tolstóy, the famous novelist, the countess had said to us: "You must come and visit us at Yásnaya Polyána next summer. You should see Russian country life, and you will see it with us. Our house is not elegant, but you will find it plain, clean, and comfortable."

Such an invitation was not to be resisted. When summer came, the family wrote to say that they would meet us at the nearest station, where no carriages were to be had by casual travelers, if we would notify them of our arrival. But the weather had been too bad for country visits, and we were afraid to give Fate a hint of our intentions by announcing our movements; moreover, all the trains seemed to reach that station at a very late hour of the night. We decided to make our appearance from another quarter, in our own conveyance, on a fair day, and long before any meal. If it should prove inconvenient for the family to receive us, they would not be occasioned even momentary awkwardness, and our retreat would be secured. We had seen enough of the charmingly easy Russian hospitality to feel sure of our ground otherwise.

Accordingly we set out for Túla on a June day that was dazzling with sunshine and heat, after the autumnal chill of the recent rains. As we progressed southward from Moscow the country was more varied than north of it, with ever-changing vistas of gently sloping hills and verdant valleys, well cultivated, and dotted with thatched cottages which stood flatter on the ground here than where wood is more plentiful.

The train was besieged at every station, during the long halts customary on Russian railways, by hordes of peasant children with bottles of rich cream and dishes of fragrant wild strawberries. The strawberries cost from three to four cents a pound, — not enough to pay for picking, — and the cream from three to five cents a bottle.

Halfway to Túla the train crosses the river Oká, which makes so fine a show when it enters the Volga at Nizhni Nóvgorod, and which even here is imposing in breadth and busy with steamers. It was not far from here that an acquaintance of mine one day overtook a wayfarer. He was weather-beaten and travel-stained, dressed like a peasant, and carried his boots slung over his shoulder. But there was something about him which, to her woman's eye, seemed out of keeping with his garb. She invited him to take advantage of her carriage. He accepted gladly, and conversed agreeably. It appeared that it was Count Tolstóy making the journey between his estate and Moscow. His utterances produced such an effect upon her young son that the lad insisted upon making his next journey on foot also.

We reached Túla late in the evening. The guidebook says, in that amusing German fashion on which a chapter

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might be written, that "the town lies fifteen minutes distant from the station." Ordinarily, that would mean twice or thrice fifteen minutes. But we had a touch of our usual luck in an eccentric cabman. Vánka — the generic name for an *izvóstchik* is Vánka, that is, Johnny — set out almost before we had taken our seats; we clutched his belt for support, and away we flew through the inky darkness and fathomless dust, outstripping everything on the road. We came to a bridge; one wheel skimmed along high on the side rail, the loose boards rattled ominously beneath the other. There are no regulations for slow driving on Russian bridges beyond those contained in admonitory proverbs and popular legends. One's eyes usually supply sufficient warning by day. But Vánka was wedded to the true Russian principle, and proceeded in his headlong course *na avós* (on chance). In vain I cried, "This is not an obstacle race!" He replied cheerfully, "It is the horse!"

We were forced to conclude that we had stumbled upon the hero of Count Tolstóy's story Khólstomir in that gaunt old horse, racing thus by inspiration, and looking not unlike the portrait of Khólstomir in his sad old age, from the hand of the finest animal-painter in Russia, which, with its companion piece, Khólstomir in his proud youth, hangs on the wall in the count's Moscow house.

Our mad career ended at what Vánka declared to be the best hotel; the one recommended by the guidebook had been closed for years, he said. I, who had not found the guidebook infallible, believed him, until he landed us at one which looked well enough, but whose chief furnishing was smells of such potency that I fled, handkerchief clapped to nose, while the limp waiter, with his jaw bound up like a figure from a German picture-book, called after me that "perhaps the drains *were* a little out of order." Thrifty Vánka, in hopes of a commission, or bent upon paying off a grudge, still obstinately refused to take us to the hotel recommended; but a hint of application to the police decided him to deposit us at another door. This proved to be really the best house in town, though it does not grace the printed list. It was on the usual plan of inns in Russian country towns. There was the large, airy dining-room, with clean lace curtains, polished floor, and table set with foliage plants in fancy pots; the bedrooms, with single iron beds, reservoir washstands, and no bed linen or towels without extra charge.

The next morning we devoted to the few sights of the town. The Kremlin, on flat ground and not of imposing size, makes very little impression after the Moscow Kremlin; but its churches exhibit some charming new fancies in onion-shaped cupolas which we had not noticed elsewhere, and its cathedral contains frescoes of a novel sort. In subject they are pretty equally divided between the Song of Solomon and the Œcumenical Councils, with a certain number of saints, of course, though these are fewer than usual. The artist was evidently a man who enjoyed rich stuffs of flowered patterns and beautiful women.

The Imperial Firearms Factory we did not see. We had omitted to obtain from the Minister of War that permission without which no foreigner of either sex can enter, though Russians may do so freely, and we did not care enough about it to await the reply to a telegram. We contented ourselves with assuring the officer in charge that we were utter simpletons in the matter of firearms, afraid of guns even when they were not loaded, — I presume he did not understand that allusion, — and that it was pure curiosity of travelers which had led us to invade his office.

However, there was no dearth of shops where we could inspect all the wares in metal for which this Russian Birmingham has been celebrated ever since the industry was founded by men from Hol-

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land, in the sixteenth century. In the matter of samovárs, especially, there is a wide range of choice in this cradle of "the portable domestic hearth," although there are only two or three among the myriad manufacturers whose goods are famed for that solidity of brass and tin which insures against dents, fractures, and poisoning.

During the morning we ordered round a *troïka* from the posting-house. It did not arrive. Probably it was asleep, like most other things on that warm day. It was too far off to invite investigation, and sallying forth after breakfast to hire an izvóstchik, I became a blessed windfall to a couple of bored policemen, who waked up a cabman for me and took a kindly interest in the inevitable bargaining which ensued. While this was in progress up came two dusty and tattered "pilgrims," — "religious tramps" will designate their character with perfect accuracy, — who were sufficiently wide awake to beg. I positively had not a kopék in change; but not even a Russian beggar would believe that. I parried the attack.

"I 'm not an Orthodox Christian, my good men. I am sure that you do not want money from a heretic."

"Never mind; I 'm a bachelor," replied one of them, bravely and consolingly.

When we had all somewhat recovered from this, the policemen, catching the spirit of the occasion, explained to the men that I and my money were extremely dangerous to the Orthodox, both families and bachelors, especially to pious pilgrims to the shrines, such as they were, and they gently but firmly compelled the men to move on, despite their vehement protestations that they were willing to run the risk and accept the largest sort of change from the heretic. But I was obdurate. I knew from experience that for five kopéks, or less, I should receive thanks, reverences to the waist or even to the ground; but that the gift of more than five kopéks would result in a thankless suspicious stare, which would make me feel guilty of some enormous undefined crime. This was Count Tolstóy's experience also. We devoted ourselves to cabby once more.

Such a winning fellow as that Vánka was, from the very start! After I had concluded the bargain for an extra horse and an apron which his carriage lacked, he persuaded me that one horse was enough — at the price of two. To save time I yielded, deducting twenty-five cents only from the sum agreed on, lest I should appear too easily cheated. That sense of being ridiculed as an inexperienced simpleton, when I had merely paid my interlocutor the compliment of trusting him, never ceased to be a pain and a terror to me.

The friendly policemen smiled impartially upon Vánka and us, as they helped to pack us in the drozky.

Túla as we saw it on our way out, and as we had seen it during our morning stroll, did not look like a town of sixty-four thousand inhabitants, or an interesting place of residence. It was a good type of the provincial Russian town. There were the broad unpaved, or badly paved, dusty streets. There were the stone official buildings, glaring white in the sun, interspersed with wooden houses, ranging from the pretentious dwelling to the humble shelter of logs.

For fifteen versts (ten miles) after we had left all these behind us we drove through a lovely rolling country, on a fine macadamized highway leading to the south and to Kíeff. The views were wide, fresh, and fair. Hayfields, ploughed fields, fields of green oats, yellowing rye, blue-flowered flax, with birch and leaf trees in small groves near at hand, and forests in the distance, varied the scene. Evergreens were rarer here, and oak-trees more plentiful, than north of Moscow. The grass by the roadside was sown thickly with wild flowers: Canterbury bells, campanulas, yarrow pink

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and white, willow-weed (good to adulterate tea), yellow daisies, spiræa, pinks, cornflowers, melilot, honey-sweet galium, yellow everlasting, huge deep crimson crane's-bill, and hosts of others.

Throughout this sweet drive my merry izvóstchik delighted me with his discourse. It began thus. I asked, "Did he know Count Tolstóy?"

"Did he know Count Tolstóy? Everybody knew him. He was the first gentleman in the empire [!] There was not another such man in all the land."

"Could he read? Had he read the count's Tales?"

"Yes. He had read every one of the count's books that he could lay his *hands on. Did I mean the little books* with the colored covers and the pictures on the outside?" (He alluded to the little peasant Tales in their original cheap form, costing two or three cents apiece.) "Unfortunately they were forbidden, or not to be had at the Túla shops, and though there were libraries which had them, they were not for such as he." [1]

"How had they affected him? Why, he had learned to love all the world better. He knew that if he had a bit of bread he must share it with his neighbor, even if he did find it hard work to support his wife and four small children. Had such a need arisen? Yes; and he had given his children's bread to others." (He pretended not to hear when I inquired why he had not given his own share of the bread.) "Was he a more honest man than before? Oh, yes, yes, indeed! He would not take a kopék from any one unless he were justly entitled to it."

"And Count Tolstóy! A fine man, that! The Emperor had conferred upon him the right to release prisoners from the jail, — had I noticed the big jail, on the left hand, as we drove out of town?" (I took the liberty to doubt this legend, in strict privacy.) "Túla was a very bad place; there were many prisoners. Men went to the bad there from the lack of something to do." (This man was a philosopher, it seemed.)

So he ran on enthusiastically, twisting round in his seat, letting his horse do as it would, and talking in that soft, gentle, charming way to which a dozen adjectives would fail to do justice, and which appears to be the heritage of almost every Russian, high or low. It was an uncomfortable attitude for us, because it left us nowhere to put our smiles, and we would not for the world have had him suspect that he amused us.

But the gem of his discourse dropped from his lips when I asked him what, in his opinión, would be the result if Count Tolstóy could reconstruct the world on his plan.

"Why, naturally," he replied, "if all men were equal, I should not be driving you, for example. I should have my own horse and cow and property, and I should do no work!"

I must say that, on reflection, I was not surprised that he should have reached this rather astonishing conclusion. I have no doubt that all of his kind — and it is not a stupid kind, by any means — think the same. I tried to tell him

[1] At this time, in Moscow, the sidewalk bookstalls, such as this man would have been likely to patronize, could not furnish a full set of the Tales in the cheap form. The venders said that they were "forbidden;" but since they openly displayed and sold such as they had, and since any number of complete sets could be obtained at the publishers' hard by, the prohibition evidently extended only to the issue of a fresh edition. Meanwhile, the Tales complete in one volume were not forbidden. This volume, one of the set of the author's works published by his wife, cost fifty kopéks (about twenty-five cents), not materially more than the other sort. As there was a profit to the family on this edition, and none on the cheap edition, the withdrawal of the latter may have been merely a private business arrangement, to be expected under the circumstances, and the cry of "prohibition" may have been employed as a satisfactory and unanswerable tradesman's excuse for not being supplied with the goods desired.

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about America, where we are all equals in theory (I omitted "theory"), and yet where some of us still "drive other people," figuratively speaking. But he only laughed and shook his head, and said he did not believe that all men were equal in such a land any more than they were in Russia. That was the sort of wall against which I was always being brought up, with a more or less painful bump, when I attempted to elucidate the institutions of this land of liberty. He seemed to have it firmly fixed in his brain that, although Count Tolstóy worked in the fields "like one of us poor brethren," he really did no work whatever.

Thus did I obtain a foretaste of the views held by the peasant class upon the subject of Count Tolstóy's scheme of reformation, since this man was a peasant himself from one of the neighboring villages, and an average representative of their modes of thought.

At last we reached the stone gateposts which mark the entrance to the park of Yásnaya Polyána (Clearfield), and drove up the formerly splendid and still beautiful avenue of huge white birch-trees, from whose ranks many had fallen or been felled. The avenue terminated near the house in hedges of lilacs and acacias.

Most of the family were away in the fields, or bathing in the river. But we were cordially received, assured that our visit was well timed and that there were no guests, and were installed in the room of the count's eldest son, who was at his business in St. Petersburg.

Then I paid and dismissed the beaming Vánka, whose name chanced to be Alexéi, adding liberal "tea money" for his charming manners and conversation. My sympathy with the hardship of being unable to procure books had moved me so deeply that I had already asked the man for his address, and had promised to send him a complete set of the count's Tales from Moscow.

We parted with the highest opinion of each other. Alas! A day or two later one of the count's daughters happened to inquire how much I had paid for the carriage, probably in consequence of former experiences, and informed me that I had given just twice as much as any cabman in Túla would have been glad to take. (The boredom of those policemen must have been relieved by another smile — behind our backs.) Then I repeated my conversation with that delicately conscientious izvóstchik, nurtured on the Tales, and mentioned my promise. Even the grave count was forced to laugh, and I declared that I should be afraid to send the set of books, for fear of the consequences.

When we were ready, being unfamiliar with the house, we asked the maid to conduct us to the countess. She took this in its literal sense, and ushered us into the bedroom where the countess was dressing, an introduction to country life which was certainly informal enough.

We dined at a long table under the trees at a little distance from the house. The breeze sifted the tiny papery birch seeds into our soup and water. Clouds rolled up, and at every threat of the sky we grasped our plates, prepared to make a dash for the house.

The count, who had been mowing, appeared at dinner in a grayish blouse and trousers and a soft white linen cap. He looked even more weather-beaten in complexion than he had in Moscow during the winter, if that were possible. His broad shoulders seemed to preserve in their enhanced stoop a memory of recent toil. His manner, a combination of gentle simplicity, awkward half-conquered consciousness, and half-discarded polish, was as cordial as ever. His piercing gray-green-blue eyes had lost none of their almost saturnine and withal melancholy expression. His sons were clad in the pretty blouse suits of coarse gray linen which are so common in Russia in the summer, and white linen caps.

After dinner, on that first evening,

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the countess invited us to go to the fields and see her husband at work. He had not observed the good old recipe, "After dinner, rest a while," but had set off again immediately, and we had been eager to follow him. We hunted for him through several meadows, and finally came upon him in a sloping orchard lot, seated under the trees, in a violent perspiration. He had wasted no time, evidently. He was resting and chatting with half a dozen peasants of assorted ages. It appeared that he had made a toilet for dinner, since he now wore a blue blouse faded with frequent washing, and ornamented with new dark blue patches on the shoulders. It was the same blouse with which Répin's portrait of him engaged in ploughing had already made us familiar.

We talked with the peasants. They remained seated, and gave no greeting. I do not think they would have done so on any other estate in Russia. It is not that the count has inspired his humble neighbors with a higher personal sense of independence and the equality of man; all Russian peasants are pretty well advanced along that path already, and they possess a natural dignity which prevents their asserting themselves in an unpleasant manner except in rare cases. When they rise or salute, it is out of politeness, and with no more servility than the same act implies in an officer of the guards in presence of a court dame. The omission on this occasion interested me as significant.

The conversation turned upon the marriage of one of the younger men, which was to come off in a neighboring village two days later, at the conclusion of the fast of SS. Peter and Paul. A middle-aged peasant took up the subject in a rather unpleasant and not very respectful manner, saying that he saw no use for priests, who had everything provided for them (*na gatóvayu rúku*), and charged so high for baptizing and marrying.

"They demand seven rubles for marrying this fellow," said he. "I 'll do it for a ruble, and be glad to."

"If it is so easy, go pass your examinations and become a priest at once," replied the countess.

"I don't know enough for that."

"Then go hire yourself out as a clown. You are always making bad jokes."

The man was subdued. The count took no part in this conversation, and looked somewhat disturbed when the other men joined disagreeably in the laugh against their comrade. He turned the subject.

"Look at the oldest of these men," he said to us in English. "He has lost the first joint of all the fingers on one hand from frost."

He was a weak-looking, withered little man, but when they began to mow again, at the count's suggestion, he grasped his scythe as well as any of them. The scythes were short, thick, straight, looked very heavy, and were set on very long, straight handles, so that it was not necessary to stoop in mowing.

We watched the party for a while. The count made good progress over the uneven ground and thin grass, as though he were used to the work which he has described so inimitably in Anna Karénin. (Another reminder of this book is the old nurse of Levin, who still lives on the place, has charge of the dogs because she is fond of animals, and carries her mania to the extent of feeding and petting the black beetles. The grave of Karl Ivanovitch, the tutor in Childhood, Boyhood, Youth, which lies in the cemetery a mile or two distant, is another memento of his writings.) As we strolled back to the house, we paused to look at the long white stables, the thatched granary with walls of wattled tree boughs, and other farm buildings. In the space between the house and the dining-table we found the children, with their cousins, the French tutor, and the English gov-

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erness, engaged in a game of ball called *wápta*, which involves much running and some skill.

To this table the samovár was brought about half past seven, and the early tea, the children's tea, was served at twilight in the open air heavy with the perfume of the linden-trees. Late tea was always served in the house, in the large hall, accompanied by various viands, and by wild strawberries fetched by the peasant children.

That evening the count talked to me chiefly about the pamphlets on the Hopedale community and the peace doctrines advocated by Adin Ballou, which had been sent to him a short time before from America. He had then learned for the first time that his principles in that direction had been anticipated, and he seemed to be genuinely gratified to know that this was the case. He prophesied that this movement in favor of non-resistance would attract much more attention in the future than it has attracted in the past. The fate of Mr. Ballou's community did not seem to shake his faith.

Naturally the house was the first point which engaged our attention. In 1860, Count Tolstóy, being then thirty-two years of age, made up his mind unalterably that he would never marry. All the world knows that when the count has irrevocably determined upon anything he immediately furnishes substantial proof of his convictions. On this occasion his demonstration took the form of selling the manor house, which was taken down and set up again on another estate in the same government by the purchaser. The wings of the former house alone remained, detached buildings, such as were used in the olden days to accommodate the embroiderers, weavers, peasant musicians and actors of the private troupes kept by wealthy grandees, as a theatre, or as extra apartments. The count occupied one of these wings.

Two years later he changed his mind and married. He brought his beautiful bride of half his age to this tiny wing, — it chanced to be tiny in this case, — and there she lived for seventeen years. The horrible loneliness of it, especially in winter, with not a neighbor for miles, unless one reckon the village at the park gate, which could not have furnished anything but human beings, and never a congenial companion for her! Needless to say that she never had on a low-bodied gown, never went to the theatre or a ball, in all her fair young life; and to the loneliness of the country must be added the absolute loneliness during the absences of the count, who had much reading to do in Moscow for the historical portions of his great war drama. When he got tired of his village school, of his experiments upon the infant peasant mind, of things in general, he could and did go away for rest. The countess did not. Decidedly, the Countess Sophia Tolstóy is one of those truly feminine heroines who are cast into shadow by a brilliant light close to them, but a heroine none the less in more ways than need be mentioned. Her self-denial and courage gave to the world War and Peace and Anna Karénin; and she declares that were it to do over again she would not hesitate a moment. The public owes the count's wife a great debt of gratitude, and not of reproaches, for bravely opposing his fatal desire to live in every detail the life of a peasant laborer. Can any one blessed with the faintest particle of imagination fail to perceive how great a task it has been to withstand him thus for his own good; to rear nine healthy, handsome, well-bred children out of the much larger family which they have had; to bear the entire responsibility of the household and the business?

She remarked, one day, that there was no crying need for the Russian nobility to follow her husband's teachings and give away all their goods in order to be on a level with the peasants. Plenty of them would soon attain that

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blissful state of poverty in the natural course of things, since they were not only growing poorer every year, but the distribution of inheritances among the numerous children was completing the work, and very many would be reduced to laboring with their hands for a living. This is perfectly true. There is no law of primogeniture in Russia. The one established by Peter the Great having produced divers and grievous evils, besides being out of harmony with the Russian character, it was withdrawn. All the male children share equally in the father's estate as in title. The female children receive by law only an extremely small portion of the inheritance, but their dowry is not limited.

Among the count's most ardent followers is one of his daughters. She does everything for herself, according to his teachings, in a manner which American girls, in even moderately well-to-do families, would never dream of. She works for the peasants in various ways, and carries out her father's ideas in other matters as far as possible. Her Spartan (or Tolstóyan) treatment of herself may be of value in character-building, as mortification of the flesh is supposed to be in general. Practically, I think the relations between peasants and nobles render her sacrifices unavailing. For example: one of the peasant women having been taken ill, — there was a good deal of sickness in the village, — she went to the hayfield to do the woman's work and prevent the forfeit of fifteen or twenty cents, the price of the day's labor. We strolled out to find her. The thermometer must have stood at 100° F., and although the dry inland heat can be better borne than the same amount of damp heat, it was far from being comfortable weather even for indolent persons. We found her under a tree, resting and drinking cold tea, while she awaited the return, from some errand of their devising, of the peasant women who had been at work with her. She looked wretchedly ill, and we tried to prevail on her to go back to the house with us. But the count (who was not well enough to work) happened along, and as he said nothing she decided to stay and to resume labor at once, since the women seemed to have been detained.

As we beat a retreat homeward under that burning sun, we discovered the nature of the peasant women's urgent business. They were engaged in stripping the count's bushes of their fruit and devouring it by the handful. We could not persuade him to interfere. "They want it, or they would not take it," he said. It was none of our business, to be sure, but those strong, muscular women offered such a contrast, in physique and conduct, to the fair, delicate young girl whom we had just left that we felt indignant enough to attack them ourselves, if it would have done any good. The next day his daughter was more seriously ill than the peasant woman whose place she had taken. I should not have felt unhappy to learn that those women had been uncomfortably ill in consequence of their greediness.

The count has no longer a school for the peasant children, by the way. The necessity for that is past. But he must have been an original professor. A friend of mine in St. Petersburg, who was interested, during the sixties, in the secular Sunday-schools for workingmen who could not attend on week days, repeated to me the count's method as imparted to her by himself while visiting the capital. He objected to the rules which compelled the men to be regular in attendance, on the ground that learning must not be acquired thus mechanically, under compulsion, but when the scholar feels an inward impulse. He would not listen to the suggestion that this method would hardly answer when study must be prosecuted on specified days under penalty of eternal ignorance. He said that when he found his peasant pupils indisposed to learn he dis-

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missed the school, went home, and occupied himself in his own affairs. After an interval, more or less long, a scuffling of feet and a rapping would become audible at the door, and small voices would plead: "Please, Lyeff Nikolá-'itch, we want to study. Please come and teach us." He went, and they made rapid progress because all was purely voluntary.

One of the whitened stone wings of the old manor house stands unchanged. It is occupied in summer by the countess's sister and her family. She is a handsome and clever woman, who translates, and who has written some strong short stories. The wing used by the count has been enlarged to meet the requirements of the large family, and yet it is not a great or imposing house. At one end a stone addition, like the original building, contains, on the ground floor, the count's two rooms, which open on an uncovered stone terrace facing the hedge-inclosed lawn, with beds of bright flowers bordering it, and the stately lindens of the grand avenues waving their crests beyond in the direction of the ponds. Over these rooms and the vestibule is the hall, indispensable as a dining-room and a play-room for the small children in wet weather and in winter. A wooden addition at the other end furnishes half a dozen rooms for members of the family, the tutor, and the maids. Near by stand several log cottages, — the bakehouse, the servants' dining-room, and other necessary offices.

The count's study is very plain. The walls are in part lined with bookcases; in part they are covered with portraits of relatives and of distinguished persons whom he admires. There are more bookcases in the vestibule, for people are constantly sending him books of every conceivable sort. I imagine that the first copies of every book, pamphlet, and journal on any hobby or "ism," especially from America, find their way to the address of Count Tolstóy. He showed me some very wild products of the human brain. The hall upstairs has a polished wood floor, as is usual with such rooms, and a set of very simple wicker furniture. Portraits of ancestors, some of whom figure in War and Peace, hang upon the walls. A piano, on which the count sometimes plays, and a large table complete the furniture. Everything in the house is severely simple. If I take the liberty of going into these details, it is in the interest of justice. The house has been described in print — from imagination, it would seem — as "a castle luxuriously furnished," and the count has been reproached with it. Cheap as the furniture is, he grumbled at it when it was purchased; he grumbles at it still, and to me spoke of it as "sinful luxury." But then he cannot be regarded a fair judge of what constitutes luxury.

The whole house, outside and in, is modest in the extreme. The park with its avenues of lindens, which were in full bloom during our visit, the ponds and lawns and forest, must have been superb in the time of his grandfather, and even of his mother, from whom he inherited it. A grove and thicket now occupy the site of the former manor, and screen the view of each wing from the other. Vegetable gardens and berry patches lie near at hand, and beds of brilliant but not rare flowers enliven the immediate vicinity of the house.

The estate is large and fertile, though it does not lie in the famous "black-earth zone." This begins a few miles south of it.

Plain wholesome food, simple dress, an open-air life without fixed programme, were what we found. In the morning, after drinking tea or coffee, with bread and butter, in the hall, we usually strolled through the lovely forest, filled with flowers and perfumes, to the little river about a mile distant for a bath. The unpainted board bath house had seats running along the walls, and steps leading down

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into the water. A framework supporting thick screens of golden rye straw extended far out over the stream. A door upstream swung open at will for ambitious swimmers. It was a solitary spot. The peasant girls pitching hay in the meadows beyond with three-pronged boughs stripped of their leaves were the only persons we ever saw. Clad in their best scarlet cotton *sarafáni* and head kerchiefs, they added greatly to the beauty of the landscape. Haying is such easy work compared to the rest of the summer labors that the best gowns are donned as for a festival.

If the boys had stolen a march on us those hot mornings, when we had dispensed with every article of clothing not absolutely necessary, we lay in the shadow of the fragrant birches at the top of the hill on the soft, short sward, which seems in Russia to grow as thick in dense forests as in open glades, and waited until they could tear themselves from the cool embrace of the stream. Then we went in, great and small, but with no bathing-dress. The use of such a garment on such an occasion would be regarded as a sign that one was afflicted with some bodily defect which one was anxious to conceal. By the time we had refreshed ourselves and rambled back, searching for early mushrooms through the forest or the great plantation of birches set out by the count's own hands a quarter of a century before, and grown now to stout and serviceable giants, the twelve o'clock breakfast was ready under the trees. At this informal meal every one sat where he pleased and helped himself. At dinner, on the contrary, my place was always at the count's left hand. We sat on whatever offered itself. Sometimes I had a wooden chair, sometimes a bit of the long bench like a plasterer's horse. Once, when some one rose suddenly from the other end of this, I tumbled over on the count and narrowly escaped wrecking his dinner.

At no meal did the count ever eat a mouthful of meat, despite urgent persuasion. Boiled buckwheat groats, salted cucumbers, black bread, eggs with spinach, tea and coffee, sour *kvas* (beer made from black bread), and cabbage soup formed the staple of his diet, even when ill, and when most people would have avoided the cucumbers and kvas, at least.

The family generally met as a whole for the first time at breakfast. The count had been busy at work in the fields, in writing or reading in his study; the boys with their tutor; the countess copying her husband's manuscript and ordering the household. After breakfast every one did what he pleased until dinner. There was riding, driving, — anything that the heat permitted. A second bath, late in the afternoon, was indulged in when it was very hot. The afternoon bathing party generally drove down in a *linéika*, a sort of long jaunting-car with a central bench, not too wide, on which the passengers sit back to back, their feet resting on a narrow footboard which curves over the wheels as a shield. This linéika had also cross-seats at each end, and with judicious packing could be made to hold sixteen persons. As it was upholstered in leather and had no springs, there was some art in keeping one's seat when the three horses were going at full speed over the uneven forest road.

After breakfast I sometimes sat under the trees with the countess, and helped her sew on baby Iván's clothes, for the pleasure of her conversation. Nothing could be more fascinating. This beautiful woman has not rusted during her long residence in the country. There are few better informed women than she, few better women of business, few women who are so clever and practical.

One day, as I was sitting, armed with thimble and needle, waiting for her, the count discovered a hole in his pocket, and asked his niece to mend it for him.

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She had not her implements. I volunteered, — to do the mending, not to lend the wherewithal. The pocket was of black silk, my thread of white cotton, but that was of no consequence. I seated myself comfortably on the sand, and speedily discovered not one hole, but a row of holes such as wear along the seams of pockets. The count was greatly annoyed at the trouble he was giving me, protested as I began on each new hole, and was very restless. I was finally obliged to speak.

"Lyeff Nikolá'itch," I said, "do me the favor to sit still. Your reputation as well as mine is involved in this work. It must be done thoroughly and neatly quite as much for your sake as for mine."

"How so?" he asked in surprise.

"My woman's reputation for neat mending trembles in the balance; and do not you advocate the theory that we should help our fellow-men? You have helped others; it is your turn now to be experimented on. And besides, if the fellow-man obstinately refuses to be helped by others, how are we to do our duty by him? How could you work for others, if they persisted in following out the other half of your doctrine and doing everything for themselves? 'T is plain that you understand how to render services far better than to receive them. Reform. Submit."

The count laughed, with a sort of grim bewilderment in his eye, and behaved in an exemplary manner for the few remaining moments. I mentally thanked Fate for providing me with an opportunity for suggesting an object lesson on a point which had puzzled me not a little, and which I had been pining to attack in some form. He did not explain away my difficulties, it is true, but I was satisfied with having presented the other side of the shield to his attention.

On another occasion, as we sat under the trees, a peasant came, scythe on shoulder, to complain to the countess of his wrongs. No one ever went to the count, knowing that his wife had full management. Peasants who came in a deputation to parley about hiring or buying extra land, and so on, applied directly to her. The comrades of this Vasíly Alexéi'itch had got two buckets of *vódka*, and had forced him, who detested liquor, to drink of it. Then they had become quarrelsome (he was peaceable), and they had torn his shirt — so! Hereupon he flung back his coat, worn in Russian fashion with the sleeves hanging, and let his faded red cotton shirt fall from his muscular shoulders, leaving him nude to the waist, save for the cheap little baptismal cross suspended round his neck by a cord. The small boys set up a shout of laughter at his story and his action. The countess rebuked him sharply for such conduct before the children, and refused to interfere in the quarrel. The man pulled his torn shirt over his body and slouched off. That evening, after tea, the count happened to hit upon a couple of Mr. Rider Haggard's books for discussion, and, for the benefit of those in the company who had not read it, gave the chief points of She in particularly lively style, which kept us all in laughter. In describing the heroine, he said that "she was clothed in an airy garment, like Vasíly Alexéi'itch;" and again that "she dropped her garment, and stood like Vasíly Alexéi'itch." He pronounced She and other works of Haggard "the lowest type of literature," and said that "it was astonishing how so many English people could go wild over them." He seemed to read everything, good and bad, and to possess not only an omnivorous literary appetite, but a wonderful memory for books, even in small details.

Among the innumerable things which he read were Mormon publications, sent him regularly from headquarters. I cannot explain the object of the Mormons

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in making him the point of attack. He thought very highly of the doctrines of the Mormons as set forth by themselves, and could not understand why they were "persecuted" in America. No one had ever sent him documents on the other side of the question, and he seemed as ignorant of it as I was of the Mormon arguments. In answer to his queries, I told him that the problems involved were too numerous, serious, and complicated for me to enter upon; that the best way, under such circumstances, was for him to read statements set down in black and white by recognized authorities on the subject; and that I would cause books on the matter to be forwarded to him, which I did. But he persisted that our government is in the wrong.

"It is a shame," said he, "that in a great and free country like America a community of people should be so oppressed, and not allowed that liberty of which you boast."

"You know your Dickens well," I answered. "Have you any recollection of Martin Chuzzlewit? You will remember that when Martin was in America with Mark Tapley he saw a slave being sold. Mark Tapley observed that 'the Americans were so fond of Liberty that they took liberties with her.' That is, in brief, what ails the Mormons. The only argument in favor of them which can possibly be made is that their practice, not their preaching, offers the only solution of your own theory that all women should be married. But that theory has never been advanced in extenuation of their behavior. I offer it to you brand new, as a slight illustration of a very unpleasant subject."

One day, during a chat in his study, he had praised Dickens.

"There are three requisites which go to make a perfect writer," he remarked. "First, he must have something worth saying. Second, he must have a proper way of saying it. Third, he must have sincerity. Dickens had all three of these qualities. Thackeray had not much to say; he had a great deal of art in saying it; but he had not enough sincerity. Dostóevsky possessed all three requisites. Nekrásoff knew well how to express himself, but he did not possess the first quality; he forced himself to say something, whatever would catch the public at the moment, of which he was a very keen judge. As he wrote to suit the popular taste, believing not at all in what he said, he had none of the third requisite." He declared that America had not as yet produced any first-class woman writer, like George Eliot and George Sand.

Count Tolstóy's latest book at that time was What to Do? It was much discussed, though not very new. It will be remembered that in the final chapter of that work he argues that woman's whole duty consists in marrying and having as large a family as possible. But in speaking of Mr. Howells's The Undiscovered Country, which he had just discovered, — it was odd to think he had never heard of Mr. Howells before, — he remarked, in connection with the Shakers, that "it was a good thing that they did not marry."

He said this more than once and at some length. I did not like to enter on the subject lest he should go too far, in his earnestness, before the assembled company. Therefore I seized an opportunity to ask his wife how he reconciled that remark with his creed that all women should marry.

She answered that it certainly was not consistent, but that her husband changed his opinion every two years; and, to my consternation, she instantly appealed to him. He did not go into details, however. He pulled out a letter which he had received from a Russian woman, a stranger to him. The writer said: "While acknowledging the justice of your views, I must remark that marriage is a fate which is not possible to every woman.

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What, then, in your opinion, should a woman who has missed that fate do?"

I was interested in his reply, because six months earlier he had advised me to marry. I inquired what answer he intended to send, — that is, if he meant to reply at all. He said that he considered the letter of sufficient importance to merit an answer, and that he should tell her that "every woman who had not married, whatever the reason, ought to impose upon herself the hardest cross which she could devise, and bear it."

"And so punish herself for the fault of others, perhaps?" I asked. "No. If your correspondent is a woman of sufficient spirit to impose that cross, she will also have sufficient spirit to retort that very few of us choose our own crosses; and that women's crosses imposed by Fate, Providence, or whatever one pleases to call it, are generally heavier, more cruel, than any which they could imagine for themselves in the maddest ecstasy of pain-worship. Are the Shaker women, of whom you approve, also to invent crosses? And how about the Shaker men? What is their duty in the matter of invoking suffering?"

He made no reply, except that "non-marriage was the ideal state," and then relapsed into silence, as was his habit when he did not intend to relinquish his idea. Nevertheless I am convinced that he is always open to the influence — quite unconsciously, of course — of argument from any quarter. His changes of belief prove it.

These remarks anent the Shakers seemed to indicate that another change was imminent; and as the history of his progress through the links of his chain of reasoning was a subject of the greatest interest to me, I asked his wife for it. It cannot be called anything but a linked progress, since the germs — nay, the nearly full-fledged idea — of his present moral and religious attitude can be found in almost all of his writings from the very beginning.

When the count married, he had attained to that familiar stage in the spiritual life where men have forgotten, or outgrown, or thoroughly neglected for a long time the religious instruction inculcated upon them in their childhood. There is no doubt that the count had been well grounded in religious tenets and ceremonies; the Russian church is particular on this point, and examinations in "the law of God" form part of the conditions for entrance to the state schools. But, having reached the point where religion has no longer any solid grasp upon a man, he did not like to see other people observe even the forms.

Later on he began a novel, to be called The Decembrists. The Decembrists is the name given to the participants in the disorders of 1825, on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas I. to the throne. Among the preparations which he made for this work were excursions taken with the object of acquainting himself with the divers dialects and peculiarities of expression current in the different parts of the empire. These he collected from pilgrims on the highways and byways.

"A pilgrim," said the witty countess, "is a man who has grown tired of the jars and the cares and responsibilities of the household; out of patience with the family in general. He feels the necessity, inborn in every Russian, for roaming, for getting far away from people, into the country and the forests. So he makes a pilgrimage to some distant shrine. I should like to be a pilgrim myself, but the family ties me down. I feel the need of freshening up my ideas."

In these excursions the count came to see how great a part religion plays in the life of the lower classes; and he argued that, in order to get into sympathy with them, one must share their ideas as to religion. Accordingly he plunged into it with his customary ardor, — "he has a passionate nature," — and for several years he attended every church service, observed every rite, kept every fast,

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and so on. He thought it horrible if those about him did not do the same, — if they neglected a single form. I think it quite probable that he initiated the trouble with his stomach by these fasts. They are nothing to a person who has always been used to them; but when we consider that the longer fasts cover about four solid months, — not to mention the usual abstinence on Wednesdays and Fridays and the special abstinences, — and that milk, eggs, cheese, and butter are prohibited, as well as other customary articles of food, it is not difficult to imagine the effect of sudden and strict observance upon a man accustomed during the greater part of his life to a meat diet. The vegetable diet in which he now persists only aggravates the evil in one who is afflicted with liver trouble, and who is too old to train his vital economy in fresh paths.

His religious ardor lasted until he went to church one day, during the last Russo-Turkish war, when prayers were offered for the success of the Russian army. It suddenly struck him that it was inconsistent with "Love your enemies," "Love one another," "Do not kill," that prayers should be offered for the death of enemies. From that day forth he ceased to go to church, as he had also perceived that the practice of religious forms did not, in reality, bring him much nearer to the peasants, and that one must live among them, work among them, to appreciate their point of view.

The only surprising thing about this is that he should never have noticed that the army is prayed for, essentially in the same sense, at every church service. After the petitions for the Emperor and the imperial family, the liturgy proceeds, "And we pray for the army, that Thou wilt assist Them" (that is, the imperial family and its army), "and subdue all foes and enemies under Their feet." Perhaps these familiar words came home to him with special force on that particular day, as familiar words sometimes do. Possibly it was a special prayer. In any case, the prayer was strictly logical. If you have an army, pray for it; and the only prayer that can be offered is, obviously, not for its defeat. That would be tantamount to praying for the enemy; which might be Scriptural, in one way, but would be neither natural, popular, nor further removed from objections of murder than the other.

But Count Tolstóy was logical, also, in another way. Once started on this train of thought, most worldly institutions of the present day, beginning with the army, appeared to him opposed to the teaching of Christ, on which point no rational man will differ from him. As to the possibility of living the life of Christ, or even the advisability of trying it, at this period of the world, that is quite another matter.

It is not necessary for me to recapitulate here that which all the world knows already, — the minute details of his belief in personal poverty, labor, the renunciation of art and science, and so forth. We discussed them. But I neglected my opportunities to worry him with demands for his catechism, which his visitors delight in grinding out of him as though from a machine, when the reading public must be sufficiently informed on that score already. I have endeavored to set down only the special illustrations of his doctrines, out of the rich mass of his conversation.

Those who have perused attentively his earlier works will have perceived that there is really very little that is absolutely new in these doctrines. They are so strictly the development of ideas which are an integral part of him, through heredity, environment, and personal bias, that the only surprise would be that he should not have ended in this way. Community of goods, mutual help, and kindred doctrines are the national birth-

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right of every Russian, often bartered, it is true. But long residence in the country among the peasants who do not preach these doctrines, but simply practice them, naturally affected the thoughtful student of humanity though he was of a different rank. He began to announce his theories to the world, and found followers, as teachers of these views generally do, — a proof that they satisfy an instinct in the human breast. Solitary country life anywhere is productive of such views.

Disciples, or "adepts," began to make pilgrimages to the prophet. There is a characteristic, a highly characteristic history of one such who came and established himself in the village at the count's park gate.

"This F. was a Jew, who did not finish his studies, got led astray by socialists, and joined a community where, like the other members, he lived out of marriage with a young girl student. At last he came across a treatise of Lyeff Nikoláevitch, and decided that he was wrong and Lyeff Nikoláevitch right. He removed to Yásnaya Polyána, married his former mistress, and began to live and work among the peasants." (He first joined the Russian church, and one of the count's daughters stood godmother for him.) "His wife worked also; but, with delicate health and two small children to care for, she could do little, through weakness and lack of skill. The peasants laughed at him and at Lyeff Nikolá'itch."

Mrs. F. came to the countess with her griefs, and the latter helped her with food, clothing, and in other ways. "One day nothing remained in the house to eat but a single crust. F. was ill. His wife, who was also ill and feeble, went off to work. On her return she found no bread. Some one had come along begging '*Khristi rádi*' [for Christ's sake], and F. had given him the crust, — with absolute consistency, it must be confessed. This was the end. There was a scene. The wife went back to her friends. F. also gave up, went off to Ekaterinoslaff, learned the tailor's trade, and married again!" How he managed this second marriage without committing bigamy, in view of the laws of Russia on that point, I am at a loss to understand.

"All my husband's disciples," said the countess, "are small, blond, sickly, and homely; all as like one to another as a pair of old boots. You have seen them. X. Z. — you know him — had a very pretty talent for verses; but he has ruined it and his mind, and made himself quite an idiot by following my husband's teachings."

The count provided a complement to these remarks in a conversation on Russian writers. He said of a certain author: "That man has never been duly appreciated, has never received the recognition which his genius deserves. Yet you know how superbly he writes, — or rather, did write. He has spoiled himself now by imitating me. It is a pity."

This ingenuous comment is rescued from any tinge of conceit or egotism by its absolute simplicity and truth. The imitation referred to is of the moral Tales for popular reading of the lower classes, which my cabman had studied. The pity of it is, when so many of the contemporary writers of Russia owe their inspiration, their very existence, to Turgeneff and Tolstóy having preceded them, that a man who possesses personal talent and a delightful individual style should sacrifice them. In his case it is unnecessary. Count Tolstóy's recognition of this fact is characteristic.

The countess's description of the "adepts" was as clever as the rest of her remarks, and absolutely accurate. One of them was at the house for a day or two. (I had seen them elsewhere as well.) He had evidently got himself a new blouse for the visit. It was of coarse blue and white cloth, checked, and so stiff with newness that, having

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a long slit and only one button, at the neck, I could see the whole of his hairy breast every time I looked at him from the left side. I sympathized with Prince K., who being next him at table turned his back on him and ignored him conversationally; which embarrassed the young man extremely. Apropos of his shirt, I never saw any one but the count himself wear a shirt that a real peasant would have worn; and I do not believe that even he had one of the characteristic red cotton garments which are the peasant's pride.

I found this adept interesting when he sat opposite me, and he incited the count to vivacity. He contributed a very good anecdote illustrative of the count's followers.

A man in one of the southern governments — which one is immaterial here — sent a quantity of lithographed copies of five or ten forbidden books (Tolstóy's and others) to a disciple of Tolstóy in one of the northern governments. In the village of this disciple, some young women students in the higher or university courses for women, and followers of Tolstóy, were living for the summer in peasant fashion, and working in the fields, "*to the scornful pity of the peasants.*" (I italicize this phrase as remarkable on the lips of an adept.) These young women, having heard of the dispatch by post of the books, and being in the town, thought to do the count's disciple a favor by asking if they had arrived. Had they refrained, nothing would have happened and the books would have been delivered without a question. As it was, attention was attracted to the parcel by the inquiry of these girls of eccentric behavior. The fifty or sixty copies were confiscated; the girls' passports were taken from them. The disciple appealed to a relative in high official position in their behalf. The girls were informed, in consequence, that they might hire themselves out to work for this disciple of gentle birth as much as they liked; but they were forbidden to work for or among the peasants. The adventure was not ended when this story was told. Whether the students were satisfied with the permission to work I do not know. Probably not; their fellow-disciple would not have scorned them as the peasants did, and contradiction, that spice of life to enthusiastic worshipers of impracticable ideas, would have been lacking. In my opinion, the authorities committed an error in judgment. They should have shown more faith in the peasants, the toil, and the girls' unhardened frames. All three elements combined could have been trusted to effect a permanent cure of those disciples by the end of the harvest, had they been gently encouraged not only to work with the peasants, but to prove that they were capable of toiling and enduring in precisely the same manner and measure.

Still the authorities very naturally looked upon the action of the girls as a case of *idtí v naród* (going to the people), in the sense understood by the revolutionary propagandists. Their prohibition was based on this ground.

In some way we got upon the subject of English things and ways. The count's eyes flashed.

"The English are the most brutal nation on earth!" he exclaimed. "Along with the Zulus, that is to say. Both go naked: the Zulus all day long, the Englishwomen as soon as dinner is served. The English worship their muscle; they think of it, talk of it. If I had time, I should like to write a book on their ways. And then their executions, which they go to see as a pleasure!"

I asked which nation was a model, in his opinion.

"The French," he answered, which seemed to me inconsistent, when he told of the execution which he had witnessed in Paris, where a father had lifted up his little child that it might have a good view of the horrors of the guillotine.

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"Defective as is Russian civilization in many respects," he said, "you will never find the Russian peasant like that. He abhors deliberate murder, like an execution."

"Yet he will himself commit murder," I objected. "There has been a perfect flood of murders reported in the newspapers this very spring. Those perpetrated in town were all by men of the peasant class; and most of them were by lads under twenty years of age."

He insisted that I must have misread the papers. So I proceeded to inquire, "What will a peasant do in case of an execution?"

"He will murder, but without premeditation. What he will do in case of an execution I can illustrate for you by something which occurred in this very neighborhood some years ago.

"The regimental secretary of a regiment stationed at Z. was persecuted by one of his officers, who found fault with him continually, and even placed him under arrest for days at a time, when the man had only obeyed his own orders. At last the secretary's patience failed him, and one day he struck the officer. A court-martial followed. I was chosen to defend him. He was sentenced to death. I appealed to the Emperor through Madame A., — you know her. For some reason she spoke to one of the ministers. 'You have not stated the number of his regiment; that is indispensable,' was the reply. Evidently this was a subterfuge, that time might be consumed in correspondence, and the pardon might arrive too late. The reason for this was, in all probability, that just at this time a soldier had struck an officer in Moscow and had been condemned. If one were pardoned, in justice the other must be also. Otherwise discipline would suffer. This coincidence was awkward for the secretary, strong as his case was, and he was shot.

"The adjutant's hands trembled so with emotion that he could not apply the bandage to the prisoner's eyes. Others tried and gave it up. Well, as soon as that man was buried his grave was covered with flowers, crosses, and all sorts of things by the peasants, who came many versts from all directions, as to the grave of a martyr. Masses for the dead were ordered there, in uninterrupted succession, by these poor peasants. The feeling was so great and appeared to be spreading to such an extent that the authorities were forced not only to prohibit access to the grave, but even to level it off so that it could not be found. But an Englishman! If he were told to cut the throat of his own father and eat him, he would do it."

"Still, in spite of your very striking illustration, and your doubts as to my having read the papers correctly," I remarked, "I am sure that the Russian peasant does, occasionally, murder with premeditation. He is a fine-tempered, much-enduring, admirable fellow, I admit, but he is human. He cannot be so different in this respect from all other races of men. Moreover, I have the testimony of a celebrated Russian author on my side."

"What author? What testimony?"

"Have you ever read The Power of Darkness? The amount of deliberation, of premeditation, in any murder is often a matter of opinion; but the murder of the child in the last act of that comedy is surely deliberate enough to admit of no difference of judgment. Don't you think that the author supports me?"

He gasped at my audacity in quoting his own writings against him, and retreated into the silence which was his resource when he could not or would not answer. Put him in a corner and he would refuse to come out.

Beggars used to come while we were eating out-of-doors; some called themselves "pilgrims." The count would give them a little money, and they would tramp off again. One day when the birthday of an absent member of the

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family was being celebrated, and we were drinking healths in *vodítchka* (a sort of effervescent water flavored with fruit juices), we had a distinguished visitor, "Prince Románoff." This was the crazy Balákhin mentioned in What to Do? as having had his brain turned by the sight of the luxury in the lives of others. His rags and patches, or rather his conglomeration of patches, surpassed anything we had seen in that line. One of the lads jumped up and gave him a glass of raspberry vodítchka, telling him that it was rare old wine. The man sipped it, looked through it, and pretended (I am sure that it was mere pretense) to believe that it was wine. He promised us all large estates when the Emperor should give him back his own, now wrongfully withheld from him.

Balákhin stayed about the place, making himself at home with the servants, for twenty-four hours or more. I believe that he strays about among the landed proprietors of the district as a profession. In spite of his willingness to call himself "Prince Románoff" as often as any one chose to incite him thereto, this did not impress me as a proof that he was too deranged to earn his own living, with his healthy frame, if he saw fit. I had observed the mania for titles in other persons (not all Russians, by any means) who would vigorously resent the imputation that they should be in a lunatic asylum. Moreover, this imperial "Prince Románoff" never forgot his "manners." He invariably rose when his superiors (or his inferiors, perhaps I should say) approached, like any other peasant, and he looked far more crafty than crazy.

As the peasants were all busy haying, we postponed our visit to the village until the afternoon of SS. Peter and Paul's day, in the hope that we should then find some of them at home. The butler's family were drinking tea on the porch of their neat new log house with a tinned roof, at the end of the village near the park gate. They rose and invited us to honor them with our company and share their meal. We declined, for lack of time.

One of the count's daughters had told me of a curious difference existing between the cut of the aprons of maidens and of those of married women. I had been incredulous, and she suggested that I put the matter to the test by asking the first married woman whom we should see. We found a pretty woman, with beautiful brown eyes and exquisite teeth (whose whiteness and soundness are said to be the result of the sour black bread which the peasants eat exclusively), standing at the door of her cottage.

"Here 's your chance!"

"Show me your window, please," I said.

She laughed, and turned her back to me. There was the "window," sure enough. The peasant apron, which is fastened under the armpits, is pretty evenly distributed as to fullness all the way round, and in the case of a maiden falls in straight lines in the back. But the married woman makes hers with a semicircular opening a few inches below the band. The points of the opening are connected by a loop of fringe, a couple of cords not always tied, or anything that comes handy, apparently for ornament. Now when the husband feels moved to demonstrate his affection for his spouse by administering a beating, he is not obliged to fumble and grope among those straight folds for the awkward triangular little opening, quite unsuited to accommodate his fist. He can grasp her promptly by the neck of her chemise and this comfortable semicircle, and not force her to doubt his love by delay and hesitation in expression. I asked the pretty woman if her husband found it very useful. "Sometimes," she answered nonchalantly. The Russian peasant theory is: "No beating, no jealousy; no jealousy, no love."

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She offered to sell us a new petticoat similar to the one which she wore. It was of homespun, hard-twisted wool *étamine*, very durable, of a sort which is made, with slight variations, in several governments. Ordinarily, in this district, it is of a bright scarlet plaided off with lines of white and yellow. A breadth of dark blue cotton cloth is always inserted in the left side. When a woman is in mourning, the same plaid on a dark blue foundation is used. Married women wear coarse chemises and aprons of homespun linen; and their braided hair coiled on top of the head imparts a coronet shape to the gay cotton kerchief which is folded across the brow and knotted at the nape of the neck.

Young girls wear cotton chemises and aprons and print dresses, all purchased, not home made. It is considered that if a girl performs her due share of the house and field work she will not have time to weave more than enough linen for her wedding outfit, and the purchase of what is needed before that unhappy event is regarded as a certificate of industry. I call it an unhappy event because from the moment of her betrothal the prospective bride wears mourning garments. Black beads for the neck are the height of fashion here.

The girl's gown, called a *sarafán*, is plaited straight and full into a narrow band, and suspended just below the armpits by cross-bands over the shoulders. She prefers for it plain scarlet cotton (*kumátch*), or scarlet printed in designs of yellow, white, and green. Her head kerchief matches in style. Her betrothal gown and kerchief have a dark blue or black ground with colored figures.

The bargain for the petticoat was closed at two rubles, its real worth, subject to "sister's approbation," — an afterthought on the part of the pretty woman. When she brought it to us at the house, a couple of hours later, modestly concealed under her apron, and with sister's blessing, she demanded half a ruble more, because we had not beaten her down, and perhaps also as an equivalent for sister's consent.

She showed us her cottage, which was luxurious, since it had a brick half for winter use, exactly corresponding to the summer half of logs. Behind, in a wattled inclosure, were the animals and farming implements. It was not a cheerful dwelling, with its tiny windows, wall benches to serve as seats and beds, pine table, images in the corner, great whitewashed oven, in which the cooking was done, and on which, near the ceiling, they could sleep, and sheepskin coats as well as other garments lying about.

Practically, a small Russian village consists of one street, since those peasants who live on the occasional parallel or side lanes are "no account folks," and not in fashion. It seemed inconsistent that ranks and degrees should exist in peasant villages; but human nature is much the same in the country as in capitals, even in the village of the man who advocates absolute equality of poverty, and despite the views of my merry izvóstchik Alexéi.

The aged mother of the woman to whom the count's daughter was carrying a gift of a new kerchief was at home, and bestowed some smacking kisses in thanks. The old woman even ran after us to discharge another volley of gratitude on the young countess's pretty cheeks.

In the evening we set out once more for the village, to see the choral dances and hear the songs with which the peasants celebrate their holidays. A dozen or so of small peasant girls, pupils of the count's daughter, who had invited themselves to swing on the Giant Steps on the lawn opposite the count's study windows, abandoned their amusement and accompanied us down the avenue, fairly howling an endless song in shrill voices that went through one's nerves.

The Giant Steps I may describe here,

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since it is a favorite gymnastic apparatus. A tall, stout mast is planted securely in the earth. On its iron-bound top rests a heavy iron ring, which moves freely and to which are attached six or eight heavy cables touching the ground. Each cable is grasped by a person as high up as the arms will reach. All run round, holding the ropes, until sufficient impetus is acquired; then they sail through the air supported only by the arms. For small children the cables are looped and padded into seats close to the ground; but these can also be used in the ordinary way.

As we emerged from the shadows of the avenue and proceeded up the broad grassy village street to the place of assembly, the children dispersed. A crowd was collected at a fairly level spot ready for the dancing. All wore their gayest clothes. The full moon, with brilliant Jupiter close beside her, furnished an ideally picturesque light, and displayed the scene to the greatest advantage. Low gray cottages framed the whole.

It was a grand occasion. One of the count's sons had brought his violin, his cousin had a *balaláika*, a triangular peasant guitar, and one of the lackeys had his harmonica, to play for the dancing. The young men sat on a rough improvised bench; the servant stood beside them. The peasants seemed shy. They hesitated and argued a good deal over beginning each song. Finally they joined hands and circled slowly to the tones of the generally monotonous airs. Some of the melodies were lively and pleasing, but the Great Russian peasant woman's voice is undeniably shrill. The dancing, when some bold peasant ventured to enter the circle, after much urging and pushing, was far tamer and more unvarying than I had seen elsewhere. We felt very grateful to our maid, Tatiána, for stepping forward with spirit and giving us a touch of the genuine thing.

Alas! the fruits of Tatiána's civilization were but too visible in her gown of yellow print flounced to the waist and with a tight-fitting bodice. The peasant costume suits the dance far better. Her partner was unworthy of her, and did not perform the squat-and-leap step in proper form. She needed Fómitch, the butler, who had been obliged to stay at home and serve tea; to his regret, no doubt, since we were informed that "he danced as though he had ten devils in his body." As we saw no prospect of any devils at all, — and they are very necessary for the proper dash in Russian dancing, — we strolled home, past the pond where the women were wont to wash their clothes, and up the dark avenue. Perhaps the requisite demons arrived after our departure. It was a characteristic scene, and one not readily to be forgotten.

One of the most enjoyable incidents of the evening was the rehearsal of the maid's coquettish steps and graces given by one of our young hostesses for the benefit of those members of the family who had not been present. It reminded us of the scene in War and Peace after the hunt, when charming young Countess Natálya Ilínitchna astonishes her old relative by her artistic performance of the Russian dance, which she must have inherited with the traditions of her native land, since she had never learned it.

Balaláika duets were one of the joys of our evenings under the trees, after dinner. The young men played extremely well, and the popular airs were fascinating. Our favorite was the Báruinya-Sudáruinya, which invariably brings out volleys of laughter and plaudits when it is sung on the stage. Even a person who hears it played for the first time and is ignorant of the words is constrained to laughter by the merry air. In the evenings there were also hare-and-hounds hunts through the meadows and forests, bonfires over which the younger members of the family jumped in peasant fashion, and other amusements.

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In consequence of vegetarian indiscretions and of trifling with his health in other ways during the exceptionally hot weather then prevailing, the count fell ill. When he got about a little he delighted to talk of death. He said he felt that he was not going to live long, and was glad of it. He asked what we thought of death and the other world, declaring that the future life must be far better than this, though in what it consisted he could not feel any certainty. Naturally he did not agree with our view, that for the lucky ones this world provides a very fair idea of heaven, because his ideal was not happiness for all, but misery for all. He will be forced to revise this ideal if he ever really comes to believe in heaven.

During this illness I persuaded him to read Looking Backward, which I had received as I was leaving Moscow. When I presented it to him he promised to examine it "some time;" but when I give books I like to hear the opinion of the recipient in detail, and I had had experience when I gave him Robert Elsmere. Especially in this case was I anxious to discuss the work.

At first he was very favorably impressed, and said that he would translate the book into Russian. He believed that this was the true way: that people should have, literally, all things in common, and so on. I replied that matters would never arrive at the state described unless this planet were visited by another deluge, and neither Noah nor any other animal endowed with the present human attributes saved to continue this selfish species. I declared that nothing short of a new planet, Utopia, and a newly created, selected, and combined race of Utopian angels, would ever get as far as the personages in that book, not to speak of remaining in equilibrium on that dizzy point when it should have been once attained. He disagreed with me, and an argument royal ensued. In the course of it he said that his only objection lay in the degree of luxury in which the characters of the new perfection lived.

"What harm is there in comfort and luxury to any extent," I asked, "provided that all enjoy it?"

"Luxury is all wrong," he answered severely. "You perceive the sinful luxury in which I live," waving his hand towards the excessively plain furniture, and animadverting with special bitterness on the silver forks and spoons. "It is all a fallacy that we can raise those below us by remaining above them. We must descend to their level in habits, intelligence, and life; then all will rise together."

"Even bread must have yeast; and if we all make ourselves exactly alike, who is to act as yeast? Are we to adopt all vices of the lower classes? That would be the speediest way of putting ourselves on a complete equality with them. But if some of us do not remain yeast, we shall all turn out the flattest sort of dough."

"We certainly cannot change the position of a thing unless we go close enough to grasp it, unless we are on the same plane with it."

"Perhaps not; but being on the same plane does not always answer. Did you ever see an acrobat try that trick? He puts one leg on the table, then tries to lift his whole body by grasping the other leg and putting it on a level to begin with. Logically, it ought to succeed and carry the body with it, if your theory is correct. However, it remains merely a curious and amusing experiment, likely to result in a broken neck to any one not skilled in gymnastics, and certain to end in a tumble even for the one who is thus skilled."

He reiterated his arguments. I retorted that human beings were not moral kangaroos, who could proceed by leaps, and that even the kangaroo is obliged to allow the tip of his tail to follow his paws. I said that in the moral as well

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as in the physical world it is simply a choice between standing still and putting one foot before the other; that one cannot get upstairs by remaining on the bottom step; one member of the body must rise first.

We were obliged to agree to disagree, as usual, but I fancy that he may have changed to my opinion of the book and the subject by this time. I have already noted that he is open to influence.

One evening, as we sat on the steps of the uncovered terrace outside his study, the conversation fell on the book which he was then engaged upon, and which the countess had shown us that she was copying for the fourth time. He had been busy on it for two years. Neither of them went into details nor mentioned the plot, but I had heard on my arrival in Russia, twenty months previously, that it related to the murder of a woman by her husband, and had a railway scene in it. I did not interrogate them, and when the count said that he hoped I would translate the book when it should be finished I accepted the proposal with alacrity. I inquired whether I was to read it then.

"You may if you wish," was the reply, "but I shall probably make some changes, and I should prefer that you would wait; but that shall be as you please."

His wife said that he might suddenly take a fancy to view the subject from an entirely different point, and write the book all over.

I declined to anticipate my future pleasure by even glancing at it, and I asked no questions. Neither did I ask to see The Fruits of Civilization, which was already written and named. I was not there to exploit their hospitality.

The count and his wife differed as to what ought to be the fate of the coming volume. He wished to give it to the world (that is, to some publisher) for nothing. She argued that some one, the publisher at least, would make money out of it; then why not let his own family have the profit, as was just? He insisted that it was wrong, inconsistent, in the same strain as he discusses the subject of his writings in What to Do? But she urged him, in case he would not consent to justice, to leave the manuscript with her, unpublished, so that the family could use it after his death. (When the book was ready it was named The Kreutzer Sonata.)

I think that every one must side with the countess in her view of this matter and in her management of the family. It is owing solely to her that the younger members of the family are receiving that education to fit them for their struggle with life which her husband bestowed upon the elder members voluntarily. It is due to her alone, also, that her husband is still alive. It is not an easy task to protect the count against himself. One adds to one's admiration for the count's literary genius an admiration for the countess's talent and good sense by an extended acquaintance with this family.

More than one community has been organized for the express purpose of carrying out the life of toil which Count Tolstóy has advocated at times. One of these communities, of which I had direct information, purchased an estate of a landed proprietor, including the manor house, and began to work. This acquisition of an estate by them, while the count would like to give away his as sinful to retain, does not strike one as a good beginning. However, they did not use the manor house, but lived in one small peasant hut. "They all slept on the floor and benches, men and women," said a Russian to me. A wealthy man had sold his property to join this community against the wishes of his wife, who accompanied him nevertheless. When her baby came, they allowed her to occupy a room in the mansion and required no work from her, since she had the care of the child.

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"They never swept or scrubbed anything, and they propagated every insect known to man, and probably a few new ones." But the count has never preached this doctrine, or that an indefinite number of persons should occupy a single cottage. Thus do his too enthusiastic disciples discredit him by running into excesses.

So far as he is concerned, there is not the slightest doubt that he would gladly attempt the life which he advocates. But if he were to take up his residence in a peasant's cottage, and try to support himself on what his labors brought in exclusively, he would be dead in less than a month. He suffers from liver disease; he has not been used to hard labor from early youth; he cannot, at his age, accustom himself to it any more than he can compel his stomach to accept a purely vegetable diet in place of the meat diet on which he has been brought up. He strives conscientiously to do it. Even the fits of illness caused by his severe treatment of himself do not break his spirit. He exercises not the slightest calculation or forethought in the care of his health, either before it breaks down or afterwards. For example: about five years ago he bruised his leg seriously against the wheel of a peasant cart. Instead of resting it he persisted in working. Erysipelas developed. The Túla doctor paid him numerous visits, at fifteen rubles a visit. Then gangrene threatened, and a doctor was sent for from Moscow. He was a celebrity; price, three hundred and fifty rubles. This was penny wise and pound foolish, of course. But in all probability the count feels the responsibility of exerting his will in this matter of labor all the more because it does not come easy to him, and he attributes to weakness of will power what a peasant would recognize as simple physical exhaustion. The peasant would not hesitate to climb to the top of his oven and stay there until his illness was over, with not a thought whether the work were done or not; and yet the peasant would work far beyond the bounds of what one would suppose that a man could endure. But Count Tolstóy overrates his powers of endurance, and, having exhausted his forces in one desperate spurt, he is naturally obliged to spend more than a corresponding amount of time in recuperating, even if no serious complication intervenes; and this gives rise to the accusation of laziness and insincerity from those who chance to see him in one of these intervals of rest.

Another point which is too often lost sight of by people who disapprove of his labor theories is that, while he advocates living in all respects like a peasant, descending to that level in mind as well as in body, which doctrine seems to include the incessant toil of the masses, he has also announced his theory that men should divide their time each day between (1) hard labor unto perspiration and callosities; (2) the exercise of some useful handicraft; (3) exercise of the brain in writing and reading; (4) social intercourse, sixteen hours in all. This is not a programme which a peasant could follow out. In summer, during the "suffering" season, the peasant toils in the fields for nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours instead of the four thus allotted. In winter, when no field labor is possible, he is likely to spend much more than four hours at whatever remunerative handicraft he may be acquainted with, or in intercourse with his fellowmen (detrimental as likely as not), and a good deal less in reading at any season of the year, for lack of instruction, interest, or books. On the other hand, this reasonable *régime* is not practicable for many men of other than peasant rank. It happens to be perfectly practicable for Count Tolstóy when his health permits. But as he has also said much about doing everything for one's self, earning in some form of common labor all that one spends, those who

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remember this only, and who know how little can be earned by a whole day's toil in Russia, not to mention toil divided between two branches, which agriculture does not permit, are not altogether to blame for jumping to the conclusion that the count makes no effort to practice what he preaches. He does what he can. He is reproached with having made over his property to his wife and with living as before. It is really difficult to see what other course is open to him. An unmarried man, under obligations to no one but himself, may reasonably be blamed for not carrying out the doctrine which he volunteers to teach the world. A married man can only be blamed for volunteering the doctrine. No blame can possibly attach to the wife who defends the interests of the family to the extent of working havoc with his doctrines.

Even if Count Tolstóy were able to support himself, he certainly could not support a wife and the nine living children out of sixteen which he has had. There is no justice in expecting the adult members of the family to accept and practice his doctrines. They do not compel him to accept theirs, though they are in the majority. The little ones could not feed themselves, even were they ideal peasant children. It would be nearer the truth to say that the countess has taken possession of the property; she administers it wisely and economically, for the good of the family and her husband. She issued, about five years ago, a cheaper edition of her husband's works, the only edition available hitherto having been very expensive. The wisdom of her step was proved by the large profits derived from it in the course of three years, — fifty thousand dollars, — all of which was applied to the needs of the family.

The count is not the only one at Yásnaya Polyána to deny himself. For the past two winters the whole family have remained on the estate, and have not gone to Moscow, with the exception of one who is in business at the capital, one member who is at his studies, and one who is married and resides on another estate. This is because the income did not amount to a certain sum, a very moderate sum in American eyes, without which a stay in town would have been imprudent.

The question naturally follows: If the countess holds the property, and the count continues to get the good of it, in a modest way; if the count does not do everything for himself, and earn his daily bread by manual toil, is not he mentally unbalanced to proclaim his theories to the world, and to change his mind so often on other points?

The answer is: No. Undoubtedly the count, when he attained to his convictions on the subject of poverty and labor, hoped to carry his family with him. The countess, like a brave woman, like a devoted wife and mother, refused to adopt his views. She is willing to shoulder the responsibility of her refusal, and her conduct is an honor to her. As for his changes of doctrine, we are all very much like him in the matter of inconsistency. Only, as very few of us enjoy the renown or the authority of Count Tolstóy, it rarely occurs to us to proclaim our progressive opinions to the world; at most, one or two experiences cure us of that weakness, even if any one thinks it worth while to notice them in the slightest degree. Very few of us are so deeply rooted in our convictions, or so impressed with their importance to the world as principles, that we will raise a finger to defend them. We alternately know that we shall never change them again, and suspect that we may see something better at any moment; and we refrain from committing ourselves unnecessarily in any form which can be brought up against us hereafter.

The case is precisely the reverse with Count Tolstóy. He is so full of the

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missionary spirit, so persuaded of the truth and value of his beliefs, that he rushes into print with them instantly. There they are, all ready for those who do not sympathize with him to use as missiles when he gets a new inspiration. Change of opinion is generally progress. Continuity, an absolute lack of change, means stagnation and death in the mental as well as in the physical world. As the count is impressible and reads much, his reading and meditation are fruitful of novelties, which he bravely submits to the judgment of the world without pausing to consider whether they coincide with his other utterances or not. That he does not always express his abstract ideas clearly is the inevitable result of the lack of philosophical training.

But enthusiastic souls who grieve over the imperfections in the present organization of society are always waiting for some one of warmer zeal to lead them. Such persons perceive the ideal side of every argument, interpret doctrines with their hearts, not with their heads, and are fired by the newest conception of social relations. As one of the most marked characteristics of Count Tolstóy lies in infusing his own personality into every word he writes, it is only natural that these people should adopt him as their guide. It is not the fault of any one in particular that he has abandoned a doctrine by the time others have mastered it. The only refuge is in the cry of Hamlet: —

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right."

Thus much I think I may say of the home life of the famous Russian writer without sinning against the duties imposed by the frank and cordial hospitality for which we are indebted to the family. It has seemed time to enter a protest against various misrepresentations and misconceptions in regard to them which are current. In conclusion, I beg leave to explain that my spelling of the name is that used by themselves when writing in English, and in print upon their French cards.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

A NOVEMBER PRAIRIE.

The sun rose up in drear and sullen state
And gazed remote upon a withered world;
One slow, cold, distant glance, one pale unfeeling gaze,
Then drew the gray clouds close, and veiled his face from view.
From east to west the tall bleached grass stretched out
A wide and level monotone of gray.
No sign of life was there, nor tree, nor living thing;
A frozen earth spread 'neath an ashen sky,
And all between was silence and the cold.

The day draws on, the cold still fiercer grows,
Upon the gray a darker gray appears;
A writhing, seething mass of angry clouds
Sweeps on with fearful force and snowy breath;
The ghostly grass bows down with one great moan of pain,
And all the shuddering air is filled with strife.

Katharine T. Prescott.

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THE CHIEF CITY OF THE PROVINCE OF THE GODS.

I.

THE first of the noises of a Matsue day comes to the sleeper like the throbbing of a slow, enormous pulse exactly under his ear. It is a great, soft, dull buffet of sound, like a heartbeat in its regularity, in its muffled depth, in the way it quakes up through one's pillow so as to be felt rather than heard. It is simply the pounding of the ponderous pestle of the *kometsuke*, the cleaner of rice, — a sort of colossal wooden mallet with a handle about fifteen feet long horizontally balanced on a pivot. By treading with all his force on the end of the handle, the naked kometsuke elevates the pestle, which is then allowed to fall back by its own weight into the rice-tub. The measured muffled echoing of its fall seems to me the most pathetic of all sounds of Japanese life; it is the beating, indeed, of the Pulse of the Land.

Then the boom of the great bell of Tokoji, the Zen-shu temple, shakes over the town; then come melancholy echoes of drumming from the tiny little temple of Jizo in the street Zaimokucho, near my house, signaling the Buddhist hour of morning prayer. And finally the cries of the earliest itinerant venders begin, — "*Daikoyai! kabuya-kabu!*" — the sellers of *daikon* and other strange vegetables. "*Moya-moya!*" — the plaintive call of the women who sell little thin slips of kindling-wood for the lighting of charcoal fires.

II.

Roused thus by these earliest sounds of the city's wakening life, I slide open my little Japanese paper window to look out upon the morning over a soft green cloud of spring foliage rising from the river-bounded garden below. Before me, tremulously mirroring everything upon its further side, glimmers the broad glassy mouth of the Ōhashigawa, opening into the grand Shinji Lake, which spreads out broadly to the right in a dim gray frame of peaks. Just opposite to me, across the stream, the blue-pointed Japanese dwellings have their *to*[1] all closed; they are still shut up like boxes, for it is not yet sunrise, although it is day.

But oh the charm of the vision, — those first ghostly love-colors of a morning steeped in mist soft as sleep itself, resolved into a visible exhalation! Long reaches of faintly tinted vapor cloud the far lake verge, — long nebulous bands such as you may have seen in old Japanese picture-books, and must have deemed only artistic whimsicalities unless you had previously looked upon the real phenomena. All the bases of the mountains are veiled by them, and they stretch athwart the loftier peaks at different heights like immeasurable lengths of gauze (this singular appearance the Japanese term "shelving"), so that the lake appears incomparably larger than it really is, and not an actual lake, but a beautiful spectral sea of the same tint as the dawn-sky and mixing with it, while peak-tips rise like islands from the brume, and visionary strips of hill-ranges figure as league-long causeways stretching out of sight, — an exquisite chaos, ever changing aspect as the delicate fogs rise, slowly, very slowly. As the sun's yellow rim comes into sight, fine thin lines of warmer tone — spectral violets and opalines — shoot across the flood, treetops take tender fire, and the unpainted façades of high edifices across the water change their wood-color

[1] Thick solid sliding shutters of unpainted wood, which in Japanese houses serve both as shutters and doors.

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to vapory gold through the delicious haze.

Looking sunward, up the long Ōhashigawa, beyond the many-pillared wooden bridge, one high-pooped junk, just hoisting sail, seems to me the most fantastically beautiful craft I ever saw, — a dream of Orient seas, so idealized by the vapor is it; the ghost of a junk, but a ghost that catches the light as clouds do; a shape of gold mist, seemingly semi-diaphanous, and suspended in pale blue light.

III.

And now from the river-front touching my garden there rises to me a sound of clapping of hands, — one, two, three, four claps, — but the owner of the hands is screened from view by the shrubbery. At the same time, however, I see men and women descending the stone steps of the wharves on the opposite side of the Ōhashigawa, all with little blue towels tucked into their girdles. They wash their faces and hands and rinse their mouths, — the customary ablution preliminary to Shintō prayer. Then they turn their faces to the sunrise and clap their hands four times and pray. From the long high white bridge come other clappings, like echoes, and others again from far, light, graceful craft, curved like new moons, — extraordinary boats, in which I see bare-limbed fishermen standing with foreheads bowed to the golden East. Now the clappings multiply, — multiply at last into an almost continuous volleying of sharp sounds. For all the population are saluting the rising sun, — O-Hi-San, the Lady of Fire, — Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami, the Lady of the Great Light.[1] "*Konnichi Sama!* Hail this day to thee, divinest Day-Maker! Thanks unutterable unto thee for this thy sweet light, making beautiful the world!" So, doubtless, the thought, if not the utterance, of countless hearts. Some turn to the sun only, clapping their hands; yet many turn also to the West, to holy Kitzuki, the immemorial shrine; and not a few turn their faces successively to all the points of heaven, murmuring the names of a hundred gods; and others, again, after having saluted the Lady of Fire, look toward high Ichibata, toward the place of the great temple of Yakushi-Nyorai, who giveth sight to the blind, — not clapping their hands as in Shintō worship, but only rubbing the palms softly together after the Buddhist manner. But all — for in this most antique province of Japan all Buddhists are Shintōists likewise — utter the archaic words of Shintō prayer: "*Harai tamai Kiyome tamai to Kami imi tami.*"

Prayer to the most ancient gods who reigned before the coming of the Buddha, and who still reign here in their own Izumo-land, — in the Land of Reed Plains, in the Place of the Issuing of Clouds; prayer to the deities of primal chaos and primeval sea and of the beginnings of the world, — strange gods with long weird names, kindred of U-hiji-ni-no-Kami, the First Mud-Lord, kindred of Su-hiji-ni-no-Kami, the First Sand-Lady; prayer to those who came after them, — the gods of strength and beauty, the world-fashioners, makers of the mountains and the isles, ancestors of those sovereigns whose lineage still is named "The Sun's Succession;" prayer to the Three Thousands Gods "residing within the provinces," and to the Eight Hundred Myriads who dwell in the azure *Takama-no-hara*, — in the blue Plain of High Heaven. "*Nippon-koku-chū-yaoyorozu-no-Kami-gami-sama!*"

IV.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

My *uguisu* is awake at last, and utters his morning prayer. You do not know what an uguisu is? An uguisu is a holy little bird that professes Bud-

[1] *Ama-terasu-oho-mi-Kami* literally signifies "the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Divinity." (See Professor Chamberlain's translation of the Kojiki.)

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dhism. All uguisu have professed Buddhism from time immemorial; all uguisu preach alike to men the excellence of the divine Sutra.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

In the Japanese tongue, *Ho-ke-kyō;* in Sanscrit, *Saddharma-Pundarika:* "The Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law," the divine book of the Nichiren sect. Very brief indeed is my little feathered Buddhist's confession of faith, — only the sacred name reiterated over and over again like a litany, with liquid bursts of twittering between.

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

Only this one phrase, but how deliciously he utters it! With what slow amorous ecstasy he dwells upon its golden syllables!

It hath been written: "He who shall keep, read, teach, or write this Sutra shall obtain eight hundred good qualities of the Eye. He shall see the whole Triple Universe down to the great hell Aviki, and up to the extremity of existence. He shall obtain twelve hundred good qualities of the Ear. He shall hear all sounds in the Triple Universe, — sounds of gods, goblins, demons, and beings not human."

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

A single word only. But it is also written: "He who shall joyfully accept but a single word from this Sutra, incalculably greater shall be his merit than the merit of one who should supply all beings in the four hundred thousand Asankhyeyas of worlds with all the necessaries for happiness."

"*Ho—ke-kyō!*"

Always he makes a reverent little pause after uttering it and before shrilling out his ecstatic warble, — his bird-hymn of praise. First the warble; then a pause of about five seconds; then a slow, sweet, solemn utterance of the holy name in a tone as of meditative wonder; then another pause; then another wild, rich, passionate warble. Could you see him, you would marvel how so powerful and penetrating a soprano could ripple from so minute a throat; for he is one of the very tiniest of all feathered singers, yet his chant can be heard far across the broad river, and children going to school pause daily on the bridge, a whole *cho* away, to listen to his song. And uncomely withal: a neutral-tinted mite, almost lost in his immense box-cage of *hinoki* wood, darkened with paper screens over its little wire-grated windows, for he loves the gloom.

Delicate he is and exacting even to tyranny. All his diet must be laboriously triturated and weighed in scales, and measured out to him at precisely the same hour each day. It demands all possible care and attention merely to keep him alive. He is precious nevertheless. "Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of him," so rare he is. Indeed, I could not have afforded to buy him. He was sent to me by one of the sweetest ladies in Japan, daughter of the governor of Izumo, who, thinking the foreign teacher might feel lonesome during a brief illness, made him the exquisite gift of this dainty creature.

V.

The clapping of hands has ceased; the toil of the day begins; continually louder and louder the pattering of *getas* over the bridge. It is a sound never to be forgotten, this pattering of getas over the Ōhashi, — rapid, merry, musical, like the sound of an enormous dance; and a dance it veritably is. The whole population is moving on tiptoe, and the multitudinous twinkling of feet over the verge of the sunlit roadway is an astonishment. All those feet are small, symmetrical, — light as the feet of figures painted on Greek vases, — and the step is always taken toes first; indeed, with getas it could be taken no other way, for the heel touches neither the geta nor the ground, and the foot is tilted forward by the wedge-shaped wooden

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sole. Merely to stand upon a pair of getas is difficult for one unaccustomed to their use, yet you see Japanese children running at full speed in getas with soles at least two inches high, held to the foot only by a forestrap fastened between the great toe and the other toes, and they never trip and the geta never falls off. Still more curious is the spectacle of men walking in *bokkuri* or *takageta*, a wooden sole with wooden supports at least five inches high fitted underneath it so as to make the whole structure seem the lacquered model of a wooden bench. But the wearers stride as freely as if they had nothing upon their feet.

Now children begin to appear, hurrying to school. The undulation of the wide sleeves of their pretty speckled robes, as they run, looks precisely like a fluttering of extraordinary butterflies. The junks spread their great white or yellow wings, and the funnels of the little steamers which have been slumbering all night by the wharves begin to smoke.

One of the tiny lake steamers lying at the opposite wharf has just opened its steam-throat to utter the most unimaginable, piercing, desperate, furious howl. When that cry is heard everybody laughs. The other little steamboats utter only plaintive mooings, but unto this particular vessel — newly built and launched by a rival company — there has been given a voice expressive to the most amazing degree of reckless hostility and savage defiance. The good people of Matsue, upon hearing its voice for the first time, gave it forthwith a new and just name, — *Ōkami-Marn*. "*Marn*" signifies a steamship. "*Ōkami*" signifies a wolf.

VI.

A very curious little object now comes slowly floating down the river, and I do not think that you could possibly guess what it is.

The Hotoke, or Buddhas, and the beneficent Kami are not the only divinities worshiped by the Japanese of the poorer classes. The deities of evil, or at least some of them, are duly propitiated upon certain occasions, and requited by offerings whenever they graciously vouchsafe to inflict a temporary ill instead of an irremediable misfortune. (After all, this is no more irrational than the thanksgiving prayer at the close of the hurricane season in the West Indies, after the destruction by storm of twenty-two thousand lives.) So men sometimes pray to Ekibiogami, the God of Pestilence, and to Kaze-no-Kami, the God of Wind and of Bad Colds, and to Hoso-no-Kami, the God of Smallpox, and to divers evil genii.

Now when a person is certainly going to get well of smallpox a feast is given to the Hoso-no-Kami, much as a feast is given to the Fox-God when a possessing fox has promised to allow himself to be cast out. Upon a *sando-wara*, or small straw mat, such as is used to close the end of a rice-bale, one or more *kawaraki*, or small earthenware vessels, are placed. These are filled with a preparation of rice and red beans called *adzukimeshi*, whereof both Inari-Sama and Hoso-no-Kami are supposed to be very fond. Little bamboo wands with *gohei* (paper cuttings) fastened to them are then planted either in the mat or in the adzukimeshi, and the color of these gohei must be red. (Be it observed that the gohei of other Kami are always white.) This offering is then either suspended to a tree, or set afloat in some running stream at a considerable distance from the home of the convalescent. This is called "seeing the God off."

VII.

The long white bridge with its pillars of iron is recognizably modern. It was, in fact, opened to the public only last spring with great ceremony. According to some most ancient custom, when

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a new bridge has been built the first persons to pass over it must be the happiest of the community. So the authorities of Matsue sought for the happiest folk, and selected two aged men who had both been married for more than half a century, and who had had not less than twelve children, and had never lost any of them. These good patriarchs first crossed the bridge, accompanied by their venerable wives, and followed by their grown-up children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, amidst a great clamor of rejoicing, the showering of fireworks, and the firing of cannon.

But the ancient bridge so recently replaced by this structure was much more picturesque, curving across the flood and supported upon multitudinous feet, like a long-legged centipede of the innocuous kind. For three hundred years it had stood over the stream firmly and well, and it had its particular tradition.

When Horiō Yoshiharu, the great general who became daimio of Izumo in the Keichō era, first undertook to put a bridge over the mouth of this river the builders labored in vain; for there appeared to be no solid bottom for the pillars of the bridge to rest upon. Millions of great stones were cast into the river in vain, for the work constructed by day was swept away or swallowed up by night. Nevertheless at last the bridge was built, but the pillars began to sink soon after it was finished; then a flood carried half of it away, and as often as it was repaired so often it was wrecked. Then a human sacrifice was made to appease the vexed spirits of the flood. A man was buried alive in the river-bed below the place of the middle pillar, where the current is most treacherous, and thereafter the bridge remained immovable for three hundred years.

This victim was one Gensuke, who had lived in the street Saikamachi; for it had been determined that the first man who should cross the bridge wearing *hakamas* without a *machi* should be put under the bridge; and Gensuke sought to pass over not having a machi in his hakamas, so they sacrificed him. Wherefore the midmost pillar of the bridge was for three hundred years called by his name, — Gensuke-bashira. It is averred that upon moonless nights a ghostly fire flitted about that pillar, — always in the dead watch-hour between two and three; and the color of the light was red, though I am assured that in Japan, as in other lands, the fires of the dead are most often blue.

VIII.

Now some say that Gensuke was not the name of a man, but the name of an era, corrupted by local dialect into the semblance of a personal appellation. Yet so profoundly is the legend believed that when the new bridge was being built thousands of country folk were afraid to come to town; for a rumor arose that a new victim was needed, who was to be chosen from among them, and that it had been determined to make the choice from those who still wore their hair in cues after the ancient manner. Wherefore hundreds of aged men cut off their cues. Then another rumor was circulated to the effect that the police had been secretly instructed to seize the one thousandth person of those who crossed the new bridge the first day, and to treat him after the manner of Gensuke. And at the time of the great festival of the Rice-God, when the city is usually thronged by farmers coming to worship at the many shrines of Inari, this year there came but few; and the loss to local commerce was estimated at several thousand *yen*.

IX.

The vapors have vanished, sharply revealing a beautiful little islet in the lake, lying scarcely half a mile away, — a low, narrow strip of land with a Shintō

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shrine upon it, shadowed by giant pines; not pines like ours, but huge, gnarled, shaggy, tortuous shapes, vast-reaching like ancient oaks. Through a glass one can easily discern a *torii*, and before it two symbolic lions of stone (*Karashishi*), one with its head broken off, doubtless by its having been overturned and dashed about by heavy waves during some great storm. This islet is sacred to Benten, the Goddess of Eloquence and Beauty, wherefore it is called Bentennoshima. But it is more commonly called Yomegashima, or "The Island of the Young Wife," by reason of a legend. It is said that it arose in one night, noiselessly as a dream, bearing up from the depths of the lake the body of a drowned woman who had been very lovely, very pious, and very unhappy. The people, deeming this a sign from heaven, consecrated the islet to Benten, and thereon built a shrine unto her, planted trees about it, set a torii before it, and made a rampart about it with great curiously shaped stones; and there they buried the drowned woman.

Now the sky is blue down to the horizon, the air is a caress of spring. I go forth to wander through the queer old city.

x.

I perceive that upon the sliding doors, or immediately above the principal entrance of nearly every house, are pasted oblong white papers bearing ideographic inscriptions; and overhanging every threshold I see the sacred emblem of Shintō, the little rice-straw rope with its long fringe of pendent stalks. The white papers at once interest me; for they are *mamori*, or holy texts and charms, of which I am a devout collector. Nearly all are from temples in Matsue or its vicinity; and the Buddhist ones indicate by the sacred words upon them to what particular *shu*, or sect, the family belongs, — for well-nigh every soul in this community professes some form of Buddhism as well as the all-dominant and more ancient faith of Shintō. And even one quite ignorant of Japanese ideographs can nearly always distinguish at a glance the formula of the great Nichiren sect from the peculiar appearance of the column of characters composing it, all bristling with long sharp points and banneret zigzags, like an army with banners; the famous text *Namu-myō-hō-ren-ge-kyō*, inscribed of old upon the banner of the great captain Kato Kiomasa, the extirpator of Spanish Christianity, the glorious "*vir ter execrandus*" of the Jesuits. Any pilgrim belonging to this sect has the right to call at whatever door bears the above formula and ask for alms or food.

But by far the greater number of the mamori are Shintō. Upon almost every door there is one mamori especially likely to attract the attention of a stranger, because at the foot of the column of ideographs composing its text there are two small figures of foxes, a black and a white fox, facing each other in a sitting posture, each with a little bunch of rice-straw in its mouth, instead of the more usual emblematic key. These mamori are from the great Inari temple of Oshiroyama,[1] within the castle grounds, and are charms against fire. They represent, indeed, the only form of assurance against fire yet known in Matsue, — so far, at least, as wooden dwellings are concerned. And although a single spark and a high wind are sufficient in combination to obliterate a larger city in one day, great fires are unknown in Matsue, and small ones are of rare occurrence.

The charm is peculiar to the city; and of the Inari in question this tradition exists: —

When Naomasu, the grandson of Iyeyasu, first came to Matsue to rule the province, there entered into his presence a beautiful boy, who said: "I came hither from the home of your august

[1] Kushi-no-ki-Matsuhira-Inari-Daimyojin.

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father in Echizen, to protect you from all harm. But I have no dwelling-place, and am staying therefore at the Buddhist temple of Fu-mon-in. Now if you will make for me a dwelling within the castle grounds, I will protect from fire the buildings there and the houses of the city, and your other residence likewise which is in the capital. For I am Inari Shinyemon." With these words he vanished from sight. Therefore Naomasu dedicated to him the great temple which still stands in the castle grounds, surrounded by one thousand foxes of stone.

XI.

I now turn into a narrow little street, which, although so ancient that its dwarfed two-story houses have the look of things grown up from the ground, is called the Street of the New Timber. New the timber may have been one hundred and fifty years ago; but the tints of the structures would ravish an artist, — the sombre ashen tones of the woodwork, the furry browns of old thatch, ribbed and patched and edged with the warm soft green of those velvety herbs and mosses which flourish upon Japanese roofs.

However, the perspective of the street frames in a vision more surprising than any details of its mouldering homes. Between very lofty bamboo poles, higher than any of the dwellings, and planted on both sides of the street in lines, extraordinary black nets are stretched, like prodigious cobwebs against the sky, evoking sudden memories of those monster spiders which figure in Japanese mythology and in the picture-books of the old artists. But these are only fishing-nets of silken thread; and this is the street of the fishermen. I take my way to the great bridge.

XII.

A stupendous ghost!

Looking eastward from the great bridge over those sharply beautiful mountains, green and blue, which tooth the horizon, I see a glorious spectre towering to the sky. Its base is effaced by far mists: out of the air the thing would seem to have shaped itself, — a phantom cone, diaphanously gray below, vaporously white above, with a dream of perpetual snow, — the mighty mountain of Daisen.

At the first approach of winter it will in one night become all blanched from foot to crest; and then its snowy pyramid so much resembles that Sacred Mountain, often compared by poets to a white inverted fan, half opened, hanging in the sky, that it is called Izumo-Fuji, "the Fuji of Izumo." But it is really in Hoki, not in Izumo, though it cannot be seen from any part of Hoki to such glorious advantage as from here. It is the one sublime spectacle of this charming land; but it is visible only when the air is very pure. Many are the marvelous legends related concerning it, and somewhere upon its mysterious summit the Tengu are believed to dwell.

XIII.

At the further end of the bridge, close to the wharf where the little steamboats are, is a very small Jizo temple (*Jizo-dō*). Here are kept many bronze drags; and whenever any one has been drowned and the body not recovered, these are borrowed from the little temple and the river is dragged. If the body be thus found, a new drag must be presented to the temple.

From here, half a mile southward to the great Shintō temple of Tenjin, deity of scholarship and calligraphy, broadly stretches Tenjinmachi, the Street of the Rich Merchants, all draped on either side with dark blue hangings, over which undulate with every windy palpitation from the lake white wondrous ideographs, which are names and signs, while down the wide way, in white perspective, diminishes a long line of telegraph poles.

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Beyond the temple of Tenjin the city is again divided by a river, the Shindo-tegawa, over which arches the bridge Tenjin-bashi. Again beyond this other large quarters extend to the hills and curve along the lake shore. But in the space between the two rivers is the richest and busiest life of the city, and also the vast and curious quarter of the temples. In this islanded district are also the theatres, and the place where wrestling-matches are held, and most of the resorts of pleasure.

Parallel with Tenjinmachi runs the great street of the Buddhist temples, or Teramachi, of which the eastern side is one unbroken succession of temples, — a solid front of court walls tile-capped, with imposing gateways at regular intervals. Above this long stretch of tile-capped wall rise the beautiful tilted massive lines of gray-blue temple roofs against the sky. Here all the sects dwell side by side in harmony, — Nichiren-shu, Shingon-shu, Zen-shu, Tendai-shu, even that Shin-shu, unpopular in Izumo because those who follow its teaching strictly must not worship the Kami. Behind each temple court there is a cemetery, or *hakaba ;* and eastward beyond these are other temples, and beyond them yet others, — masses of Buddhist architecture mixed with shreds of gardens and miniature homesteads, a huge labyrinth of mouldering courts and fragments of streets.

To-day, as usual, I find I can pass a few hours very profitably in visiting the temples ; in looking at the ancient images seated within the cups of golden lotus flowers under their aureoles of gold ; in buying curious mamori ; in examining the sculptures of the cemeteries, where I can nearly always find some dreaming Kwannon or smiling Jizo well worth the visit.

The great courts of Buddhist temples are places of rarest interest for one who loves to watch the life of the people ; for these have been for unremembered centuries the playing-places of the children. Generations of happy infants have been amused in them. All the nurses, and little girls who carry tiny brothers or sisters upon their backs, go thither every morning that the sun shines ; hundreds of others join them ; and they play at strange, funny games, — *Oni-gokko*, or the game of Devil, *Kage-Oni*, which signifies the Shadow and the Demon, and *Mekusangokko*, which is a sort of " blindman's buff."

Also, during the long summer evenings, these temples are wrestling-grounds, free to all who love wrestling ; and in many of them there is a *dohyō-ba*, or wrestling-ring. Robust young laborers and sinewy artisans come to these courts to test their strength after the day's tasks are done, and here the fame of more than one now noted wrestler was first made. When a youth has shown himself able to overmatch at wrestling all others in his own district, he is challenged by champions of other districts ; and if he can overcome these also, he may hope eventually to become a skilled and popular professional wrestler.

It is also in the temple courts that the sacred dances are performed and that public speeches are made. It is in the temple courts, too, that the most curious toys are sold, on the occasion of the great holidays, — toys most of which have a beautiful religious signification. There are grand old trees, and ponds full of tame fish, which put up their heads to beg for food when your shadow falls upon the water. The holy lotus is cultivated therein.

" Though growing in the foulest slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled.

" And the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus.

" Therefore is the lotus carven or painted upon the furniture of temples ; therefore also does it appear in all the representations of our Lord Buddha.

" In Paradise the blessed shall sit at

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ease enthroned upon the cups of golden lotus flowers." [1]

A bugle-call rings through the quaint street; and round the corner of the last temple come marching a troop of handsome young riflemen, uniformed somewhat like French light infantry, marching by fours so perfectly that all the gaitered legs move as if belonging to a single body, and every sword-bayonet catches the sun at exactly the same angle, as the column wheels into view. These are the students of the Shihan-Gakkō, the College of Teachers, performing their daily military exercises. Their professors give them lectures upon the microscopic study of cellular tissues, upon the segregation of developing nerve structure, upon spectrum analysis, upon the evolution of the color sense, and upon the cultivation of bacteria in glycerine infusions. And they are none the less modest and knightly in manner for all their modern knowledge, nor the less reverentially devoted to their dear old fathers and mothers whose ideas were shaped in the era of feudalism.

XIV.

Here come a band of pilgrims, with yellow straw overcoats, "rain-coats" (*mino*), and enormous yellow straw hats, mushroom-shaped, of which the down-curving rim partly hides the face. All carry staffs, and wear their robes well girded up so as to leave free the lower limbs, which are inclosed in white cotton leggings of a peculiar and indescribable kind. Precisely the same sort of costume was worn by the same class of travelers many centuries ago; and just as you now see them trooping by, — whole families wandering together, the pilgrim child clinging to the father's hand, — so may you see them pass in quaint procession across the faded pages of Japanese picture-books many hundred years old.

[1] From an English composition by one of my Japanese pupils.

At intervals they halt before some shop-front to look at the many curious things which they greatly enjoy seeing, but which they have no money to buy.

I myself have become so accustomed to surprises, to interesting or extraordinary sights, that when a day happens to pass during which nothing remarkable has been heard or seen I feel vaguely discontented. But such blank days are rare: they occur in my own case only when the weather is too detestable to permit of going out-of-doors. For with ever so little money one can always obtain the pleasure of looking at curious things. And this has been one of the chief pleasures of the people in Japan for centuries and centuries, for the nation has passed its generations of lives in making or seeking such things. To divert one's self seems, indeed, the main purpose of Japanese existence, beginning with the opening of the baby's pretty oblique eyes. The faces of the people have an indescribable look of patient expectancy, — the air of waiting for something interesting to make its appearance. If it fail to appear, they will travel to find it: they are astonishing pedestrians and tireless pilgrims, and I think they make pilgrimages not more for the sake of pleasing the gods than of pleasing themselves by the sight of rare and pretty things. For every temple is a museum, and every hill and valley throughout the land has its temple and its wonders.

Even the poorest farmer, one so poor that he cannot afford to eat a grain of his own rice, can afford to make a pilgrimage of a month's duration; and during that season when the growing rice needs least attention hundreds of thousands of the poorest go on pilgrimages. This is possible, because from ancient times it has been the custom for everybody to help pilgrims a little; and they can always find rest and shelter at particular inns (*kichinyado*) which receive pilgrims only, and where they are charged

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merely the cost of the wood used to cook their food.

But multitudes of the poor undertake pilgrimages requiring much more than a month to perform, such as the pilgrimage to the thirty-three great temples of Kwannon, or that to the eighty-eight temples of Kōbōdaishi; and these, though years be needed to accomplish them, are as nothing compared to the enormous *Sengaji*, the pilgrimage to the thousand temples of the Nichiren sect. The time of a generation may pass ere this can be made. One may begin it in early youth, and complete it only when youth is long past. Yet there are several in Matsue, men and women, who have made this tremendous pilgrimage, seeing all Japan, and supporting themselves not merely by begging, but by some kinds of itinerant peddling.

The pilgrim who desires to perform this pilgrimage carries on his shoulders a small box, shaped like a Buddhist shrine, in which he keeps his spare clothes and food. He also carries a little brazen gong, which he constantly sounds while passing through a city or village, at the same time chanting the Namu-myō-hō-ren-ge-kyō; and he always bears with him a little blank book, in which the priest of every temple visited stamps the temple seal in red ink. The pilgrimage over, this book with its one thousand seal-impressions becomes an heirloom in the family of the pilgrim.

XV.

I too must make divers pilgrimages, for all about the city, beyond the waters or beyond the hills, lie holy places immemorially old.

Kitzuki, founded by the ancient gods, who "made broad the foundations upon the nethermost rock bottom, and made high the cross-beams to the Plain of High Heaven," — Kitzuki, the Holy of Holies, whose high priest claims descent from the Goddess of the Sun; and Ichibata, famed shrine of Yakushi-Nyorai, who giveth sight to the blind, — Ichibata-no-Yakushi, — whose lofty temple is approached by six hundred and forty steps of stone; and Kiomidzu, shrine of Kwannon of the Eleven Faces, before whose altar the sacred fire has burned without ceasing for a thousand years; and Sada, where the Sacred Snake lies coiled forever on the *sambo* of the gods; and Oba, with its temples of Izanami and Izanagi, parents of gods and men, the makers of the world; and Yaegaki, whither lovers go to pray for unions with the beloved; and Kaka, Kaka-ura, Kaka-no-Kukezo San, — all these I hope to see.

But of all places, Kaka-ura! Assuredly I must go to Kaka.

Few pilgrims go thither by sea, and boatmen are forbidden to go there if there be even wind enough "to move three hairs." So that whosoever wishes to visit Kaka must either wait for a period of dead calm — very rare upon the coast of the Japanese Sea — or journey thereunto by land; and by land the way is difficult and wearisome. But I must see Kaka; for at Kaka, in a great cavern by the sea, there is a famous Jizo of stone; and each night, it is said the ghosts of little children climb to the high cavern and pile up before the statue small heaps of pebbles; and every morning, in the soft sand, there may be seen the fresh prints of tiny naked feet, the feet of the infant ghosts. It is also said that in the cavern there is a rock out of which comes a stream of milk, as from a woman's breast; and the white stream flows forever, and the phantom children drink of it. Pilgrims bring with them gifts of small straw sandals, — the *zori* that children wear, — and leave them before the cavern, that the feet of the little ghosts may not be wounded by the sharp rocks. And the pilgrim treads with caution, lest his foot should overturn any of the many heaps of stones; for if this be done the children cry.

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XVI.

The city proper is as level as a table, but is bounded on two sides by low demilunes of charming hills shadowed with evergreen foliage and crowned with temples or shrines. There are thirty-five thousand souls dwelling in ten thousand houses forming thirty-three principal and many smaller streets; and from each end of almost every street, beyond the hills, the lake, or the eastern rice-fields, a mountain summit is always visible, — green, blue, or gray according to distance. One may ride, walk, or go by boat to any quarter of the town; for it is not only divided by two rivers, but is also intersected by numbers of canals crossed by queer little bridges curved like a well-bent bow. Architecturally (despite such constructions in European style as the College of Teachers, the great public school, the *Ken-chō*, the new post-office), it is much like other quaint Japanese towns; the structure of its temples, taverns, shops, and private dwellings is the same as in other cities of the western coast. But doubtless owing to the fact that Matsue remained a feudal stronghold until a time within the memory of thousands still living, those feudal distinctions of caste so sharply drawn in ancient times are yet indicated with singular exactness by the varying architecture of different districts. The city can be definitely divided into three architectural quarters: the district of the merchants and shopkeepers, forming the heart of the settlement, where all the houses are two stories high; the district of the temples, including nearly the whole southeastern part of the town; and the district or districts of the *shizoku* (formerly called *samurai*), comprising a vast number of large, roomy, garden-girt, one-story dwellings. From these elegant homes, in feudal days, could be summoned at a moment's notice five thousand "two-sworded men" with their armed retainers, making a fighting total for the city alone of probably not less than thirteen thousand swordsmen. More than one third of all the city buildings were then samurai homes; for Matsue was the military centre of the most ancient province of Japan. At both ends of the town, which curves in a crescent along the lake shore, were the two main settlements of samurai; but just as some of the most important temples are situated outside of the temple district, so were many of the finest homesteads of this knightly warrior caste situated in other quarters. They mustered most thickly, however, about the castle, which stands to-day on the summit of its citadel hill — the Oshiroyama — solid as when first built four hundred years ago, a vast and sinister shape, all iron-gray, rising against the sky from a cyclopean foundation of stone. Fantastically grim the thing is, and grotesquely complex in detail; looking somewhat like a huge pagoda, of which the second, third, and fourth stories have been squeezed down and telescoped into one another by their own weight. Crested at its summit, like a feudal helmet, with two colossal fishes of bronze lifting their curved bodies skyward from either angle of the roof, and bristling with horned gables and gargoyled eaves and tilted puzzles of tiled roofing at every story, the creation is a veritable architectural dragon, made up of magnificent monstrosities, — a dragon, moreover, full of eyes set at all conceivable angles, above, below, and on every side. From under the black scowl of the loftiest eaves, looking east and south, the whole city can be seen at a single glance, as in the vision of a soaring hawk; and from the northern angle the view plunges down three hundred feet to the castle road, where walking figures of men appear no larger than flies.

XVII.

The grim castle has its legend.

It is related that, in accordance with

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some primitive and barbarous custom, precisely like that of which so terrible a souvenir has been preserved for us in the most pathetic of Servian ballads, The Foundation of Skadra, a maiden of Matsue was interred alive under the walls of the castle at the time of its erection, as a sacrifice to some forgotten gods. Her name has never been recorded; nothing concerning her is remembered except that she was beautiful and very fond of dancing.

Now after the castle had been built, it is said that a law had to be passed forbidding that any girl should dance in the streets of Matsue. For whenever any maiden danced the hill Oshiroyama would shudder, and the great castle quiver from basement to summit.

XVIII.

One may still sometimes hear in the streets a very humorous song, which every one in town formerly knew by heart, celebrating the Seven Wonders of Matsue. For Matsue was formerly divided into seven quarters, in each of which some extraordinary object or person was to be seen. It is now divided into five religious districts, each containing a temple of the state religion. People living within those districts are called *ujiko*, and the temple the *ujigami*, or dwelling-place of the tutelary god. The ujiko must support the ujigami. (Every village and town has at least one ujigami.)

There is probably not one of the multitudinous temples of Matsue which has not some marvelous tradition attached to it; each of the districts has many legends; and I think that each of the thirty-three streets has its own special ghost story. Of these ghost stories I cite two specimens: they are quite representative of one variety of Japanese folk-lore.

Near to the Fu-mon-in temple, which is in the northeastern quarter, there is a bridge called Adzuki-togi-bashi, or The Bridge of the Washing of Peas. For it was said in other years that nightly a phantom woman sat beneath that bridge washing phantom peas. There is an exquisite Japanese iris flower, of rainbow-violet color, which flower is named *Kaki-tsubata;* and there is a song about that flower called Kaki-tsubata-no-uta. Now this song must never be sung near the Adzuki-togi-bashi, because, for some strange reason which seems to have been forgotten, the ghosts haunting that place become so angry upon hearing it that to sing it there is to expose one's self to the most frightful calamities. There was once a samurai who feared nothing, who one night went to that bridge and loudly sang the song. No ghost appearing, he laughed and went home. At the gate of his house he met a beautiful tall woman whom he had never seen before, and who, bowing, presented him with a little lacquered box (*fumi-bako*) such as women keep their letters in. He bowed to her in his knightly way; but she said, "*I am only the servant, — this is my mistress's gift,*" and vanished out of his sight. Opening the box, he saw the bleeding head of a young child. Entering his house, he found upon the floor of the guest-room the dead body of his own infant son with the head torn off.

Of the cemetery Dai-Oji, which is in the street called Nakabaramachi, this story is told: —

In Nakabaramachi there is an *ameya*, or little shop in which *midzu-ame* is sold, — the amber-tinted syrup, made of malt, which is given to children when milk cannot be obtained for them. Every night at a late hour there came to that shop a very pale woman, all in white, to buy one *rin*[1] worth of midzu-ame. The ame-seller wondered that she was so thin and pale, and often questioned her kindly; but she answered nothing. At last one night he followed

[1] *Rin*, one tenth of one cent. A small round copper coin with a square hole in the middle.

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her, out of curiosity. She went to the cemetery; and he became afraid and returned.

The next night the woman came again, but bought no midzu-ame, and only beckoned to the man to go with her. He followed her, with friends, into the cemetery. She walked to a certain tomb, and there disappeared; and they heard, under the ground, the crying of a child. Opening the tomb, they saw within it the corpse of the woman who nightly visited the ameya, with a living infant, laughing to see the lantern light, and beside the infant a little cup of midzu-ame. For the mother had been prematurely buried; the child was born in the tomb, and the ghost of the mother had thus provided for it, — love being stronger than death.

XIX.

Over the Tenjin-bashi, or Bridge of Tenjin, and through small streets and narrow of densely populated districts, and past many a tenantless and mouldering feudal homestead, I make my way to the extreme southwestern end of the city, to watch the sunset from a little *sobaya* [1] facing the lake. For to see the sun sink from this sobaya is one of the delights of Matsue.

There are no such sunsets in Japan as in the tropics: the light is gentle as a light of dreams; there are no furies of color; there are no chromatic violences in nature in the Orient. All in sea or sky is tint rather than color, and tint vapor-toned. I think that the exquisite taste of the race in the matter of colors and of tints, as exemplified in the dyes of their marvelous textures, is largely attributable to the sober and delicate beauty of nature's tones in this all-temperate world where nothing is garish.

Before me the fair vast lake sleeps, softly luminous, far-ringed with chains of blue volcanic hills shaped like a sierra. On my right, at its eastern end, the most ancient quarter of the city spreads its roofs of blue-gray tile; the houses crowd thickly down to the shore, to dip their wooden feet into the flood. With a glass I can see my own windows and the far-spreading of the roofs beyond, and above all else the green citadel with its grim castle, grotesquely peaked. The sun begins to set, and exquisite astonishments of tinting appear in water and sky.

Dead rich purples cloud broadly behind and above the indigo blackness of the serrated hills — mist purples, fading upward smokily into faint vermilions and dim gold, which again melt up through ghostliest greens into the blue. The deeper waters of the lake, far away, take a tender violet indescribable, and the silhouette of the pine-shadowed island seems to float in that sea of soft sweet color. But the shallower and nearer is cut from the deeper water by the current as sharply as by a line drawn, and all the surface on this side of that line is a shimmering bronze, — old rich ruddy gold-bronze.

All the fainter colors change every five minutes, — wondrously change and shift like tones and shades of fine shot-silks.

XX.

Often in the streets at night, especially on the nights of sacred festivals (*matsuri*), one's attention will be attracted to some small booth by the spectacle of an admiring and perfectly silent crowd pressing before it. As soon as one can get a chance to look one finds there is nothing to look at but a few vases containing sprays of flowers, or perhaps some light gracious branches freshly cut from a blossoming tree. It is simply a little flower-show, or, more correctly, a free exhibition of master skill in the arrangement of flowers. For the Japanese do not brutally chop off flower-heads to work them up into meaningless masses of color, as we bar-

[1] An inn where *soba* is sold.

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barians do: they love nature too well for that; they know how much the natural charm of the flower depends upon its setting and mounting, its relation to leaf and stem, and they select a single graceful branch or spray just as nature made it. At first you will not, as a Western stranger, comprehend such an exhibition at all: you are yet a savage in such matters compared with the commonest coolies about you. But even while you are still wondering at popular interest in this simple little show the charm of it will begin to grow upon you, will become a revelation to you; and despite your Occidental idea of self-superiority you will feel humbled by the discovery that all flower displays you have ever seen abroad were only monstrosities in comparison with the exquisite natural beauty of those few simple sprays. You will also observe how much the white or pale blue screen behind the flowers enhances the effect by lamp or lantern light. For the screen has been arranged with the special purpose of showing the exquisiteness of plant shadows; and the sharp silhouettes of sprays and blossoms cast thereon are beautiful beyond the imagining of any Western decorative artist.

XXI.

It is still the season of mists in this land whose most ancient name signifies the Place of the Issuing of Clouds. With the passing of twilight a faint ghostly brume rises over lake and landscape, spectrally veiling surfaces, slowly obliterating distances. As I lean over the parapet of the Tenjin-bashi, on my homeward way, to take one last look eastward, I find that the mountains have already been effaced. Before me there is only a shadowy flood far vanishing into vagueness without a horizon, the phantom of a sea. And I become suddenly aware that little white things are fluttering slowly down into it from the fingers of a woman standing upon the bridge beside me, and murmuring something in a low, sweet voice. She is praying for her dead child. Each of those little papers she is dropping into the current bears a tiny picture of Jizo, and perhaps a little inscription. For when a child dies the mother buys a small woodcut (*hanko*) of Jizo, and with it prints the image of the divinity upon one hundred little papers. And she sometimes also writes upon the papers words signifying "*For the sake of . . .*," — inscribing never the living, but the *kaimyo* or soul-name only, which the Buddhist priest has given to the dead, and which is written also upon the little commemorative tablet kept within the Buddhist household shrine, or *butsuma*. Then, upon a fixed day (most commonly the forty-ninth day after the burial), she goes to some place of running water and drops the little papers therein one by one; repeating, as each slips through her fingers, the holy invocation, "*Namu Jizo, Dai Bosatsu!*"

Doubtless this dear little woman, sobbing beside me in the dusk, is very poor. Were she not, she would hire a boat and scatter her tiny papers far away upon the bosom of the lake. (It is now only after dark that this may be done; for the police — I know not why — have been instructed to prevent the pretty rite, just as in the open ports they have been instructed to prohibit the launching of the little straw boats of the dead, the *shōryō-bune*.)

But why should the papers be cast into running water? A good old Tendai priest tells me that originally the rite was only for the souls of the drowned. But now these gentle hearts believe that all waters flow downward to the Shadow-world and through the *Saīno-Kawara*, where Jizo is.

XXII.

At home again, I slide open once more my little paper window, and look out upon the night. I see the paper lanterns flitting over the bridge, like a

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long shimmering of fireflies. I see the spectres of a hundred lights trembling upon the black flood. I see the broad *shoji* of dwellings beyond the river suffused with the soft yellow radiance of invisible lamps; and upon those lighted spaces I can discern exquisite moving shadows, silhouettes of graceful women. Devoutly do I pray that glass may never become universally adopted in Japan, — there would be no more delicious shadows.

I listen to the voices of the city awhile. I hear the great bell of Tokoji rolling its soft Buddhist thunder across the dark, and the songs of the night-walkers whose hearts have been made merry with wine, and the long sonorous chanting of the night-peddlers.

"*U-mu-don-yai-soba-yai!*" It is the seller of hot soba, Japanese buckwheat, making his last round.

"*Umai handan, machibito endan, usemono ninsō kasō kichikyō no urai-nai!*" The cry of the itinerant fortune-teller.

"*Ame-yu!*" The musical cry of the seller of midzu-ame, the sweet amber syrup which children love.

"*Amai!*" The shrilling call of the seller of *amazake*, sweet rice wine.

"*Kawachi-no-kuni-hiotan-yama-koi-no-tsuji-ura!*" The peddler of love-papers, of divining-papers, pretty tinted things with little shadowy pictures upon them. When held near a fire or a lamp, words written upon them with invisible ink begin to appear. These are always about sweethearts, and sometimes tell one what he does not wish to know. The fortunate ones who read them believe themselves still more fortunate; the unlucky abandon all hope; the jealous become even more jealous than they were before.

From all over the city there rises into the night a sound like the bubbling and booming of great frogs in a marsh, — the echoing of the tiny drums of the dancing-girls, of the charming *geishas*. Like the rolling of a waterfall continually reverberates the multitudinous pattering of getas upon the bridge. A new light rises in the east; the moon is wheeling up from behind the peaks, very large and weird and wan through the white vapors. Again I hear the sounds of the clapping of many hands. For the wayfarers are paying obeisance to O-Tsuki-San: from the long bridge they are saluting the coming of the White Moon-Lady.[1]

I sleep, to dream of little children in some mouldering mossy temple court playing at the game of Shadows and Demons.

Lafcadio Hearn.

A TRUMPET CALL.

When the signora went to the house of *comare* Sarina, on the mountain road above Cosenza, to speak about a web of cloth that was to be woven in arabesques, she saw in the opposite dooryard a very stout and florid woman, who sat on the steps of her house with half a dozen children playing around her.

"I see that *vossignoria* is looking at that great piece of a woman like a purple cabbage, — speaking with respect!" observed comare Sarina. "When I see

[1] According to the mythology of the Kojīki the Moon-Deity is a male divinity. But the common people know nothing of the Kojīki, written in an archaic Japanese which only the learned can read; and they address the moon as O-Tsuki-San, or the Moon-Lady, just as the old Greek idyllists did.

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that Rosa there, content as an Easter Day, there comes to me the wish to close the shutters of my window. Many years ago, when we were all girls together, I and the others had to work in order to eat. But Donna Rosina, — no, sirs! Anything but work. For her father was Don Ciccu, the apothecary, and they kept her in cotton wool, so that at most she helped him make barley sugar, or would roll two pills in case of illness at the house of the baron.

"And we others had to toil at home and in the fields, and to bring down the ice and the snow, in the summer, from the ravines up there toward the forest of La Sila. We would plait mats of willow withes, and lay sheepskins over, and heap the ice on these, and cover it with another skin and many green boughs, all bound down with other withes. This we carried on our heads, one getting help from another to place it there, on a folded cloth, — your excellency from the city cannot know these things; and we went down the mountain path for miles, with the icy drops that trickled on one's nose or down the back of the neck making one shiver, however heated.

"When we came to the bit of table-land, we would set down our loads to rest, and one would sing the tarantella while others danced. Girls have quicksilver about them.

"Just here was where Donna Rosina came in, — she had herself called *donna* because of the leeches and the pills and the four words of Latin of her father, Don Ciccu. She could not work, — no, she was too delicate; but she could dance like a grasshopper! And *compare* Tonio, that kept the sheep of Don Zeno, the parish priest, as soon as he heard us sing would come around the great boulder that was there, and play on his pipe enough to call the birds from the bushes. And Donna Rosina all jumping for joy, and certain glances!

"Also her mother, Donna Santuzza, made Tonio so many compliments of tobacco and woolen stockings. A-ah! they knew how to bind him round with their coaxings, — they knew! And the others of us girls were not so much uglier than Rosa. Even I, that they call Zi' Melacotta, — I had not always the face of a baked apple, but was in my time red and white like another. But the fact was, they would absolutely have Tonio; and the girls might burst with spite, — they would have him. It was comare Barbara who was thought to have put an envy upon them, so that their chickens died and the young ducks could not swim upstream. Zia Petronilla, the white witch, said as much, and she spoke the verses and signed them with water and salt to take away the evil eye.

"We should have eaten the wedding sugarplums that June, but there was made the draft for the army, and Tonio drew a bad number; and we all went to the piazzetta to see the brave boys go away with fife and drum, and the mammas and the sweethearts that wept with their faces in their aprons. *Pom-pom!* — one felt upon the stomach the thumps of the bass drum, so that it made one melancholy, as the recruits went away down the road.

"Soldiers must go here and there, according as the king wills; they toil hard, with little leisure, and Tonio sent few letters. In our town they did not know how to write; then there were not the public schools, and it was enough for one to make his cross on stamped paper in order to take land on *mezzadria*. Now and then came a letter from Tonio to say that he was well, and wished as much to Rosa, to his family, and all friendly persons; that he had begun to learn to read, attending the corporal's lessons; and that, because he had so good lungs and a just ear, the band-master had taught him to be one of the trumpeters of his regiment.

"Of these letters Rosa read certain

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parts — her father had instructed her a little — to the girls at the fountain in the piazzetta; other passages, not; and at these she became red as burning embers, for the *scrivano* had known so well how to say all the fine things that Tonio had in his heart.

"But it did not last so. Perhaps Tonio was not content with her letters, for she had them written by her father; and he, good soul, was not a poet, little or at all. And out of sight, out of mind, — men are that way. Rosina had no more letters for many weeks. And I, at the fountain, would say to her: —

"'Patience, Rosina, he may be ill or even dead. And then, young men play tricks of all colors; he may easily find himself tired of you; and in the great cities there are so many beautiful girls with silk gowns, finer than the Madonna del Carmine on a feast day. I counsel you, comare Rosa,' — for I would not give her the 'donna,' the little toad, — 'to give yourself peace about it, and look out for another lover.'

"And one day she let fall her copper jar upon the stones, so that it took a great bruise, and she wept like the fountain itself. 'Sarina,' she said, 'what have I done to you that you tell me these things? My Tonio is an honest lad.'

"Eh, these girls that are kept in cotton wool! I or another, to have been left so by the lover, would have made a wry face, shed perhaps two big tears in secret, and then — good-evening to the music, and found a new lover. For we had to work, vossignoria, and the rattling of the loom is good company; and in the fields, the warm earth and the green stalks of the young grain, and the tomtits that wag their little tails between the furrows, and the locusts that sing keep us cheerful; and to go to bed at evening with bones broken from weariness, one sleeps soundly.

"But she sat in the doorway of the drug shop, looking down the street as if to see far away. And only to speak a word to her she would cry or laugh like one possessed. The doctor did what he could, but, according to me, it was rather a case for the priest to drive out the demon; or else an envy, a witchcraft. And certainly I believe that La Barbara, and I may say also Luciola and Sabedda and Sidora, would willingly have married compare Tonio if he had asked them. Bold and spiteful, those girls! For me, I would not have looked at compare Tonio, not even if he had been made of gold!

"Little by little Donna Rosina wasted like a lighted candle. She took off from her neck the heart of filigree silver that Tonio had brought her from the fair at Cosenza, when he went there to sell some sheep; and she hung it, red ribbon and all, on the altar, beside the little silver leg of *mastro* Cola, the cripple, for whom there had been made the grace of a rheumatism that tormented him for thirty years, and the corals of comare Veronica, whose son came back from sea after four years that he was believed to be drowned, and so many other fine things to the praise of the blessed Madonna del Carmine, that, as every one knows, can make any ten other Madonnas run away with lifted legs.

"But in vain Rosa made the act of faith of that silver heart. Tonio did not write nor come. Heaven preserve me from speaking ill of the saints, but sometimes, to trust all to them, one loses by it. As for me, if I had been in the clothes of Rosa and cared for Tonio, instead of consuming myself in that manner, I should have gone straight to the king himself and said, 'Do me the favor, majesty; send home my lad, for I don't see the wedding-day, so that it appears to me like a thousand years.'

"However, each one according to his own character. Rosa turned everything upside down: one day she would break dishes, and another stay in bed; and again it would be a great outburst of

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tears that reduced her like a washed rag; and the next thing she would curse Tonio that an apoplexy might take him, and then tear her hair because she was losing her baptism by committing in her heart the mortal sin of murder. For Donna Rosina was one who gave herself the airs of a little saint fit to be put under a glass bell, with one hand in the other, that did neither good nor harm. Then a little fever; or she would grow stiff as a stake and seem ready to suffocate, so that various times Don Zeno was called in all haste, in the heart of the night, and came accompanied by the sacristan with the aspersorium in one hand and the great lantern in the other, so that he was obliged to tinkle the little bell with only two fingers. And so, many times Rosa had the blessed oil under false pretenses. For die to-day and die to-morrow, she still lived and lamented, and would at all costs have her Tonio come back and marry her.

"And she grew whiter and thinner day by day, so that indeed she resembled a wax taper.

"The thing ended in this way: One morning, at the fountain, it was known that at last poor Rosa was really dead. All through the night she had screamed for Tonio, with curses and with blessings, according as the caprice came to her. By fortune, she had died with holy words in her mouth, so that it might be hoped that her soul was not lost. And we all were ready to give a hand to take her, if possible, the sooner out of purgatory; for indeed it would be less trouble to say the rosary now and then for her than to hear her always talking like a windmill about Tonio that had forsaken her.

"Sometimes she had called him a traitor, a pig; this last was an injustice to the education he had from comare Nunzia, his mother, a Christian who kept her house clean; so particular she was that the hens might eat from her dish only after she herself had eaten. At other times Rosina called Tonio her handsome soldier, her golden little orange, who knew how to blow the trumpet so that she seemed to hear it far away in Turin, like the voice of his heart. Her talk was too honeyed; and a little of such is a surfeit.

"At the house of Don Ciccu, then, there was great mourning. All the girls went there together; we tore our hair, and beat on our breasts with our hands, and screamed until we lost breath. In a corner stood the table, with certain mercies of heaven upon it, — dried figs, and cakes made with honey and fine flour, and wine, and toasted beans, and some of the barley sugar from the drug shop. And Rosina was dressed as if for a holiday, with a dark green skirt of wool, and an apron of Cosenza stamped leather tied with red ribbons, and a red waist with ever so many gilt buttons, and a black jacket with gold embroidery and fringes, and on her head a yellow silk kerchief. She had heavy gold hoops in her ears, with little hanging balls that did not tinkle any longer, for she lay there white and motionless as a plaster image of a saint before they put a wash of color on it.

"The father, Don Ciccu, stayed in the shop and pounded drugs, from force of habit and because he was confused by grief. It is true that Rosa was but a poor thing, with the heart of a hare, but she was his only daughter, and he loved her from his soul. The mother crouched in the corner near the hearth, and would eat nothing, not even a raisin; but spoke now and then of her daughter that was like a carnation flower at her window, and a turtle-dove, and many other fine things. And then the other women and the girls would begin to shriek again, as was suitable. And Donna Rosina there in the middle of the room, on a bier held up by carpenter's trestles, and candles lighted at her head and feet, — it did not seem real that the others should lament and she

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be silent. For while she lived she had been of the first force at screaming, for cause or not.

"Then in the street the little bell was heard to ring, and there came in Don Zeno with the sacristan and the sacristan's boy that carried the yellow silk umbrella over the head of the priest. Don Zeno raised his hands and began to mutter Latin that put us all in awe.

"In the fine midst of this, *tra-tiri-tra! tra-tiri-tra!* at the door, which was flung open without compliments, and Tonio enters, with the trumpet at his mouth; for he was come home on leave of absence, without the shadow of an idea that he was incommoding a funeral.

"But the one who spoiled that funeral was Rosina herself. *Puffete!* She straightened up suddenly, made a leap from the bier, and stood on her feet, astounded.

"'It is the angel Gabriel!' she exclaimed. 'The last trump! I am in paradise!'

"For she was firmly persuaded that she was dead. First, she had heard Tonio blow the trumpet, — a fine holy Gabriel, indeed, he was! Then she had caught sight of him, and began to comprehend that, according to her way of looking at the thing, it was better than an angel of paradise, for it was her Tonio in flesh and bones. They ran into each other's arms.

"Don Ciccu came in from the shop, all powdered with the rhubarb he was pounding, and embraced Tonio like a son. And the mamma, Donna Santuzza, arose and came out of her hole behind the oven, whimpering this time for joy, while the other women cried, 'Miracle, miracle!'

"It appeared that Rosina was not at all dead, if one is to believe what the doctors say, who like to discredit sacred things. Don Ciccu explained it to be a crisis that took a good turn from the fear of that trumpet call. At all events, the girl was cured from that moment; there 's no denying it.

"They made a great wedding; people were invited to it even from neighboring towns. The young men serenaded the pair, and Rosa scattered sugar-plums from the balcony, and we danced until midnight to the organette, in the piazzetta hung with paper lanterns, and rockets went up as if to give a slap to the face of the moon, and squibs were fired so that it appeared like a battle, all in honor of those two. Never has been seen in our town a festival like that. And all because of that turnip-head of a compare Tonio, who would marry a girl that another would not have looked at twice, a puny thing that could do no more than make barley sugar and roll a couple of pills. So it is; in this world one sees certain injustices.

"And look at Donna Rosa now, vossignoria! From a reed of the river that she was she is become a great cabbage of the vegetable garden. And so many troubles of children under her feet! It is a confusion unspeakable in her house; she has no judgment, so that it appears like a pigsty. And her hens always in the middle of the road; and the few rags that she washes hung from the balcony to flap in the face of people. And who knows how compare Tonio's soup is made or his trousers patched? He, poor fellow, carries her, so to say, in the palms of his hands; it is really a pity to see how fond he is of that woman. Never scolds him, says he. Better if she did. Rubbish they are and will be, that family. And that is why I say that, to see her sit there idle, looking at the sky like a hen before the rain, I would like to clap together the shutters of my window and take her away from before my eyes. My man, on the contrary, can boast that he always finds a dish of hot broth before the embers when he comes home from work, and his clothes are mended to appear new. You

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can ask him if it is not true, vossignoria, and he will willingly tell you that he has a wife that lets him lack nothing. If not, I 'll make him hear reason with the broomstick ! "

The signora took advantage of a moment of silence on the part of comare Sarina to explain her wishes in regard to the web of cloth characteristic of that part of the country, and then departed. " Alas ! " she thought, while returning in the carriage that had brought her from Cosenza, " even in these remote villages of Calabria, among these honest and simple peasants, are sometimes to be found envy and evil tongues."

E. Cavazza.

E–LIM–IN–AH–DO.

'T WAS in the bazars of the Smyrniotes
That we heard the lingering call,
With its mellow, musical, bell-like notes,
And its rhythmic rise and fall.
It soared o'er the camel-driver's shout,
And the bale-bent porter's angry flout, —
" *O—O*
E-lim-in-ah-do ! "

There were the figs of Omoorloo,
Large and luscious and bursting ripe;
And from a café near there blew
The tempting scent of the water-pipe;
But Tireh's grapes would have hung in vain
Upon the vines had we heard that strain, —
" *O—O*
E-lim-in-ah-do ! "

Amber, clear as a prisoned ray
Of the morning sunlight, was forgot;
Rugs, rich with the hues of dying day,
From the looms of Persia, lured us not.
While the motley Smyrna world swept by,
We hung on the sound of the witching cry, —
" *O—O*
E-lim-in-ah-do ! "

Then out of the jostling crowd he came
With his crook-necked flask and his clink of glass;
As keen of eye and supple of frame
As a Lydian pard we saw him pass, —
Saw him pass, and above the roar
Caught the lilt of his call once more, —
" *O—O*
E-lim-in-ah-do ! "

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Who can measure melody's power?
It sways the soul with the same strange spell
On lovely lips in a lady's bower,
Or those of a vagrant Ishmael.
And still floats back, with its thrilling bars,
The strain from the Smyrniote bazars, —
"*O—O*
E-lim-in-ah-do!"

Clinton Scollard.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

On the principle that "it has become almost an honor not to be crowned," the name of James Clarence Mangan may be announced at once, as very worthy, very distinguished. He is unknown outside his own non-academic fatherland, though he is a proverb and a fireside commonplace, much as the Polish poets are at home, within it. Belonging to an age which is nothing if not specific and departmental, he has somehow escaped the classifiers; his wings have never been run through with a pin and spread under glass in the museums. Duyckinck, Dana, Palgrave, and the score of lesser books which are kind to forgotten or infrequent lyres know him not; in Allibone's Dictionary he has but hasty mention; Ward's English Poets has no inch of classic text to devote to him. Nor is Mangan's absence altogether or even chiefly due to editorial shortcomings. The search after him has always been difficult. During his lifetime he published only a collection of translations, and by his own willful, exasperating hand his original numbers are tangled up almost inextricably with other translations. A large mass of his work, good, bad, and indifferent, hides in old newspaper files, and is likely there to remain; and the only collection representing his genius, an edition eminently imperfect, bearing a New York imprint, and prefaced by John Mitchell's beautiful memoir, has never been reissued elsewhere, nor bettered in any form. So it is; and so, perhaps, it must be. All critics indulge in foolish cynicisms, one day or another, and cry out against a stupid world in behalf of the unrecognized. The great spirits, we know, carry applause by siege. But, as Charles Lamb could not fail to perceive, it is not the greatest whom one cares most about. Some fame, and often the choicer and sweeter, is born, as by a paradox, to be a privacy. Our time adjusts merit with supreme propriety in setting up Herrick in the market-place, and in still reserving Daniel for a domestic adoration. Apollo has a class of might-have-beens whom he loves: poets bred in melancholy places, under disabilities, whose thwarted growth and thinned voices "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;" poets compounded of everything magical and fair, like an elixir which is the outcome of ecstasy and patience, and which wants in the end, even as common water would, the essence of immortality. The making of a name is too often like the making of a fortune. The more scrupulous contestants turn out to be

> "Delicate spirits, pushed away
> In the hot press of the noonday."

Mangan's is such a memory, captive and overborne. It may be unjust to lend him the epitaph of defeat, for he never

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strove at all. One can think of no other, in the long disastrous annals of English literature, cursed with so monotonous a misery, so much hopelessness and stagnant grief. He had no public; he was poor, infirm, homeless, loveless; travel and adventure were cut off from him, and he had no minor risks to run; the cruel necessities of labor sapped his dreams from a boy; morbid fancies mastered him as the rider masters his horse; the demons of opium and alcohol pulled him under, body and soul, despite a persistent and heart-breaking struggle, and he perished ignobly in his prime.

James Clarence Mangan was born at number 3 Fishamble Street, the ancient Vicus Piscariorum of Dublin, on the first day of May, 1803. He was the eldest of four children, an early-dying family; his brother, the only one who survived him, was destined to follow him the same month. The father belonged in Shanagolden, Limerick, and was a grocer in fair circumstances when his son was born. The house and shop were the property of the mother, Catharine Smith, of whom we know little but her name. The shop seems to have been soon resigned by the elder Mangan to a brother-in-law, whom he beguiled over from London. This Mangan was a willful, tyrannous, thick-headed man, of whom his little ones were afraid. He retired from his business on a competency, but ran through his small estate from excess of hospitality, and died prematurely of the superior disease of disillusion and vexation. The poet, in a posthumous autobiographical fragment, thus describes him, and exalts or debases him into a Celtic type: "His nature was truly noble; to quote a phrase of my friend O'Donovan, he 'never knew what it was to refuse the countenance of living man;' but in neglecting his own interests (and not the most selfish misanthropes could accuse him of attending too closely to those) he unfortunately forgot the injuries which he inflicted upon the interests of others. He was of an ardent and forward-bounding disposition; and though deeply religious by nature, he hated the restraints of social life, and seemed to think that all feelings with regard to family connections and the obligations imposed by them were beneath his notice. Me, my two brothers, and my sister he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his boast, uttered in pure glee of heart, that we would run into a mouse-hole to shun him! While my mother lived he made her miserable; he led my only sister such a life that she was obliged to leave our house; he kept up a continual succession of hostilities with my brothers; and if he spared me more than others, it was perhaps because I displayed a greater contempt of life and everything connected with it. . . . May God assoil his great and mistaken soul, and grant him eternal peace and forgiveness! But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes."

Mangan's judgments were invariably too gentle; Mitchell says that he was never heard to criticise or blame any one but himself. The experiences of his tragic infancy must have affected the fountain-springs of human feeling. Perhaps he remembered his own nameless antipathy, by contrast, when he came to render the wistful thought of a dead father in August Kuhn's verses on a lonely little wildwood boy: —

> "I would rather
> Be with him than pulling roses."

An odd, nervous, gloomy child, he was sent to school, in Swift's forlorn and formal natal neighborhood, in Derby Square, off Werburgh Street. There was a tutor there who had baptized him, and who loved him; and from him he learned, among other things, the rudiments of French and Latin. But at thirteen or at fifteen (it is impossible to know which) he had to enter the bitter workaday lists of the world, and to toil like "sabbathless Satan" for the

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support of a family of steadily sinking fortunes, who had no mercy for him, and who preyed upon him like a nest of harpies. As early as 1817 the gift within him was visibly astir, only to vent itself in the charades and whimsical rhymes proper to an almanac. For seven weary years he toiled at copying, from five in the morning, winter and summer, until eleven at night, through a boyhood which knew no vacations. For three years succeeding he was an attorney's clerk, in close air and among vulgar associates, so tortured in every sentient fibre of his being that he affirmed nothing but a special Providence preserved him from suicide. The circumstances of this drudgery at 6 York Street gnawed into his memory. Isolation of mind was his habit then as afterwards, and long walks by night were his sole relaxation. As he looked back upon the spectacle of his innocent and stricken youth, he was able to record the anguish at which the outer willingness was priced. "I would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledged the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called upon to sacrifice the immortal for the mortal; to give away irredeemably the Promethean fire within me for the cooking of a beefsteak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the fields, and groan to God for help. *De profundis clamavi!* was my continual cry."

These were the years when first he took comfort, five minutes at a time, in delightful study; when from pure single-hearted passion he made himself an Oxford out of nothing, and won what is rightly called his "profound and curiously exquisite culture;" when toward the unlovely home or the yet unlovelier office he would pace the streets softly reciting some sad verses of Ovid's which had a charm for him at school, and keeping his mind alive with reverie and song, — a solitary young golden-haired figure, rapt and kind, upon whom no gladness ever broke, and who was alone in any crowd. But he had already fallen on solaces less sure than these. In the parlors of 2 Church Lane, College Green, he found his earliest encouragers: intellectual tipplers, most of them, like Tighe and Lawrence Bligh, ready to be Mangan's colleagues in dangerous and downward paths. It is written that, about this time, a friend betrayed his confidence in some way, and helped him to a sickening foretaste of what his lot was to be. We have no reason to infer, however, that the blow was dealt to so trustful a heart by any member of the radiant and erratic Comet Club. A crowning calamity came upon him between 1820 and 1825. His first love was given to a fair girl much "above him," according to our strange surveys. She encouraged his shy approaches; and he was tremblingly, perilously happy. For the pleasantest period of his life he was in frequent social contact with interesting people of station and breeding, with those who made for him his fitting environment. But at the moment when he feared nothing he was taken like a bird in the fowler's net, and cast scornfully away. Stunned and broken, he crept back as best he could to solitude. He had no confidant; he waived the effeminacy of a diary; none of all who have written here and there of him can do more than allude to the heroine of his tragedy. Name, habitation, date, she has none. With perfect dignity, and with a reticence which does him infinite honor, he laid aside hope, and went into the black valley before him. Once only, in 1839, in the midst of the clumsy machinery of the dialogue Polyglot Anthology, he utters some rather imprecatory stanzas To Laura, or, as afterwards amended, To Frances, beginning, —

"The life of life is gone and over;"

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and mentions, with his usual mendacity and presence of mind, that they are from the Italian! They close in a fine Byronic burst: —

"Adieu! for thee the heavens are bright,
Bright flowers along thy pathway lie:
The bolts that strike, the winds that blight,
Will pass thy bower of beauty by.

"But when shall rest be mine? Alas,
When first the winter wind shall wave
The pale wild flowers, the long dark grass,
Above my unremembered grave."

He was safe here in speaking out, as he was safe later in The Nameless One, because he had always been so close-lipped and uncomplaining. None of his contemporaries, at least, could measure how entirely, in both instances, he relieved his heart. The face of no woman ever appealed to Mangan again. Other and yet more mocking faces walked by his side; for his ruin had begun, and the fatal friend of sin clung to him when the white visions he adored had, one by one, withdrawn.

Henceforth it is not so easy to track him; he seems to have vanished into smoke. His bright hair blanched of a sudden, during his first withdrawal from the upper world after his rebuff. Whatever is known of him has been gathered only with extreme painstaking: his personal history is quite as vague as if he had lived in a hermit's cell eight hundred years ago, when as yet the fine arts of spying and reporting were in the germ. Even to the men who saw him yesterday, close at hand, he was a stranger. He passed through their company like the ghost of a *séance*, with soundless speech and gait: whence and whither none could discover. Mangan was a loving student of the mediæval alchemists, and he took for his own the black art of shooting out of darkness into a partial light, and vanishing as soon. He would disappear for weeks and months at a time, and baffle search. It was evident that he mingled, meanwhile, with those who had snapped all links with human society. Nor is he the only poet in English letters over whose head the tides of despair rose and rolled, that he might so sink, and float, and sink again. We have not forgotten Dr. Johnson's heartfelt lament over Richard Savage, who, after an inner battle, retired occasionally into chaos, with his pension-money in his pocket. "On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house among thieves and beggars," says that illustrious friend, "was to be found the author of The Wanderer, — the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observation; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts." Into such deeps of partial insanity did Mangan also fall; and out of them, ever and again, he would rise, humble, active, clean of heart, by some reparative miracle, — his eyes fixed (they, at least, never wavered) on eternal beauty and eternal good.

Giving what he could and asking nothing, genial and gentle to all that lived, he did not lack affection. In his poverty, his eccentric habits, his irresponsibilities, he found a distinguished and devoted few to replace his mistaken circle of Church Lane wits: Mr. George Petrie, Dr. Todd, Dr. Anster, and, especially, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. The Nation paid Mangan in advance for the copy he too often forgot to supply; Trinity College library employed "the admirable scribe" on its vast new catalogues, until, alas, he forfeited its regard; the Ordnance Survey Office, where he was at peace awhile among topographers and antiquaries, generally the happiest-tempered of men, proved to be but a haven whence the fearful undercurrents were persistently dragging him out to sea. He might have lived with those who would have appreciated and protected him, but he was too proud. It pleased him better to sit in a garret by

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his invalid brother, with a bottle for a candlestick, sipping tar-water, and, with his delicate smile, watching the other's consumption of the single egg which was all Apollo's vassal could afford to buy him for a certain Christmas dinner; or to move from lodging to lodging, with his hand-bag and his "large malformed umbrella," devising how he could redeem his manuscripts, and his cherished tar-water too, left in pawn for the ante-penultimate rent. Nothing very definite ever happened to him. Always suffering in health, always absent-minded and a prey to accidents, he was no stranger to hospitals, and cheerfully asserted that his intellect cleared the moment he entered the ward. Lonely, sick, harassed, and clinging with foolhardy calm to his Bride Street dwelling during the great cholera epidemic, suddenly and quietly as the shutting of a glow-worm's little lamp, on June 20, 1849, his life went out, at the Meath Hospital, whither he had been removed. The nurse who had cared for him thoughtlessly burned the papers he had covered with his exquisite handwriting. The Reverend Charles P. Meehan (who survived until the spring of 1890), to whom the poet had long been dear, Dr. Stokes, and Burton, the artist, helped him, as watchers and faithful friends. Burton came in again when all was over, and drew the pallid face as it lay back upon the pillow, old and weary with its forty-six insupportable years. The unique portrait of Clarence Mangan hangs now in the National Gallery on Leinster Lawn, Dublin, a more striking and significant thing than Severn's tender sketch of the dying Keats. He was buried a mile or two away, in Glasnevin. Those who laid him in his grave did so with hearts not unthankful. Upon the headstone, tardily raised, there might have been graven Dante's touching symbol of the worm,

"Born to become the angelic butterfly."

To think of Mangan dead was to think of him as freed, abroad on fortunate wings for the first time, and for eternity.

His locked-in soul reveals itself, however, to the eye of sympathy. He even speaks a second time, with an unreserve which has a certain horror, in The Nameless One, the fiercest, fullest, most memorable of all his poems.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like a rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour;
How shone for him, thro' his grief and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth could give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song:

With song that alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam;
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid,
A mountain stream!

Tell how this nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove,

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him,

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(If children live not for sires and mothers,)
His mind grew dim,

And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck, and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes, old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble!
Deep in your bosoms, there let him dwell:
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

While everybody recognizes the pathos and manliness of what Burns pleads in behalf of his projected self, this far more wonderful elegy, based on the same remorse, is forgotten.

When Mangan cries, only too autobiographically,

"And he fell far thro' the pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,"

he lends us an incidental glimpse of two forerunners to whom he was attached. The mention of Maginn has unique historic interest; for he exercised on Mangan's genius a pronounced though superficial influence. It seems ironical to recall to the present generation of readers the Sir Morgan Odoherty of Blackwood's, the star of Fraser's and the Noctes, now *cinis et manes et fabula*, — the joyous, the learned, the amazing William Maginn, LL. D., who, because he reaped a temporal reward as an unsurpassed writer for magazines, has all but perished from the heaven of remembered literature. The coupling of his truly illustrious name with that of Burns was, at the given date, obvious. It is not likely that Mangan would have spoken of the ultimate blight of Maginn's great powers while he lived; and the allusion in the poem itself to the age of the author (thirty-nine) would tend to fix its composition in the year of Maginn's death, 1842. Profound feeling, as of a personal loss, premonition, as if called forth by the fate of one familiarly known, hang over these rushing strophes, written as they are in the third person, and free from extraneous events. It is clear that Mangan had an enthusiasm for Maginn, hitherto unnoted. His commentary in the Anthologia Germanica, in the Litteræ Orientales, and in all the rather imitative raillery of his Dublin University Magazine work, with its officious instructive footnotes, testifies how genuine it was. And the midsummer news from Walton-on-Thames, which struck home to many who loved "learning lightly worn," and who grieved for might put to no immortal use, hurt also the quiet clerkly figure on the library ladders of Trinity, and added a pang to his opinion of himself. Maginn's is the only influence discernible in Mangan's prose; his poetry, even prior to the time when his style was formed, is aloof, to a remarkable degree, from known fashions. Once, indeed, he seems to have assimilated and forgotten a note of the "pausing harp" of 1797. We are told of the knight who won "the bright and beauteous Genevieve" that so soon as the story faltered on his lips he

"Disturbed her soul with pity."

"The song of the tree that the saw sawed thro'," says Mangan, after Coleridge,

"Disturbed my spirit with pity,
Began to subdue
My spirit with tenderest pity!"

But Mangan's echoes are so rare that they amount to phenomena.

It was always said of him, even as a boy, that he could not tolerate direction in his reading. Of whatever other comfort he was bereft, he seems to have

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owned books, and his taste was solely for the best of them. Browsing habitually among the stalls of the Four Courts, he grew to an intimacy with the fathers of English literature; nor was his choice of contemporaries less interesting. He fell down before Godwin's St. Leon, when, if we may judge by a phrase in the mouth of one of Mangan's fictitious characters, he went to sleep over Sir Walter's bugle-cries. And he admired (may he be forgiven for these vagaries) Mr. Rogers. But we find him quoting Balzac, Charles Lamb, and the young Tennyson, and affectionately addressing a friend who sought to uplift him as

"Thou endowed with all of Shelley's soul,"

at a time when "Shelley's soul" was still rated below par by the sagacious world which had not known him. Mangan thought, however, that there was "a cloud on Shelley's character." It is pleasant to think of the small blond sprite of 1811 tripping in and out of the Derby Square school, who may have looked more than once on Shelley's boyish self, as he went crusading with Harriet through the streets. For whatever Mangan saw or heard, it was from his own contracted orbit at home. He was acquainted with his Dublin

"As the tanned galley-slave is with his oar,"

and he was never out of it.

Mangan had some theoretical knowledge of painting and of music; he took deeper interest in Paracelsus and Lavater than in the professors of more practical sciences than theirs. Deep as was his hope for the welfare of all humanity, he could not be accredited with anything so local and gross as a political opinion, even in the seething times of O'Connell. But he proved, when the crisis came, that his heart was with the Young Ireland party, with the purest and maddest ideal that ever dawned upon his troubled motherland. He very generously stole out of his privacy to support it with a pledge, sending in one resplendent recruit, the Irish National Hymn, to represent him in the ranks, and, later, supplementing it with a popular song perfect in its kind, A Highway for Freedom. This unsuspected enthusiasm in one apart from the common concerns of men had a distinctive moral beauty. So Thoreau, wedded to growing leaves and the golden hues of a squirrel's eye, stood forth from his happy woods, and spoke promptly and aloud in the ear of scandalized New England for John Brown. Mangan, like Cowley, like Southey and Coleridge, had a sort of yearning for what he is pleased to call

"The dædal Amazon,
And the glorious O'-hi-o',"

and, like Byron, he pays a lofty compliment to "the single soul of Washington;" but the notion of his actually taking passage to Washington's open-doored republic must have been absurd even to himself. In fact, he never struck at anything, nor "put it to the touch," for the major reason suggested by the cavalier poet, that he feared "his fate too much." His inertia was due mainly, of course, to the Circean drugs, and partially to his constitutional fragility and a dull submissiveness which he took, perhaps, to be his duty. He was always, at heart, religious. He had extreme charity for everybody but Clarence Mangan. It seems superfluous to say that he made no rebellious clutches at life, had no greed. Thinking once of domestic peace, debts discharged, and acknowledged personal value to a community, Goldsmith sighed in a letter to his brother, "Since I knew what it was to be a man, I have not known these things." Worldly wisdom is not a gift left in Irish cradles. It was Goldsmith's instinct, as it was Mangan's, to hitch his wagon to a star; and presently to discover, without any change of countenance, that his star had no power of motion, and so to stand, a spectacle for the laughter of men and gods. It is

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Mangan's chief negative merit that he was duped and driven to the wall because he had so much faith or altruism. Such weakness, rather than the strength which receives superstitious reverence, is advanced civilization; and yet it must not be recommended in hornbooks. Civilized Mangan was, — nay, more; unlike "Goldy," he might be called "genteel." About the tight coat and the torn cravat was an aroma as of wilted elegance, a deceptive aroma of what had never been. His manner had great charm; his voice and smile were winning. It was with a gliding grace, the converse of awkwardness, that he wandered around the journalist offices of Trinity Street, where, after prolonged eclipse, the outcast apparition alighted in the doorway, and heads of curious clerks bobbed up from the desks. If Mangan talked at all, he indulged in a soft, desultory, uncanny soliloquy, when he could do so in the ear of an old friend. "It was easy to perceive that his being was all drowned in the blackest despair. . . . He saw spirits, too, and received unwelcome visits from his dead father, whom he did not love." In spite of destiny he would be gay. There was nothing in him of the roisterer, but his speech was full of sudden witticisms, sly fooling that drew no blood. The grimmest poem he wrote has its play upon words, at which melancholy game he takes rank with Heine and Thomas Hood, invincibles like himself. "Poor Clarence Mangan, with his queer puns and jokes, and odd little cloak and wonderful hat!" — so a contemporary paints him, not without a handsome reference to the huge inevitable umbrella, "carried like a cotton oriflamme in the most settled weather, and which, when partly covered by his cloak, might easily be mistaken for a Scotch bagpipe." Never were clothes so married to a personality; they were as much a part of Mangan as his shining blue eyes, or his quiet, rapid, monk-like step. He had a little brown, caped cloak in which he seemed to have been born; and the strange, antique, dismaying hat aforesaid, fixed over his silken white hair, is set down to our great satisfaction (in the preface to O'Daly's Poets of Munster) as broad-leafed, steeple-shaped, and presumably built on the Hudibras model. Stooped but not short, wan, thin, and bright, powdery with dust from the upper shelf, eager to "feel the bumps" on friendly heads, equipped with the scant toga precariously buttoned, the great goggles, and the king-umbrella of Great Britain and Ireland, — such was Mangan; so ludicrous and so endearing a figure that one wishes him but a thought in Fielding's brain, lovingly handled in two volumes octavo, and abstracted from the hard vicissitudes of mortality.

His priceless gift expressed itself in fugitive verses given to the Dublin Penny Journal, from 1832 to 1837; to the Irish Penny Journal, started in 1840, for which he wrote much; to the Nation and the United Irishman; and to the Dublin University Magazine, to which he was faithful, in his intermittent fashion, from its inception in 1833 up to his death, sixteen years later. "Throughout his whole literary life of twenty years," says his patriot friend Mitchell, "he never published a line in any English periodical or through any English bookseller. He never appeared to be aware that there was a British public to please." Mangan, modest by nature, had schooled himself to indifference; no selfish zeal was able to fire him, and he would not have crossed the street to advance his interests. He says roguishly of one of his home-made "German" poets, "Selber's toploftical disdain of human applause is the only great thing about him except his cloak." It is just to reflect also that he kept from the agreeable ways of publicity in London, because his feelings and associations were hostile and on the side of his country in her storms of fifty years ago. At any

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rate, he never burned even the permissible candle to Mammon. London, and through her posterity, are the losers; there would have been no doubt of his welcome.

Miserable as Mangan was, he had "content surpassing wealth" in his art. On this subject, as on all that touch him nearly, he is dumb. We know very little of his literary habits, save that he wrote fitfully, and often failed, in his earlier years, to get a farthing's pay. He apologizes for gaps in his various Anthologiæ, — once by pleading that he had mislaid the last leaves of his manuscript, again by saying that he had not of late found a peaceful hour in which to resume his task. His work, at its worst, has the faults inseparable from the conditions under which it was wrought: it is stumbling, pert, diffuse, distraught. He had in full that racial luxuriance and fluency which, wonderful to see in its happier action, tend always to carry a poet off his feet, and wash him into the deep seas of slovenliness. Mangan's scholarship, painfully, intermittently acquired, never distilled itself into him, to react imperiously on all he wrote. Again, his mental strength, crowded back from the highways of literature, wreaked itself in feats not the worthiest: in the taming of unheard-of metres, in illegal decoration of other men's fabrics, in orthoepic and homonymic freaks of all kinds, not to be matched since the Middle Ages. It cannot be said of him, in the full sense, as Hannay says of Poe, that "he never profaned his genius, whatsoever else he profaned." Mangan's work, if the moral test be applied to it, is exceedingly immaculate; but much of it is mockingly insincere. The alloy of poverty and humiliation gets into it, and gives it an underbred air. "Hippocrene may be inexhaustible," he says quaintly, and on another topic, "but it flows up to us through a pump." Did ever the Virgilian perfection spring from a poet hurried and ill fed? The marvel, burning the dross away, is the spirit of victory in Mangan which often and utterly surmounts the most appalling obstacles known to the mind of man. At his best he is astonishingly original and modern; and he is cosmopolitan, after the manner of the Irish, who have the wit to be, at call,

> "like almost anything,
> Or a yellow albatross!"

His mind is liberal and impassioned, full of the willful strength which repels discipline. His wild excellence looks best confronted with the sweet and adroit lays of his townsman and contemporary, Thomas Moore: these two stand asunder at the poles of the lyric world. Surprisingly slight as is the body of Mangan's poetry hitherto printed as his own, he shows in it considerable inequality. It is hard to believe that the Hellenic strophes of Enthusiasm, whose opening invocation Clough might have penned, —

> "Not yet trodden under wholly,
> Not yet darkened,
> O my spirit's flickering lamp, art thou!"

belong to the same source as the guffaw-like postlude to the Broken-Hearted Song. But Mangan must have his range: awful when he draws himself up to the Karamanian attitude, —

> "I was mild as milk till then,
> I was soft as silk till then;
> Now my breast is like a den,
> Karaman!
> Foul with blood and bones of men,
> Karaman!
> With blood and bones of slaughtered men,
> Karaman, O Karaman!"

and when he touches Ireland and the peasants' famine-year, in

> "Understand your position,
> Remember your mission,
> And vacillate not
> Whatsoever ensue,"

either so altered, so shrunken, that his own dog would not know him, or else belied altogether by the attributing of his name to political drivel entirely for-

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eign both to his intellect and his character. Mitchell, who had unerring literary acumen, detected in Mangan the conflict of "deepest pathos and a sort of fictitious jollity." At times, he says, the poet breaks into would-be humor, "not merry and hearty fun, but rather grotesque, bitter, Fescennine buffoonery, which leaves an unpleasant impression, as if he were grimly sneering at himself and all the world, purposely spoiling and marring the effect of fine poetry by turning it into burlesque, and showing how meanly he regarded everything, even his art, wherein he lived and had his being, when he compared his own exalted ideas of art and life with the littleness of all his experiences and performances." The painful mummery of some pages (of which, it is but fair to recall, their author had never the revision, and which should not have been, nor should be, reprinted) is not representative of anything but the *mauvaise honte* that comes at intervals over Mangan, and stands between him and his angel,

"When the angel says, 'Write.'"

He was not uncritical. He likened his genius to "a mountain stream," and no analysis could be better, on the whole. His home is on untrodden highlands, in rough, precipitous places, where only the Munster shepherd-boys pass with their flocks, and drink of the strangely gushing water, and dream not but that all water tastes the same the wide world over.

Mangan had not been given his title to the Erin of song for nothing. He atoned to the ancestral tongue he could neither speak nor understand by making it articulate in the hearing of the invader. It is folly to speak of him as a strictly successful translator; in power of interpretation he must yield to Sir Samuel Ferguson. But he ran into twilight fields of his own, as was his wont, and dedicated exquisite work, albeit a trifle schismatical, to the ancient literature of his country. Several Gaelic scholars furnished him, toward the end of his life, with literal drafts of the many ballads he was to render; and within these outlines he built up structures altogether glorious, and not unfaithful to their first design. There is a breathless grandeur in his chanting of the Hymn of St. Patrick, At Tarah To-Day, the manuscript of which, still preserved at Trinity College, is proved by Dr. Petrie to be thirteen hundred years old. It was with such magnificent deep-mouthed apostrophes that Mangan was best fitted to cope. He was able to try them again in a translation sacred to war as the other to Christian peace, O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire: rude heroic strophes bursting from the heart of the last hereditary bard of the great sept of Fermanagh as late as the reign of Charles I., while the courtly lyres of England were tinkling a cannon shot away. Precisely as good as these, in its province, is the inimitable sarcastic rattle of The Woman of Three Cows. But Mangan's happiest witchwork is in My Dark Rosaleen. This was written by a worthy contemporary of Shakespeare's, an unknown minstrel of the Tyrconnel chief Hugh the Red O'Donnell, who put on the lips of his lord, as addressed to Ireland, the love-name of Roisin Dubh, the Black-Haired Little Rose. More exact versions of this symbolical masterpiece have since been made, but the stormy beauty of Mangan's lines does away with considerations of law and order. From an extract such as "Over hills and hollows I traveled for you, Roisin Dubh! and crossed Loch Erne in a strong wind, . . . but the mountains shall be valleys and the rivers flowing backward before I shall let harm befall my Roisin Dubh," the poet draws the second, fifth, and last stanzas of seven, one of these quoted being all but a pure gratuity, like a foam-ball on the stream: —

"Over hill and thro' dales
Have I roamed for your sake!

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All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
. . . . . .

"Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You 'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You 'll think of me thro' daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
. . . . . .

"O the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

What passionate, inebriating thought and sound even these fragments hold! The manner is all Mangan's; its noteworthiest feature being the rich recurrence of words and lines for which Roisin Dubh gives no warrant, and to whose examination we shall return when we come to speak of Poe.

The only book published by Mangan during his life was the Anthologia Germanica, which, having run its course in a magazine, was printed, without its prose passages, in 1845 (it is said at Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's expense). Whatever reputation Mangan has rests upon it, and it is sometimes praised far beyond its deserts. His diction, here as elsewhere, is simple, emotional, choice; it is easy to number instances of extremely skillful rendition. But these German poems, being what the Irish ones are not, the children of conventional art, suffer more from Mangan's swervings and strayings. He treats his great victims pretty much as Burns, with every justification, treats the floating Scotch ballads: he adjusts, he reverses, he interfuses, his old material with a fresh quality. If he fails to confess, with the Sir E—— B—— L—— of Bon Gaultier,

"I 've hawked at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonished bard a meaning all my own,"

at least he can well be pardoned for his all too generous doings; for Mangan seldom detracts from the Muse he professes to follow; his unfaithfulness is in quite another category. The single fact of his having transformed the hard-hearted Kunegund of The Ride around the Parapet into the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne, trumpeting her to and fro with splendid repetitions, is indicative enough of his prodigal habit. Mangan takes under protest, though his endeavor is always to make you think him a great assimilator and economist; but he is a prodigious giver. He hates the niggardly hand, like Horace, and he cares not a straw how much of himself he throws away at his game of setting up a poet in whom he has no special interest, and who often is his inferior. The best known and certainly the loveliest of his shorter German translations is Rückert's ghazel, Und Dann Nicht Mehr.

AND THEN NO MORE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'T was Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.
Amid the throng she passed along the meadow-floor;
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no more.
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb she wore,
I noted not: I gazed awhile, and then no more.

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I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
'T was Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more.
Ah, what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore;
Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more:
The earth was peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once before,
Thro' chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no more,
Death soon would heal my grief; this heart, now sad and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more.

Even here, where he keeps physically rather close to his pensive model, he adds metaphor after metaphor, many a lyrical wail, and a heart-stopping pathos all unwarranted and new; he seems to blight and then revivify almost everything he touches. Scores of times, as in Wetzel's Sehnsucht, itself very like Mignon's immortal song of the far-off land and of the spiritual longing to turn thither, Mangan deliberately improvises on his theme, as if he would say, "See how I would have done it, *more Mangano!*" He matches Wetzel's graceful eight lines with twenty-five of his own, melodiously overlapping, and of extraordinary sweetness, in which

"Morn and eve a star invites me,
One imploring silver star,
Wooes me, calls me, lures me, lights me,"

with a divine persistence far as the "imploring star" itself from good Wetzel's imagination.

The truth is, Clarence Mangan is no translator at all. He is dominated by his own genuine and splendid force, which throve under evil conditions, and had no clear outlet; and he cannot contain the ebullition of his natural speech even in the majestic presence of Goethe. His mind is not pliable, not uniformly "at your service, sir;" he can give an able and courteous coöperation only when the demigod chances to agree with his native fire. The most striking internal evidence that he had not in him the first instinct of the translator is that he seems aware of the existence of Heine, whose abrupt beauty he was curiously well fitted to convey into English, only to appraise him as "darkly diabolical," and to touch severely on his "melancholy misdirection of glorious faculties." As it was, he wasted on the dreams of anybody else the time he was forbidden to devote to the inspirations of his own brain. It was Mangan's misfortune, his punishment also, that with the early loss of enthusiasm, and "that true tranquil perception of the beautiful," which, as he himself feelingly says of an elder writer, "a life led according to the rules of the divine law alone can confer on man," there came an autumnal decadence; a sinking from the exercise of the creative faculty to that of the critical; a relinquishment of the highest intellectual mood, which was his birthright, for that of the spectator, the sceptic, the jaded philosopher. He recanted his belief in his own powers, and having done that he held a false but consistent way. The things he did in literature have the look of accidents and commentaries, as he wished; the pride of his whole shadowed career was to figure in a mask beneath him. In such a spirit of evasion he took to his inexplicable trade of translating; accepting a suggestion and scornfully elaborating it, or ironically

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referring to the gardens of Ispahan his own roses, whose color seemed too startling for the banks of the Liffey.

The question of his Oriental "translations" is of absorbing interest. He is not known to lovers of literature, because he played tricks masterly as any of Chatterton's, and because, unfortunately for the vindication of his genius, his tricks have never been discovered and explained, — they have been merely suspected; and the lazy few who have written of him since he died have left it to be inferred that he was more of a *savant* and less of an organic force than he was. His obliging labor of transposing the Welsh, Danish, Frisian, Swedish, Russian, and Bohemian (for he solemnly pretends to deal in all these) is pure trickery. If Mangan had had the linguistic acquirements of his adored Maginn and of Father Prout, he would have rivaled their gigantic jokes on the gentle reader. Latin and three of the current European tongues he knew, and he quoted Greek, possibly at first hand; he goes out of his way to bear witness that English is nobler than them all; but it seems clear that he was no better versed in the Oriental languages and their dialects than in Gaelic. The Schlegels, Herder, Rückert, and others whom he read were full of Arabic and Persian influences, obvious or occult. During the earlier half of the century the eyes of scholars were turned often to the East; by 1830 there was enough of it in German and English letters, enough even in the spurious bulbuls of Lalla Rookh, to supply a man of nimble apprehension like Mangan, "sagacious of his quarry from afar," with visions of his own. He expressly states somewhere that he dislikes the Orientals for their mysticism! Meanwhile, on a fine musical principle, he approximates them, he has sympathies with them. He has all the sense of awe and horror, the joy in action and the memory of action, the bright fatalism, of a Mussulman. Whenever he puts on a turban, natural to him as the *himation* to Keats, mischief is afoot. He does not only invent his Ottoman; he invents a Teuton, in one instance, to be his Ottoman's sponsor. In 1845, in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine, "J. C. M." bursts into the wild and moving measures of The Last Words of Al Hassan. He remarks that he found it in Wolff's Hausschatz, "the repertory of an incredible quantity of middling poetry;" and he adds that it was composed by "one Heyden, a name unfamiliar to our ears." Now there is no Heyden indexed or otherwise represented in Wolff's Hausschatz. Mark the artful depreciation of the German volume, meant, perhaps, to fright a possible speculator in Manganese. "Translation 's so feasible!" he exclaims in a passage of unusual jollity, wherein he blames other bards who do not dedicate themselves, for the hungry public's sake, to that excellent diversion. Lamb himself had no more fun out of Ritson and John Scott the Quaker than Mangan has out of his poem by Selber, with notes by Dr. Berri Abel Hummer! The nomenclature of some of his puppets is quite too daring; Berri Abel is bad enough, but Baugtrauter is notorious. Even Where 's my Money? (his only humorous poem which is really a success, really not to be spared) he gives away with a flourish to one Franz Freihem Gaudy. He declared continually that his "translations" were not rigidly faithful, or he refused altogether to gratify the curiosity of his audience. "It is the course that liberal feeling dictates," he says, with a strict humor worthy of Newman, "to let them suppose what they like." And all the time he is enriching them and cheating himself; adorning the annals of reversed forgery, and cutting off from the circulation of his mother-tongue some of the most original accents of the century. He took tremendous delight in throwing dust in the eyes of devoted Dublin.

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It is obviously within reason that in Mangan's soaring stanzas dedicated to the Ingleeze Khafir, Djaun Bool Djenkinzun, the dear and dunder-headed gentleman addressed might miss the point altogether. It would not be so conceivable that he hoodwinked also the Trinity Fellows at his elbow were it not for two considerations. In the first place, nobody was especially well acquainted with him; he was essentially intangible; none could affirm with authority that he had but one coat in his wardrobe, or where and how he kept his distressing relatives, so none could track his elusive mental habits, and say, "This knowledge, and not that, has he acquired." Again, specialists do not grow on every bush, even at Trinity. The names of authors whom he cited, Baba Khodjee, Selim-il-Anagh, Mustafa Reezah (may their tribe decrease!), were not illuminating. He attributes one strain to a sixteenth-century Zirbayeh, another to Lameejah, a third to a phonetic nightingale called Waheedi; he abstracts from a manuscript in possession of the queen of Transoxiana one of the loveliest of his songs, and fathers it upon Al Makeenah, a fighting bard of his fancy. Once he was brought to task for concealing himself under the cloak of Hafiz; whereupon he replied that a critic with half an eye could discern that the verses were only Hafiz! His custom was to let Hafiz alone, with Saadi and Omar, these being persons somewhat familiar to the general. The poets he courts are more preciously private to himself than ever Cyril Tourneur was, some years ago, to the elect. The attention of a competent Orientalist may never have been drawn to specifications which would at once throw the unwary off the trail; but it is likely that they passed with modest minor scholars who would have suspected anybody of this roguery sooner than spectral little spectacled Mangan.

It is as a son of the Prophet that he claims full applause. Al Hassan is more than equaled by The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers, once

> "full of health and heart
> Upon the foamy Bosphorus,"

by The Time of the Barmecides, The Howling Song of Al Mohara, and others, drawn, like these, from the impossible "Persian," which escaped the vigilance of Mitchell, a man of many affairs, and which are yet to be found scattered up and down the capital-lettered yellow pages of extinct provincial journals. This Howling Song has a consummate vehemence.

THE HOWLING SONG OF AL MOHARA.

My heart is as a house of groans
From dusky eve to dawning gray,
(Allah, Allah hu![1])
The glazed flesh on my staring bones
Grows black and blacker with decay.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Yet am I none whom death may slay:
I am spared to suffer and to warn;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
My lashless eyes are parched to horn
With weeping for my sin alway;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
For blood, hot blood that no man sees,
The blood of one I slew,
Burns on my hands: I cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Because I slew him over wine,
Because I struck him down at night,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because he died, and made no sign,
His blood is always in my sight;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because I raised my arm to smite
While the foul cup was at his lips,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Because I wrought his soul's eclipse,
He comes between me and the light:
(Allah, Allah hu!)
His is the form my terror sees,
The sinner that I slew;
My rending cry is still therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

[1] O God, O God most high!

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Under the all-just heaven's expanse
There is for me no resting-spot;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I dread man's vengeful countenance,
The smiles of woman win me not.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I wander among graves where rot
The carcasses of leprous men,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
I house me in the dragon's den
Till evening darkens grove and grot.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
But bootless all: who penance drees
Must dree it his life thro';
My heart-wrung cry is still therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

The silks that swathe my hall-deewan[1]
Are damascened with moons of gold;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Musk-roses from my gulistan[2]
Fill vases of Egyptian mould;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
The Koran's treasures lie unrolled
Near where my radiant night-lamp burns;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Around me rows of silver urns
Perfume the air with odors old.
(Allah, Allah hu!)
But what avail these luxuries?
The blood of him I slew
Burns red on all: I cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Can sultans, can the guilty rich,
Purchase with mines and thrones a draught
(Allah, Allah hu!)
From that Nutulian[3] fount from which
The conscience-tortured whilom quaffed?
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Vain dream! Power, glory, riches, craft,
Prove magnets for the sword of wrath,
(Allah, Allah hu!)
Thorn-plant man's last and lampless path,
And barb the slaying angel's shaft;
(Allah, Allah hu!)
O the blood-guilty ever sees
But sights that make him rue,
As I do now, and cry therefóre
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Mangan's other Eastern fictions, like some of his Western ones, deal usually with a mood of reminiscence and regret, and they have the arch and poignant pathos in which English song is not rich. The mournful music of days gone by, the light tinging a present cloud from the absent sun, are everywhere in Mangan's world. He looks back forever, not with moping, but with a certain shrewd sense of triumph and heartiness. He embraces the tragical to-day, like Pascal's crushed and thinking reed of mankind, *parcequ'il sait qu'il meurt, et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui: l'univers n'en sait rien.* He delivers a lament as if it were a cheer; in his strange temperament they blend in one. It is clear to posterity that this looking back on rosy hours is a sham, a poet's license. What idyllic yesterday cradled and reared so ill adventured a soul? Out of his imagination his "rich Bagdad" never existed; though it be cherished there as only the solitary and disregarded intelligence can cherish its ideal, he is lord of it yet, and can bid it vanish, porch, turret, gallery, and dome, at one imperious gesture of relinquishment. Down tumbles Bagdad! — the sound thereof is in the public ears; and who will refuse to believe that there was a Clarence Mangan who knew something of the blessed Orient, — something, too, of felicity, even though it passed?

With his provoking banter, in April of 1840, he calls attention in a magazine to The Time of the Barmecides, which he had given to the same pages precisely a year before, and which he had bettered infinitely, meanwhile, by a few discreet touches. Starting off with a motto (obviously of his own manufacture), that

> "There runs thro' all the dells of time
> No stream like Youth again,"

he proceeds to explain the second appearance of his favored lyric. "It was published some months back, but in such suspicious company that it probably remained unread, except by the few, very few persons who have always believed us

[1] Sofa or seat along the side of a room.
[2] Rose-garden. [3] Lethean.

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too honorable to attempt imposing on or mystifying the public. We now, therefore, take the liberty of reintroducing the poem to general notice, embellished with improvements, merely premising that if any lady or gentleman wishes to have a copy of the original (or indeed of any original of our oversettings), we are quite ready to come forward and treat: terms cash, except to young ladies." With talk of transparent nonsense, Mangan attempts to parry his rightful praise. He would have us think that to his laborious searching and transcribing, "with the help," as he says, of "punch and patience," we are indebted for the existence of his finest work. But the punch is direct from Castaly's well, and the patience covers the rapturous drudgery known to all true art. What held him back from acknowledging his own homespun glories was a trait both of shyness and of perversity. He must have been conscious that his rhythms were nothing short of innovations. Nearly everything which bears his name has a voluptuous dance-measure which no one had written before, — a beauty so novel and compelling that full recognition of it from outsiders would have subjected Mangan, ultimately, to a process very like lionizing. With characteristic shirking, and with an awkward inability to "face," literally, his own music, he sealed his charter of merit to his supposititious ancients and aliens. We, the perspicacious readers of another generation, are to consider it less likely that in one poet was a voice of such individuality that it breaks forth through a hundred disguises than that bards resident through the ages in the four zones, Jew and Gentile,

"Bold Plutarch, Neptune, and Nicodemus,"

are the co-heirs of the selfsame astonishing style! Wits were at work on him, even as on a rebus, long before he died. Some anonymous person, aware of a new sound when he heard it, addressed to him an apostrophe not utterly flat, since it shows that the sagacious race of mousers abides always and everywhere, and that, according to a metaphysical truism, no one can deceive all: —

"Various and curious are thy strains, O Clarence Mangan,
Rhyming and chiming in a very odd way;
Rhyming and chiming! and the like of them no man can
Easily find in a long summer's day."

The refrain is characteristic, in some shape or other, of all old poetry. It belongs to Judea and Greece, to infant England, to northern France, to the Persianized Germany of Mangan's study. After a long lapse, it had its first faint perceptible modern use in the peculiar cadence of Coleridge's stops and keys. The fact that, at divers periods, fashions of thought and speech infect the air is a vindication of many laureled heads; for it is a theory which pinches nobody. Almost on the same morning, within twenty years of Coleridge's retirement to Highgate, Mrs. Browning, Mangan, and Edgar Allan Poe were involuntarily conspiring to fix and perpetuate a poetic accident destined to its subtlest and not wholly unforeseen collateral development in Rossetti. Of these, if we would speak technically, where the competition is so close, Mrs. Browning invented and foreshadowed much, but with a light hand. Poe's ringing of the word-changes is, on the other hand, so bold that any successor who approximates his manner is sure now of instant detection and smiling discouragement. Whatever recalls

"Come, let the burial rite be read,
The funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young;
A dirge for her, the doubly dead,
In that she died so young,"

is all very fine, we say, but it will not do; the thing was done to perfection once; we must let Poe reign in his own

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kingdom. Let us have a care lest we are letting Poe reign in Mangan's kingdom. The unmistakable shibboleth of Poe's maturer poetry, the employment of sonorous successive lines which cunningly fall short of exact duplication, belongs also to Mangan, in the same degree. There is this passage, for instance, in the reverie of the wayfarer beside the river Mourne, who longs for everlasting rest delayed, and who hears, in answer, a prophetic voice from the martyred tree in the sawmill: —

"'For this grieve not; thou knowest what thanks
The weary-souled and the meek owe
To Death!' I awoke, and I heard four planks
Fall down with a saddening echo, —
I heard four planks
Fall down with a hollow echo!"

Were it not for the imperfect rhyme, any critic would attribute the lines to Poe, both for manner and for perfect mastery of ghastly detail.

It happens that the Muse over in Dublin has the advantage of priority. Poe's maiden work has not the lovely lyrical tautology which has since been associated with his name. Judging by the pains which he took to dissect the rainbow of his genius in his Philosophy of Composition, he would have us assured that The Raven was his earliest experiment in the values of that repetition which, like a looped ribbon, flutters about the close of so many of his posthumous verses. The Raven was first published in January of 1845; it spread like wildfire in America, and reached London the next year. The English parodies of it, which would certify that it was popular and familiar, began in 1853. Ulalume appeared in Colton's Review, in 1847; and it may be considered as the perfect blossom of Poe's *da capo* tendencies. Mangan, back in 1839 and 1840, bestowed on heedless air the same emphatic melancholy notes in Night is Nearing, in The Time of the Barmecides, and something not far from them in The Howling Song; indeed, as this article proves, it is difficult to quote from him at all and not detect the accent associated forever and mistakenly with Ulalume, Lenore, For Annie, and the rest. In the Dublin University Magazine, during the years when Poe was attaining his zenith of success, figure other exemplars of Mangan's unchanged art: The Time ere the Roses were Blowing, The Wail and Warning, Twenty Golden Years Ago, the rousing Winniger Winehouse, My Dark Rosaleen, and

"The wasted moon has a marvellous look
Amiddle of the starry hordes;
The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book
All bright with burning words;
The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn
Zahara's castles of sand:
Farewell, farewell! Mine eyes feel dim,
They turn to the lampless land,
'Llah Hu!
My heart is weary, mine eyes are dim,
I would rest in the dark, dark land."

Mrs. Browning and Coleridge are influences aside, when one comes to scrutinize the neck-and-neck achievements of Mangan and Poe. Mr. Joseph Skipsey openly infers that Poe fell across Mangan's experimental measures during his own editorial and journalistic career. The proposition might have more weight coming from a more cautious pen, yet it is as practicable as a guess need be. The American's thrift and hardihood, his known accomplishment of buccaneering, beneficent as it came to be in the application, helped him to adopt and bring into notice any reform perishing in obscure hands. So he supplemented the octosyllabic cadences of Lady Geraldine's Courtship in

"The silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain"

with a patrician aggressiveness never to be confounded with common theft. No arraignment of this sort can be brought against poor chivalrous Mangan which would not be a chronological absurdity. He got his phrase once, if not his pace,

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from Coleridge. That beatific philosopher might have pushed his practice farther; but he lacked that sensationalism which is a noble ingredient if used sparingly and in season, and of which Mangan and Poe, beyond all doubt, were possessed. But it is not to be forgotten that one of these two lived and died, as it were, in a hole; that at no time was he in the current of things, or so placed that he could and would scan even the near English horizon. It was the business of the other to sit in a watch-tower

> "Where Helicon breaks down
> In cliff to the sea."

Poe, if it may be said respectfully, was what the gypsies call a *jinney-mengro*: one-who-knows-what-is-up-and-cannot-be-gulled. Under circumstances comparatively kind, from an official chair, and with the bravery which is half the battle, he soberly bequeathed to the soil of English literature a hitherto exotic beauty. But Clarence Mangan, shrinking like the Thane before the supernatural "All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!" is the true founder, nevertheless, of the most picturesque feature in modern verse.

Poe was ever the finer artist; he had a more steadfast and sumptuous imagination. While he links himself with his immediate English predecessors in The Haunted Palace, The City of the Sea, and the opening of Al Aaraaf, and so falls gracefully into his dynastic place, Mangan has a leaning, far more wayward and unaccountable, sometimes to the whimsical, affectionate temper of Béranger, sometimes to the bare strength of the Elizabethans themselves, as in his line where Fate

> "Tolls the disastrous bell of all our years,"

a line as unlike as possible to

> "Helen, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicean barks of yore."

He is somewhat addicted to compound words; and in the rash use of such words as "youthhood," "gloomsomely," and "aptliest" he makes straight for the pitfalls dug for the radiant intelligence of Mrs. Browning. Poe is too "dainty, airy, amber-bright," for sophomoric blunders, for wretched puns, for breathless haste, for dactyls maimed and scarred in the wars. He never makes Mangan's lunges; his every cæsural pause is fixed by conclave of the Muses. And there is over all his entrancing work an air of incomparable self-attentiveness, a touch of satisfied nicety.

The two Celts had much, very much, in common; Poe's Attic taste and training are responsible for most of the difference. To affirm of him, as has often been done, that he worshiped beauty with his whole soul; that he loved the occult sciences, the phrenologists and the old mystics; that his existence was but an affecting struggle with the adversaries of darkness; even that he was of frail physique, his forehead high and pale, the lower part of his face sensitive and dejected, — in writing thus of Poe one describes Mangan equally well. They had kindred dreams; they had the same ascetic sense of humor; they were haunted by the same "dishonor of the grave;" they died, under almost identical circumstances of pain and mystery, in the same year. In the moral contrast it is the Irish poet who gains. Poe, with his manifold gifts (if we may pervert the terms of a theological thesis *not* "defended or oppugned, or both, at Leipsic or Göttingen"), was "of the highest order of the seraphim illuminati who sneer." He nursed grudges and hungered for homage; he was seldom so happy as in a thriving quarrel. Mangan, as proud at heart, was a pattern of gratitude and deference, and left the force and virginal sweetness of his art to prosper or perish, as Heaven should please.

In 1803, the year of Mangan's birth, Mrs. Hemans printed her first verses, and Moore, already a popular young minstrel, was commissioned to be Ad-

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miralty Register at Bermuda. The Lyrical Ballads had sunk, softly as a snowflake, into the earth one twelvemonth before. Mangan's early youth was the flowering-time of Keats, Shelley, and Byron; and he was writing for penny journals while the new minor notes, Hood's, Praed's, Moore's, were filling the air. He died, not companionless, with Emily Brontë, Hartley Coleridge, and Thomas Lovell Beddoes, in 1849: three souls of lavish promise, defrauded and unfulfilled like his own, yet happier than he, inasmuch as they have had since many liegemen and remembrers. He stands withdrawn in the violet shadow of the Wicklow hills all through the gathering thunder of revolutions abroad and the near and mighty wind of Tractarianism. If he should ever come forward, it will be with his own whimsical, misgiving manner, and with questions pathetically irrelevant, as of one whom the fairies had led astray.

> "O sayest thou the soul shall climb
> The magic mount she trod of old,
> Ere childhood's time?"

It may be the solemn privilege of a daring editor, some auspicious day, to illustrate this not irrecoverable name in an anthology; or, better yet, to gather a full volume from the scattered files of Dublin journalism, which shall supplant Mitchell's necessarily hurried and haphazard labor. May that not impossible editor have the gallantry to repeat, in introducing Clarence Mangan, the words with which Schumann prefaced a review of the young Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen: a Genius!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE CHAPERON.

IN TWO PARTS: PART FIRST.

An old lady, in a high drawing-room, had had her chair moved close to the fire, and she sat there knitting and warming her knees. She was dressed in deep mourning; her face had a faded nobleness, tempered, however, by the somewhat illiberal compression assumed by her lips in obedience to something that was passing in her mind. She was far from the lamp, but though her eyes were fixed upon her active needles she was not looking at them. What she really saw was quite another train of affairs. The room was spacious and dim; the thick London fog had oozed into it even through its superior defenses. It was full of dusky, massive, valuable things. The old lady sat motionless save for the regularity of her clicking needles, which seemed as personal to her and as expressive as extended fingers. If she were thinking something out, she was thinking it thoroughly.

When she looked up, on the entrance of a girl of twenty, it might have been guessed that the appearance of this young lady was not an interruption of her meditation, but rather a contribution to it. The young lady, who was charming to behold, was also in deep mourning, which had a freshness, if mourning can be fresh, an air of having been lately put on. She went straight to the bell beside the chimney-piece and pulled it, while in her other hand she held a sealed and directed letter. Her companion glanced in silence at the letter; then she went on with her knitting. The girl hovered near the fireplace, without speaking, and after a due, a dignified interval the butler appeared in re-

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sponse to the bell. The time had been sufficient to make the silence between the ladies seem long. The younger one asked the butler to see that her letter was posted; and after he had gone out she moved vaguely about the room, as if to give her grandmother — for such was the elder personage — a chance to begin a colloquy of which she herself preferred not to strike the first note. As equally with herself her companion was on the face of it capable of holding out, the tension, though it was already late in the evening, might have lasted long. But the old lady after a little appeared to recognize, a trifle ungraciously, the girl's superior resources.

"Have you written to your mother?"

"Yes, but only a few lines, to tell her I shall come and see her in the morning."

"Is that all you 've got to say?" asked the grandmother.

"I don't quite know what you want me to say."

"I want you to say that you 've made up your mind."

"Yes, I 've done that, granny."

"You intend to respect your father's wishes?"

"It depends upon what you mean by respecting them. I do justice to the feelings by which they were dictated."

"What do you mean by justice?" the old lady retorted.

The girl was silent a moment; then she said, "You 'll see my idea of it."

"I see it already! You 'll go and live with her."

"I shall talk the situation over with her to-morrow and tell her that I think that will be best."

"Best for her, no doubt!"

"What is best for her is best for me."

"And for your brother and sister?" As the girl made no reply to this, her grandmother went on: "What 's best for them is that you should acknowledge some responsibility in regard to them, and, considering how young they are, try and do something for them."

"They must do as I 've done — they must act for themselves. They have their means now, and they 're free."

"Free? They 're mere children."

"Let me remind you that Eric is older than I."

"He does n't like his mother," said the old lady, as if that were an answer.

"I never said he did. And she adores him."

"Oh, your mother's adorations!"

"Don't abuse her now," the girl rejoined, after a pause.

The old lady forbore to abuse her, but she made up for it the next moment by saying, "It will be dreadful for Edith."

"What will be dreadful?"

"Your desertion of her."

"The desertion 's on her side."

"Her consideration for her father does her honor."

"Of course I 'm a brute, *n'en parlons plus*," said the girl. "We must go our respective ways," she added, in a tone of extreme wisdom and philosophy.

Her grandmother straightened out her knitting and began to roll it up. "Be so good as to ring for my maid," she said, after a minute. The young lady rang, and there was another wait and another conscious hush. Before the maid came her mistress remarked, "Of course, then, you 'll not come to me, you know."

"What do you mean by coming to you?"

"I can't receive you on that footing."

"She 'll not come with me, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that," said the old lady, getting up as her maid came in. This attendant took her work from her, gave her an arm and helped her out of the room, while Rose Tramore, standing before the fire and looking into it, faced the idea that her grandmother's door would now, under all circumstances, be closed to her. She lost no time, how-

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ever, in brooding over this anomaly; it only added energy to her determination to act. All she could do to-night was to go to bed, for she felt utterly weary. She had been living, in imagination, in a prospective struggle, and it had left her as exhausted as an actual one. Moreover, this was the culmination of a crisis, of weeks of suspense, of a long, hard strain. Her father had been laid in his grave five days before, and that morning his will had been read. In the afternoon she had got Edith off to St. Leonard's with their aunt Julia, and then she had had a wretched talk with Eric. Lastly, she had made up her mind to act in opposition to the elaborate will — to a clause which embodied if not exactly a provision, a singularly emphatic recommendation. She went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

"Oh, my dear, how charming! I must take another house!" It was in these words that her mother responded to the announcement Rose had just formally made, and with which she had vaguely expected to produce a certain dignity of effect. In the way of emotion there was apparently no effect at all, and the girl was wise enough to know that this was not simply on account of the general line of non-allusion taken by the extremely pretty woman before her, who looked like her elder sister. Mrs. Tramore had never manifested, to her daughter, the slightest consciousness that her position was peculiar; but the recollection of something more than that fine policy was required to explain such a failure to appreciate Rose's sacrifice. It was simply a fresh reminder that she had never appreciated anything, that she was nothing but a tinted and stippled surface. Her situation was peculiar indeed. She had been the heroine of a scandal which had grown dim only because, in the eyes of the London world, it paled in the comparative glow of actuality. That attention had been fixed on it for several days, fifteen years before; there had been a high relish of the vivid evidence as to his wife's misconduct with which, in the divorce court, Charles Tramore had judged well to regale a cynical public. The case was pronounced awfully bad; he obtained his decree. The folly of the wife had been inconceivable, in spite of other examples: she had quitted her children, she had followed the "other fellow" abroad. The other fellow had n't married her, not having had time: he had lost his life in the Mediterranean by the capsizing of a boat, before the prohibitory term had expired.

Mrs. Tramore had striven to extract from this accident something of the dignity of widowhood, but her mourning only made her deviation more public; she was a widow whose husband was, awkwardly, still alive. She had not prowled about the Continent on the classic lines; she had come back to London to take her chance. But London would give her no chance, would have nothing to say to her; as many persons had remarked, you could never tell how London would behave. It would not receive Mrs. Tramore again on any terms, and when she was spoken of, which now was not often, it was said of her that she went literally nowhere. Apparently she had not the qualities for which London compounds; though in the cases in which it does compound you may often wonder what they are. She had not, at any rate, been successful: her lover was dead; her husband was liked and her children were pitied, for London will parenthetically pity, in payment for a topic. It was thought interesting and magnanimous that Charles Tramore had not married again. The disadvantage to his children of the miserable story was thus left uncorrected, and this, rather oddly, was counted as his sacrifice. His mother, whose arrangements were elaborate, looked after them a great deal, and they enjoyed a

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mixture of laxity and discipline under the roof of their aunt, Miss Tramore, who was independent, having, for reasons that the two ladies had exhaustively discussed, determined to lead her own life. She had set up a home at St. Leonard's, and that narrow edge had played a considerable part in the upbringing of the little Tramores. They knew about their mother, as the phrase was, but they did n't know her; which was naturally deemed more pathetic for them than for her. She had a house in Chester Square, and an income, and a victoria — it served all purposes, as she never went out in the evening — and flowers on her window sills, and a remarkable appearance of youth. The income was supposed to be in part the result of a bequest from the man for whose sake she had committed the error of her life, and in the appearance of youth there was a slightly impertinent implication that it was a sort of afterglow of the same connection.

Her children, as they grew older, fortunately showed signs of some individuality of disposition. Edith, the second girl, clung to her aunt Julia; Eric, the son, clung frantically to polo; while Rose, the elder daughter, appeared to cling mainly to herself. Collectively, of course, they clung to their father, whose attitude in the family group, however, was casual and intermittent. He was charming and vague; he was like a clever actor who often did n't come to rehearsal. Fortune, which but for that one stroke had been generous to him, had provided him with deputies and trouble-takers, and whimsical opinions, and a reputation for excellent taste, and whist at his club, and perpetual cigars on morocco sofas, and nothing to do or to think about. Nature had thrown in a remarkably fine hand, which he sometimes passed over his children's heads when they were glossy from the nursery brush. On Rose's eighteenth birthday he said to her that she might go to see her mother, on condition that her visits should be limited to an hour each time and to four in the year. She was to go alone; the other children were not included in the arrangement. This was the result of a visit that he himself had paid his disjoined wife at her urgent request, their only encounter during the fifteen years. The girl knew as much as this from her aunt Julia, who was indiscreet. She availed herself eagerly of the license, and in course of the period that elapsed before her father's death she spent with Mrs. Tramore exactly eight hours by the watch. Her father, who was as inconsistent and disappointing as he was amiable, spoke to her of her mother only once afterward. This once had been after her first visit, and it was not to ask what she thought of the personality in Chester Square or how she liked it. It was to say, "Did she take you out?" and when Rose answered, "Yes, she put me straight into a carriage and drove me up and down Bond Street," to rejoin sharply, "See that that never occurs again." It never did, but once was enough, every one they knew having happened to be in Bond Street at that particular hour.

After this the periodical interview took place in private, in Mrs. Tramore's beautiful little wasted drawing-room. Rose knew that, rare as these occasions were, her mother would not have kept her "all to herself" had there been anybody she could have shown her to. But in the poor lady's social void there was no one; she had, after all, her own correctness, and she consistently preferred isolation to inferior contacts. So her daughter was subjected only to the maternal; it was not necessary to be definite in qualifying that. The girl had, by this time, a collection of ideas, gathered by secret young processes; she had tasted, in the ostracism of her ambiguous parent, of the acrid fruit of the tree of knowledge. She not only had an approximate vision of what every one had done, but she had

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a private judgment for each case. She had a particular vision of her father, which did not interfere with his being dear to her, but which was directly concerned in her resolution, after his death, to do the special thing he had expressed the wish she should not do. In the general estimate her grandmother and her grandmother's money had their place, and the strong probability that any enjoyment of the latter commodity would now be withheld from her. It included Edith's marked inclination to receive the law, and doubtless eventually a more substantial memento, from Miss Tramore, and opened the question whether her own course might not contribute to make her sister's appear heartless. The answer to this question, however, would depend on the success that might attend her own, which would very possibly be small. Eric's attitude was eminently simple; he did n't care to know people who did n't know other people. If his mother should ever get back into society perhaps he would take her up. Rose Tramore had decided to do what she could to bring this consummation about; and strangely enough — so mixed were her superstitions and her heresies — a large part of her motive lay in the value she attached to such a consecration.

Of her mother intrinsically she thought very little now, and if her eyes were fixed on a certain achievement it was much more for the sake of that achievement and to satisfy a latent energy that was in her than because her heart was wrung by this sufferer. Her heart had not been wrung at all, though she had quite held it out for the experience. Her purpose was a pious game, but it was still essentially a game. Among the ideas I have mentioned she had her idea of triumph. She had caught the inevitable note, the pitch, on her very first visit to Chester Square. She had arrived there in intense excitement, and her excitement found a reception which reminded her of a difficult air she had once heard sung at the opera when no one applauded the performer. That flatness had made her sick, and so did this, in another way. A part of her agitation proceeded from the fact that her aunt Julia had told her, on various occasions (it was another of the indiscretions), that she was, in appearance, the very image of the lady in Chester Square. The motive that prompted this declaration was between aunt Julia and her conscience; but it was a great emotion to the girl to find her entertainer so beautiful. She was tall and exquisitely slim; she had hair more exactly to Rose Tramore's taste than any other she had ever seen, even to every detail in the way it was dressed, and a complexion and a figure of the kind that are always spoken of as "lovely." Her eyes were irresistible, and so were her clothes, though the clothes were perhaps a little more precisely the right thing than the eyes. Her appearance was marked, to her daughter's sense, by the highest distinction; though it may be mentioned that this had never been the opinion of all the world. It was a revelation to Rose that she herself might look a little like that. She knew, however, that aunt Julia had not seen her deposed sister-in-law for a long time, and she had a general impression that Mrs. Tramore was to-day a more complete production — for instance as regarded her air of youth — than she had ever been. There was no excitement on her side — that was all her visitor's; there was no emotion — that was excluded by the plan, to say nothing of conditions more primal. Rose had from the first a glimpse of her mother's plan. It was to mention and to imply nothing, neither to acknowledge, to explain, nor to extenuate. She would leave everything to her child; with her child she was safe. She only wanted to get back into society; she would leave even that to her child, whom she treated not as a high-strung and heroic daughter, a creature of exaltation, of devotion,

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but as a new, charming, clever, useful friend, a little younger than herself. Already, on that first day, she had talked about dressmakers. Of course, poor thing, it was to be remembered that in her circumstances she could not have many subjects. "She wants to go out again; that 's the only thing in the wide world she wants," Rose had promptly and exhaustively said to herself. There had been a sequel to this observation, uttered, in intense meditation, in her own room half an hour before she had, on the important evening, made known her decision to her grandmother: "Then *I*'ll take her out!"

"She 'll drag you down, she 'll drag you down!" Julia Tramore permitted herself to remark to her niece, the next day, in a tone of tremendous prophecy.

As the girl's own theory was that all the dragging there might be would be upward, and moreover administered by herself, she could look at her aunt with a cold and inscrutable eye.

"Very well, then, I shall be out of your sight, from the pinnacle you occupy, and I sha'n't trouble you."

"Do you reproach me for my disinterested exertions, for the way I 've toiled over you, the way I 've lived for you?" Miss Tramore demanded.

"Don't reproach me for being kind to my mother and I won't reproach you for anything."

"She 'll keep you out of everything — she 'll make you miss everything," Miss Tramore continued.

"Then she 'll make me miss a great deal that 's tiresome," said the girl.

"You 're too young for such extravagances," her aunt declared.

"And yet Edith, who is younger than I, seems to be too old for them: how do you arrange that? My mother's society will make me older," Rose replied.

"Don't speak to me of your mother; you have no mother."

"Then if I 'm an orphan I must settle things for myself."

"Do you justify her, do you approve of her?" cried Miss Tramore, who was inferior to her niece in capacity for retort, and whose limitations made the girl appear pert.

Rose looked at her a moment in silence; then she said, turning away, "I think she 's charming."

"And do you propose to be charming in the same manner?"

"Her manner is perfect; it would be an excellent model. But I can't discuss my mother with you."

"You 'll have to discuss her with some other people," Miss Tramore proclaimed, going out of the room.

Rose wondered whether this were a general or a particular vaticination. There was something her aunt might have meant by it, but her aunt rarely meant the best thing she might have meant. Miss Tramore had come up from St. Leonard's in response to a telegram from her own parent, for an occasion like the present brought with it, for a few hours, a certain relaxation of their dissent. "Do what you can to stop her," the old lady had said; but her daughter found that the most she could do was not much. They both had a baffled sense that Rose had thought the question out slightly further than they; and this was particularly irritating to Mrs. Tramore, as consciously the cleverer of the two. A question thought out as far as she could think it had always appeared to her to have performed its human uses; she had never encountered a ghost emerging from that extinction. Their great contention was that Rose would cut herself off; and certainly, if she was n't afraid of that, she was n't afraid of anything. Julia Tramore could only tell her mother how little the girl was afraid. She was already prepared to leave the house, taking with her the possessions, or her share of them, that had accumulated there during her father's illness. There had been a going and coming of her maid, a thumping

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about of boxes, an ordering of four-wheelers; it appeared to old Mrs. Tramore that something of the objectionableness, the indecency, of her granddaughter's prospective connection had already gathered about the place. It was a violation of the decorum of bereavement which was still fresh there, and from the indignant gloom of the mistress of the house you might have inferred not so much that the daughter was about to depart as that the mother was about to arrive. There had been no conversation on the dreadful subject at luncheon; for at luncheon at Mrs. Tramore's (her son never came to it) there were always, even after funerals and other miseries, stray guests of both sexes whose policy it was to be cheerful and superficial. Rose had sat down as if nothing had happened — nothing worse, that is, than her father's death; but no one had spoken of anything that any one was thinking of.

Before she left the house a servant brought her a message from her grandmother — the old lady desired to see her in the drawing-room. She had on her bonnet, and she went down as if she were about to step into her cab. Mrs. Tramore sat there with her eternal knitting, from which she forbore even to raise her eyes as, after a silence that seemed to express the very fullness of her reprobation, while Rose stood motionless, she began: "I wonder if you really understand what you 're doing."

"I think so. I 'm not so stupid."

"I never thought you were; but I don't know what to make of you now. You 're giving up everything."

The girl was tempted to inquire whether her grandmother called herself "everything;" but she checked this question, and answered, instead, that she knew she was giving up much.

"You 're taking a step of which you will feel the effect to the end of your days," Mrs. Tramore went on.

"In a good conscience, I heartily hope," said Rose.

"Your father's conscience was good enough for his mother; it ought to be good enough for his daughter."

Rose sat down — she could afford to — as if she wished to be very attentive and were still accessible to argument. But this demonstration only ushered in, after a moment, the surprising words, "I don't think papa had any conscience."

"What in the name of all that 's unnatural do you mean?" Mrs. Tramore cried, over her glasses. "The dearest and best creature that ever lived!"

"He was kind, he had charming impulses, he was delightful. But he never reflected."

Mrs. Tramore stared, as if at a language she had never heard, a farrago, a galimatias. Her life was made up of items, but she had never had to deal, intellectually, with a fine shade. Then, while her needles, which had paused an instant, began to fly again, she rejoined: "Do you know what you are, my dear? You 're a dreadful little prig. Where do you pick up such talk?"

"Of course I don't mean to judge between them," Rose pursued. "I can only judge between my mother and myself. Papa could n't judge for me." And with this she got up.

"One would think you were horrid. I never thought so before."

"Thank you for that."

"You 're embarking on a struggle with society," continued Mrs. Tramore, indulging in an unusual flight of oratory. "Society will put you in your place."

"Has n't it too many other things to do?" asked the girl.

This question had an ingenuity which led her grandmother to meet it with a merely provisional and somewhat sketchy answer. "Your ignorance would be melancholy if your behavior were not so insane."

"Oh, no; I know perfectly what she 'll do!" Rose replied, almost gayly. "She 'll drag me down."

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"She won't even do that," the old lady declared contradictively. "She 'll keep you forever in the same dull hole."

"I shall come and see you, granny, when I want something more lively."

"You may come if you like, but you will come no further than the door. If you leave this house now, you don't enter it again."

Rose hesitated a moment. "Do you really mean that?"

"You may judge whether I choose such a time to joke."

"Good-by, then," said the girl.

"Good-by."

Rose quitted the room successfully enough; but on the other side of the door, on the landing, she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. She had burst into tears, and she sobbed there for a moment, trying hard to recover herself, so as to go downstairs without showing any traces of emotion, passing before the servants, and again perhaps before aunt Julia. Mrs. Tramore was too old to cry; she could only drop her knitting and, for a long time, sit with her head bowed and her eyes closed.

Rose had reckoned justly with her aunt Julia; there were no servants, but this reinforcement was posted at the foot of the stairs. It offered no challenge, however; it only said, "There 's some one in the parlor who wants to see you." The girl asked for a name, but Miss Tramore was only mysterious and insinuating. Such a manner on aunt Julia's part in itself constituted a revelation, bringing promptly enough to Rose's lips the words, "Captain Jay?" Miss Tramore's eyes confessed her participation in this circumstance; they were, for a moment, the only embarrassed eyes Rose had looked into that day. They contributed to make aunt Julia's further response evasive, after her niece had asked if she had communicated in advance with this visitor. Miss Tramore merely said that he had been upstairs with her mother — had n't she mentioned it? — and had been waiting for her. She thought herself acute in not putting the question of the girl's seeing him before her as a favor to him or to herself; she presented it as a duty, and wound up with the proposition, "It 's not fair to him, it 's not kind, not to let him speak to you before you go."

"What does he want to say?" Rose demanded.

"Go in and find out."

She really knew, for she had found out before; but after standing uncertain an instant she went in. "The parlor" was the name that had always been borne by a spacious sitting-room downstairs, an apartment occupied by her father during his frequent phases of residence in Hill Street — episodes increasingly frequent after his house in the country had, in consequence, as Rose perfectly knew, of his spending too much money, been disposed of at a sacrifice which he always characterized as horrid. He had been left with the place in Hertfordshire and his mother with the London house, on the general understanding that they would change about; but during the last years the community had grown more rigid, mainly at his mother's expense. The parlor was full of his memory and his habits and his things — his books and pictures and *bibelots*, objects that belonged now to Eric. Rose had sat in it for hours since his death; it was the place in which she could still be nearest to him. But she felt far from him as Captain Jay rose erect on her opening the door. This was a very different presence. He had not liked Captain Jay. She herself had, but not enough to make it a great complication that her father did not. This afternoon, however, she foresaw complications. At the very outset, for instance, she was not pleased with his having arranged such a surprise for her with her grandmother and her aunt. It was probably aunt Julia who had sent for him; her

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grandmother would n't have done it. It placed him immediately on their side, and Rose was almost as disappointed at this as if she had not known it was quite where he would naturally be. He had never paid her a special visit, but if that was what he wished to do, why should n't he have waited till she should be under her mother's roof? She knew the reason, but she had an angry prospect of enjoyment in making him express it. She liked him enough, after all, if it were measured by the idea of what she could make him do.

In Bertram Jay the elements were surprisingly mingled; you would have gone astray, in reading him, if you had counted on finding the complements of some of his qualities. He would not, however, have struck you in the least as incomplete, for in every case in which you did n't find the complement you would have found the contradiction. He was in the Royal Engineers, and was tall, lean, and high-shouldered. He looked every inch a soldier, yet there were people who considered that he had missed his vocation in not becoming a parson. He took a public interest in the spiritual life of the army. Other persons still, on closer observation, would have felt that his most appropriate field was neither the army nor the church, but simply the world — the decorous, social, successful world. If he had a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, he had a Court Guide concealed somewhere about his person. His profile was hard and handsome, his eyes were both cold and kind, his dark straight hair was imperturbably smooth and prematurely streaked with gray. There was nothing in existence that he did n't take seriously. He had a first-rate power of work, and an ambition as minutely organized as a German plan of invasion. His only real recreation was to go to church; but he went to parties when he had time. If he was in love with Rose Tramore, this was distracting to him only in the same sense as his religion, and it was included in that department of his extremely subdivided life. His religion, indeed, was of a very expanding and annexing temper. Seen from in front he looked diffident and blank, but he was capable of exposing himself in a way (to speak only of the paths of peace) wholly inconsistent with shyness. He had a passion, for instance, for open-air speaking, but was not thought, on the whole, to excel in it, unless he could help himself out with a hymn. In conversation he kept his eyes on you with a kind of distant candor, as if he had not understood what you were saying, and waited before answering, in a fashion that made many people turn red. This was only because he was considering their remarks in more relations than they had intended. He had in his face no expression whatever except the one just mentioned, and was, in his profession, already very distinguished.

He had seen Rose Tramore for the first time on a Sunday of the previous March, at a house in the country at which she was staying with her father, and five weeks later he had made her, by letter, an offer of marriage. She showed her father the letter, of course, and he told her that it would give him great pleasure that she should send Captain Jay about his business. "My dear child," he said, "we must really have some one who will be better fun than that." Rose had declined the honor, very considerately and kindly, but not simply because her father wished it. She did n't herself wish to do the opposite; though when the young man wrote again, to express the hope that he might hope — so long was he willing to wait — and ask if he might not still sometimes see her, she answered even more indulgently than at first. She had shown her father her former letter, but she did n't show him this one; she only told him what it contained, submitting

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to him also that of her correspondent. Captain Jay, moreover, wrote to Mr. Tramore, who replied sociably, but so vaguely that he almost neglected the subject under discussion — a communication that made poor Bertram ponder long. He could never get to the bottom of the superficial, and all the proprieties and conventions of life were profound to him. Fortunately for him old Mrs. Tramore liked him, he was satisfactory to her long-sightedness; so that a relation was established under cover of which he still occasionally presented himself in Hill Street — presented himself nominally to the mistress of the house. He had had scruples about the veracity of his visits, but he had disposed of them; he had scruples about so many things that he had had to invent a general way, to dig a central drain. Julia Tramore happened to meet him when she came up to town, and she took a view of him more benevolent than her usual estimate of people encouraged by her mother. The fear of agreeing with that lady was a motive, but there was a stronger one, in this particular case, in the fear of agreeing with her niece, who had rejected him. His situation might be held to have improved when Mr. Tramore was taken so gravely ill that with regard to his recovery those about him left their eyes to speak for their lips; and in the light of the poor gentleman's recent death it was doubtless better than it had ever been.

He was only a quarter of an hour with the girl, but this gave him time to take the measure of it. After he had spoken to her about her bereavement, very much as an especially mild missionary might have spoken to a beautiful young Polynesian, he let her know that he had learned from her companions the very strong step she was about to take. This led to their spending together ten minutes which, to her mind, threw more light on his character than anything that had ever passed between them. She had always felt, with him, as if she were standing on an edge, looking down into something decidedly deep. To-day the impression of the perpendicular shaft was there, but it was rather an abyss of confusion and disorder than the large bright space in which she had figured everything as ranged and pigeonholed, presenting the appearance of the labeled shelves and drawers at a chemist's. He discussed without an invitation to discuss, he appealed without a right to appeal. He was nothing but a suitor tolerated after dismissal, but he took strangely for granted a participation in her affairs. He assumed all sorts of things that made her draw back. He implied that there was everything now to assist them to coming to an understanding, since she had never told him that he was positively disagreeable to her; but that this symmetry would be spoiled if she should not be willing to take a little longer to think of certain consequences. She was greatly disconcerted when she saw what consequences he meant and at his reminding her of them. What on earth was the use of a lover if he was to speak only like one's grandmother and one's aunt? He struck her as being very much in love with her, and very careful at the same time as to what he might say. He never mentioned her mother; he only alluded, indirectly but earnestly, to the "step." He disapproved of it deeply; he took an unexpectedly prudent, politic view of it. He evidently also believed that she would be dragged down; in other words, that she would not be asked out. It was his idea that her mother would contaminate her, so that he should find himself interested in a young person discredited and virtually unmarriageable. All this was more obvious to him than the consideration that a daughter should be merciful. Where was his religion if he understood mercy so little, and where were his talent and his courage if he were so mis-

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erably afraid of trumpery social penalties? Rose's heart sank when she reflected that he, a man supposed to be so clever, had n't guessed that rather than not do what she could for her mother she would give up all the husbands in the world. She became aware that she probably would have been moved to place her hand in his on the spot if he had come to her saying, "Your idea is the right one; put it through at every cost." She could n't discuss this with him, though he struck her as having too much at stake for her to treat him with mere contumely. She sickened at the revelation that such a man should see so much in mere vulgarities of opinion, and though she dropped as few words as possible, conversing only in sad smiles and headshakes and in intercepted movements toward the door, she happened, in some momentary relaxation of her reticence, to use the expression that she was disappointed in him. He caught at it, looking suddenly, through all his gray circumspections, like an ardent lover.

"Can I be so happy as to believe, then, that you had thought of me with some confidence, with some faith?"

"If you did n't suppose so, what is the sense of this visit?" Rose asked.

"One can be faithful without reciprocity," said the young man. "I regard you in a light which makes me want to protect you, even if I have nothing to gain by it."

"Yet you speak as if you thought you might keep me for yourself."

"For *yourself*. I don't want you to suffer."

"Nor to suffer yourself by my doing so," said Rose, looking down.

"Ah, if you would only marry me next month!" he broke out inconsequently.

"And give up going to mamma?" Rose waited, to see if he would say: "What need that matter? Can't your mother come to us?" But he said nothing of the sort; he only answered —

"She surely would be sorry to interfere with the exercise of any other affection which I might have the bliss of believing that you are now free to, in however small a degree, entertain."

Rose knew that her mother would n't be sorry at all; but she contented herself with rejoining, with her hand on the door: "Good-by. I sha'n't suffer. I 'm not afraid."

"You don't know how terrible, how cruel, the world can be."

"Yes, I do know. I know everything!"

The words sprang from the girl's lips in a tone which made him look at her as he had never looked before, as if he saw something new in her face, as if he had never yet known her. He had n't displeased her so much but that she would like to give him that impression, and while she felt that she was doing so she lingered an instant for the purpose. It enabled her to see, further, that he turned red; then to become aware that a carriage had stopped at the door. Captain Jay's eyes, from where he stood, fell upon this arrival, and the nature of their glance made Rose step forward to look. Her mother sat there, brilliant, conspicuous, in the eternal victoria, and the footman was already sounding the knocker. It had been no part of the arrangement that she should come to fetch her; it had been out of the question — a stroke in such bad taste as would have put Rose in the wrong. The girl had never dreamed of it, but somehow, suddenly, perversely, she was glad of it now; she even hoped that her grandmother and her aunt were looking out upstairs.

"My mother has come for me. Good-by," she repeated; but this time her visitor had got between her and the door.

"Listen to me before you go. I will give you a life's devotion," the young man pleaded. He really barred the way.

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She wondered whether her grandmother had told him that if her flight were not prevented she would forfeit money. Then, vividly, it came over her that this would be what he was occupied with. "I shall never think of you — let me go!" she cried, with passion.

Captain Jay opened the door, but Rose did n't see his face, and in a moment she was out of the house. Aunt Julia, who was sure to have been hovering, had taken flight before the profanity of the knock.

"Heavens, dear, where did you get your mourning?" the lady in the victoria asked of her daughter as they drove away.

Henry James.

THE SCHOOLS AT OXFORD.

In our description of rowing as its characteristic sport, the training of Oxford was presented on its physical side; we now turn to the intellectual curriculum, and particularly that part of it embraced by the classical school. It must not be supposed, because they are not dealt with here, that mathematics and all kinds of science, modern history, law, and theology are not included in our studies. The classical school is justly that of which Oxford is most proud, and at the same time serves admirably as a type of all the others.

A university career is generally understood to last four years, and the degree is obtained after two examinations. It is possible to obtain it by taking a pass in both, honors in either with a pass in the other, or honors in both. In by far the greater number of cases one honor school at least is attempted, and scholars and exhibitioners as a matter of course take honors in both examinations. Let us begin with the boy fresh from school, — the "Fresher," — and follow him through his career. To gain admittance to the university, an examination of some sort, either the Oxford and Cambridge local, or the "Smalls" held at Oxford, must be passed. But the colleges and the university are distinct. Our schoolboy has still to justify his entrance to his particular college by satisfying its authorities in an examination held by them, or by showing some equivalent. Once past the gate of matriculation, he necessarily assumes the status of either scholar or commoner. The scholar and exhibitioner is assisted by his college generally to the amount of about sixty or eighty pounds a year. He has usually won his scholarship or exhibition in open or more or less limited competition, and he has several privileges not enjoyed by the commoner, from whom he is distinguished outwardly by a different cut of gown. The fellows and scholars form the real nucleus of a college, and, supported by its endowments, they feel themselves bound to maintain by serious study its character for learning. Commoners, though ordinarily more numerous, are practically a sort of appendage. They receive no monetary assistance, and as a rule they are inferior to the scholars in ability and attainments. The lives of the average commoner and scholar differ considerably. The wealthier commoner has for his first object the social and athletic advantages of the university, while the scholar makes these subservient to his endeavor to win intellectual distinction for himself and his college. How the careers diverge may best be seen by taking a typical day in both cases. The scholar rises at 7.30, and perhaps he commits something to

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memory before his breakfast at 8.30; after which he glances over his newspaper, and is ready for lectures at ten o'clock. His less strenuous friend rises later, and thinks he has done well if he gets to work at eleven, and attends one or sometimes two lectures, to the scholar's three. Both may be found lunching at one, and spending the afternoon till five in athletic and other pursuits; but here again the roads divide. After a cup of tea the scholar keeps his room from five till seven, and buries himself in "his books and his devotion;" while society claims the commoner, and long talk and much smoke and many calls to be paid bring him to seven o'clock and dinner in college hall. It is one of the reading man's sorest trials, amidst all the social attractions of university life, to regard the mean, as Aristotle advises, in the matter of friends. In his words, "perhaps then it is well not to endeavor to have very many friends:" the student must be μήτε πολύξεινος μήτ' ἄξεινος, and must cultivate the Emersonian ideal of using his friends, like his books, only when he wants them. Again, after dinner, the conviviality of the commoner is apt to be more protracted, and his hour for retiring somewhat later, than suits the scholar, who wraps himself in studious silence from nine till eleven.

Thus the two lives are contrasted, each perhaps attaining a legitimate end. It might be supposed that the commoner element would do by far the most for their colleges and university in athletics; but this is not the case. The scholar's day is more methodically divided: it has its regular times for reading, physical exercise, and social intercourse, and so he is to the fore in exercises like rowing which admit of regularity. Only here again he must carefully observe the mean, if his evening's reading is not to degenerate into a dull and lethargic performance. If it is the mind that makes a man, it is the scholar who makes his university, and consequently our remarks henceforth will have reference more particularly to the career of the scholar.

On arriving at the university in October the Fresher sets his thoughts five terms ahead on his first public examination, called "Moderations," in short "Mods." He is in residence for three terms of eight weeks each in the year, and the remaining twenty-eight he is his own master. To a stranger the time actually spent in college appears far too small, but in practice this division of time is found to answer very well. In term-time as much guidance as possible is obtained from tutors and lecturers, while the lectures taken down are expanded and digested in the leisurely quiet of the vacations. The short term is such a busy time that it is nearly impossible to keep pace with lecturers and tutors: large masses of text can best be read at home, where athletics and male society make fewer demands upon one's energies. Mods. is a continuation of school work, and provides an excellent foundation in the study of language and literature for "Greats." It is calculated at once to impart a wide and accurate knowledge of classical literature, and to stimulate "pure scholarship" by criticism of style and text. Free reading for the sake of both style and matter and a real grasp of the spirit are encouraged by the setting of the whole of Homer, Virgil, Demosthenes, and Cicero as compulsory subjects. Besides these a candidate will offer three plays of Sophocles, Euripides, or Æschylus, three books of Thucydides or some historian, and perhaps Lucretius or Propertius and Catullus, and of these he will have a detailed and accurate knowledge both as to text and literary matter. Composition papers in Latin and Greek, both in prose and verse, and passages for translation at sight, together with a general paper (largely grammatical), help further to test the real scholar, while the principles of literary criticism are instilled by a study of the Poetics

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of Aristotle or some portion of Quintilian. As a preparation for the final school the elements of deductive and inductive logic are also required.

It will thus be seen that, however well a boy may have been trained at school, his time may be amply occupied in preparing for Mods. during his first year and a half of residence at Oxford. The help he receives in this preparation is, briefly, as follows: A fellow of his college is assigned to each man personally, to supervise his work, control his reading, and advise him generally. This tutor will perhaps take his pupil in composition and allow him one hour a week, — as a rule not more, for tutors at Oxford are busy men. For his logic and the necessary help with his texts the scholar is probably sent to public lectures on stated subjects, and a list is drawn up at the beginning of each term and posted in public places, with lectures arranged to suit the candidates for the various schools. Each college contributes a number of lecturers. The choice of those to be attended devolves upon the tutor; and this is a matter of no small importance, for when time is short and the amount of work to be done large, a good lecturer can give much help, and a bad one do much harm. It is difficult to guide without actually doing the work, to stimulate without falling into one of the extremes of cramming or overburdening the pupil with irrelevant matter. The merits of the lecturing system seem to be little called in question. In fact, the mornings in term are spent in taking down at a good speed, almost verbatim, all the lecturer says. In a few cases the notes are copied out afresh the same day, so that the general drift can be caught and emphatic points duly noted; but it is found to be hard to get through other work set for the week if this plan is pursued, and in the majority of cases the notes are left in the rough, and perhaps not consulted for two or three or even four terms after they are taken. The feeling at the end of one's career often is that, were the time given him again, he would go to far fewer lectures, keep up to date with those he did take, and try to arrange his matter more for himself.

Besides these lectures there are others of a more public character given by the various university professors. It has been the complaint that, do what they will to popularize their necessarily special subjects, the professors constantly get small audiences and receive little encouragement. But the reason is partly that their lectures are as a rule placed in the afternoons, the recognized time for gymnastic rather than mental work, and partly that the *raison d'être* of professors is not so much lecturing to others as themselves doing original work and representing the university before the world. Moreover, the proportion of undergraduate specialists is infinitesimal.

Wherever intellectual work is going on examinations are not far off, and from time to time the different colleges, with a view to making a respectable display in the class lists, stimulate their men with examinations and even donatives of books. The examination is held in the large public schools, each man at his own little table, with examiners watching closely. This process lasts about eight days, during which time candidates wear white ties, which effectively elicit the sympathies of all non-combatants. The Mods. list as a rule contains some forty names in the first class, about sixty in the second, and the same number in the third. Below this is a division called the "gulf," and still lower, like the frozen lake in Dante's Inferno, is the region of "ploughs:" *dejecti fundo volvuntur in imo.*

The scholar, having obtained his first, and received our congratulations, sets to work with good heart for the second and more serious portion of his course, but with a dash of sour competitive feeling when he considers that out of the forty

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firsts in Mods. about twenty will fall into the second in Greats. However, the examination is yet far off, and the first year's reading for Greats is very invigorating, for he finds himself able to give his time to subject matter, exercising his own judgment and intelligence without being arrested at every step by nice points of grammatical or textual criticism: *largior hic æther*. What is more calculated to excite curiosity and imagination than the first reading of Herodotus? Reading, analyzing, and essay-writing are now the scholar's whole employment; the pen is seldom out of his hand. The spirit of research and systematization gradually grows upon him, and he is constantly coming upon vistas of possible specialization. But he must resist their Circean fascinations, and, like Æneas in Hades, toil up the hill to get a broad comparative view of all the great dead who have been pioneers in thought.

> "Unde omnes longo ordine possit
> Adversos legere."

History, Greek and Roman, moral and mental philosophy, logic and the main outlines of its development from ancient to modern times, political philosophy and scholarship, — all these give a splendid comprehensive training. Memory, method, diligence, and enthusiasm must all be brought to the task, or the student would better not start at all on his seven-term undertaking. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Plutarch in the original are a centre for the reading of Greek history, and from this radiate studies in Grote, Curtius, Schömann, and others. In Roman history, Plutarch, Sallust, Cicero's letters, Suetonius, and the Annals of Tacitus form the ground; Mommsen, Ihne, Boissier, and Merivale the superstructure. In moral philosophy, a thorough study of Plato's Republic and Aristotle's Ethics is the pivot on which his learning in the systems of Hobbes, Butler, Hume, Kant, Bentham, Mill, and Spencer is to turn. The student follows the stream of logic through Aristotle, Bacon, Kant, and Mill, and of metaphysical speculation through Aristotle, Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant down to James and John Stuart Mill, Huxley, and Spencer. Lastly he sits at the feet of Aristotle for political philosophy, and imbibes the wisdom of Maine and Mill, Bagehot and Bryce, Austin and Walker. It needs no competition here to make a man feel that it would be sin to waste a single hour: the field is vast, the subjects are absorbing, and, in whatever class a man's name finally appears, he recognizes that he has acquired a system and a method of thinking which are the most valuable equipment for life. How much in earnest undergraduates are may be seen from the fact that, apart from their ordinary formal work, they expend immense labor and research upon essays on philosophical, literary, and economic subjects which they read before their own literary societies. These societies consist chiefly of undergraduates, but tutors and fellows freely attend, either as members or guests, at the fortnightly or weekly meetings. A paper is read, a long debate follows, and in some cases it is made compulsory to speak at not less than half the meetings in each term. These institutions tend to make the intercourse between seniors and juniors free; and though there exists no formal school of English and general literature, private and individual effort produces as much good work in that field as would result from any system of examinations. A cry has recently been raised that such a school should be instituted, but it is to be hoped that we shall not hand over to authority what can be more satisfactorily done by private enterprise.

Greats is held at the end of the summer term, early in June, beginning on Monday and ending on Saturday; but though in point of time a shorter examination, owing to the nature of the subjects, it is a severer strain than Mods.,

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and the paper work is not the end. Each candidate in turn is subjected to a thorough *viva voce* examination, so that if his written work has left the examiners in doubt as to his class he may turn the scale to his own advantage or disadvantage. Thus perhaps the scholar is kept in suspense till the end of July; then, summoned to Oxford, he undergoes the final ordeal, and in a few days is delighted to find his name placed in the first class of the final school of Literæ Humaniores. At some convenient opportunity he pays his fees, takes his degree of B. A. before the vice-chancellor, and brings his undergraduate days to a close. To what "fresh woods and pastures new" he now betakes himself concerns us not. He may stay at Oxford, as a fellow of his college and lecturer in his university; he may go to teach in a public school, or to rise at the bar, in politics, or in the church. But, in whatever sphere, he carries with him through life the indelible stamp of his undergraduate days at Oxford. So short his four years seemed that he would be little inclined to sympathize with any such attempt to shorten the honors course as was made during the past year, in regard to which a few paragraphs here will not be out of place.

The advisability of granting the degree after three years was based on two main grounds: the demand for a fourth year devoted to special work, and a democratic desire to lessen the cost of university education. Under the first head it was urged that specialization inevitably increases, and that special knowledge and research have real claims upon us, though "the Englishman is not by nature a researcher;" that therefore, in view of the facts of the time, it would be in the interest of Greats itself to make this concession of one year to specialization, and thereby divert attack from the characteristic Oxford school. Besides, there is an increasing desire to use the fourth year in preparing for a man's particular career, as in the fierce struggle of professional life he can ill afford to waste a year. Compared with Cambridge, where the degree is taken in three years, after one examination, Oxford is at a disadvantage in the competition for Indian civil service appointments: it sends in its men fagged and jaded by Greats and with no particular preparation. The second head — the popularization of the education — speaks for itself. But it rested with those who wished to curtail the course to suggest some manner in which it could be done without lowering the present standard. Two methods were possible: one to retain the two examinations as at present, making the first earlier; the other, to return to the old system of one examination, to be held after three years instead of four. It was thought possible to shorten the time of preparation for Mods., because many said that the year and a half was generally spent in idleness or a mere repetition of work done at school; and, by means of the improved teaching of public schools and the increase of appliances, Literæ Humaniores could be read in three years without the sacrifice of its generality or any of its valuable elements. If, it was said, there is to be an intermediate school, let it be more directly introductory to Greats. The Moderations school of scholarship is unnecessary. A university certificate of a working knowledge of Greek and Latin sufficient to teach a form in a school could be given in the first term. Of first classes in Mods., only the brilliant men are fit to be specialists; all others would do well to drop their linguistic studies. The interest of the teacher, which is ultimately also that of the candidate, is adverse to Mods., because in lecturing he is constantly compelled to confine himself to the requirements of a school more elementary than the final one. The tendency is therefore to prevent him from being a genuine student.

The conservative answers to these pro-

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posals were that there is no demand on the part of undergraduates for a shortened course; that the vast majority do not want, and are not fit, to specialize; and that specialists are a small proportion among honor men. A shorter time before Mods. would deprive able but ill-trained men of any chance of competing with those who had been fortunate enough to get better school training. Idling might be prevented by reducing the number of set books, and making the amount of sight work larger. If the student were to read in masses, as at Cambridge, he would find the freedom stimulating and delightful, and for such a feasting in classical literature five terms would scarcely be found too long. The one-examination system is conducive to idleness and to the breaking up of the school of Literæ Humaniores. For, with the abolition of Mods., either scholarship must be provided for in the final school, to the detriment of ancient history and philosophy, or three coördinate schools must ultimately be established, and the student take his degree as a specialist in one. There would be few genuine students in the fourth year, as is proved by the fact that at Cambridge the average number of candidates during the last eight years for the second part of the tripos is eighteen, for the first part one hundred.

The conservative opinion seems to have prevailed; at any rate, the curriculum for the present remains unchanged, and the tendency to specialism has not yet seriously begun to encroach upon an educational system which Plato and Comte would be at one in commending for its abstraction and generality.

S. E. Winbolt.

BEYOND THE DAY.

Beyond the common daylight gleam
High brightnesses, and where they beam
The soul will be. A strange noon star
Allures. We take our way afar.

Voices familiar to the ear
Now speak in vain, — it does not hear;
There 's sweeter calling from afar,
Where blissful burns the mystic star.

Erelong returned, we may not say
What land we found beyond the day;
What voice did call we may not tell;
But land and voice, — we know them well.

And some new flower we back may bring,
Some new pure melody may sing,
Which men seeing and hearing say,
"Truly his soul has been away."

John Vance Cheney.

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A PEOPLE WITHOUT LAW.

II.

THREE important statutes about the Indians remain to be mentioned, one of which was incorporated in the Revised Statutes.

(*a.*) A statute of March 3, 1871, reads: "No Indian nation or tribe within the territory of the United States shall be acknowledged or recognized as an independent nation, tribe, or power with whom the United States may contract by treaty," — saving, however, the obligation of previous treaties. This was enacted twenty years ago. Did it abolish the existence of these separate political powers, nations, or tribes? No, we all know that they have continued and been recognized just as before. Did it abolish the carrying on of war with the Indians? No, we remember the horrible events of last winter, and a recent judicial decision in South Dakota, that the Indian known as "Plenty Horses" was not guilty of homicide in killing a white man during those troubles, because it was an act of war. Do we then carry on war with Indians and not make treaties with them? Yes. A strange and absurd situation, is it not? Yet we do make "agreements" with them as with a separate people; and the chief result of this law is, and was intended to be, that it is no longer the President and Senate (the treaty-making power) that conclude these measures, but the legislative body, Congress. This statute was the result of a struggle on the part of the House of Representatives to share in these proceedings, and was forced upon the Senate on the last day of a session by putting it into an appropriation bill. It was thought at the time by so competent an observer as General Walker, formerly Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to be "a deadly blow at the tribal autonomy;" and so it was, in the logic of it. But the step was not then followed up, for it did not represent any clear determination of Congress to end the old methods; and this strange notion of refusing to make treaties with a people with whom we continue to go to war has remained on our statute book as another of the many anomalies that mark our Indian policy. Is it not plain, however, that if we abandon the policy of treaties with Indians we should give up the practice of war with them? Our arrangements with them are now called agreements; but this gives them no added sanction; they are still to be dealt with on the analogy of treaties.

(*b.*) The second statute to which I refer is that of March 3, 1885. It followed up timidly the logic of the law of 1871, though for only a step or two; but it marked the greatest advance yet reached in the process of assuming the direct government of the Indians. The law provides that thereafter Indians should be punished for committing upon Indians or others any one of seven leading crimes (murder, manslaughter, assault with intent to kill, rape, arson, burglary, or larceny): if in a Territory (whether on or off a reservation), under the territorial laws and in the territorial courts; and if in a State and on a reservation, then under the same laws and in the same courts as if the act were done in a place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. This is a very important statute. In principle it claims for the United States full jurisdiction over the Indians upon their reservations, whether in a State or Territory. Heretofore, the laws, for example the statute of 1817 and the renewals of it, had excepted the acts of Indians committed upon their fellows within the Indian country. The acts of Indians against white persons or

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of whites against Indians had been dealt with, but the internal economy of Indian government was not invaded in its dealing or refusing to deal with the relations of members of the tribe to one another. The constitutionality, even, of such legislation as this of 1885 had been denied. Judges had been careful to avoid asserting this full power in cases where the reservation was in a State. Thus the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1845, in holding good the law of 1817, which punished (in this particular case) the act of a white man against a white man in the Indian country, among the Cherokees, said: "Where the country occupied by them is not within the limits of one of the States; Congress may by law punish any offense committed there, no matter whether the offender be a white man or an Indian." In 1834 Mr. Justice McLean had denied the power of Congress to legislate in this way for an Indian reservation in a State, while admitting it in a Territory; and in December, 1870, the judiciary committee of the Senate of the United States even went so far as to say, "An act of Congress which should assume to treat the members of a tribe as subject to the municipal jurisdiction of the United States would be unconstitutional and void."[1] But the air was at last cleared in 1886, when the Supreme Court of the United States had to deal with the indictment, under this statute, of one Indian for the murder of another Indian on a reservation in the State of California.[2] It was laid down in this case, one of the landmarks of our Indian law, that the government of the United States has full power, under the Constitution, to govern the Indians as its own subjects, if it sees fit to do so, and to such partial or full extent as it sees fit; that nothing in the tribal relation or in any previous recognition of it by the United States cuts down this legislative power; that this is so not merely in the Territories, but on reservations within the States. The case, as I said, arose on a reservation in the State of California. "This proposition itself," said the court, with no dissent, speaking through Mr. Justice Miller (that is, the proposition to punish under the laws of a Territory and by its courts a tribal Indian who commits a crime upon another tribal Indian on a reservation in a Territory), "is new in legislation of Congress. . . . The second, which applies solely to offenses . . . committed within the limits of a State and . . . of a reservation, . . . is a still further advance as asserting this jurisdiction over the Indians within the limits of the States of the Union. . . . After an experience of a hundred years of the treaty-making system of government, Congress has determined upon a new departure, — to govern them by acts of Congress. . . . It seems to us that this is within the competency of Congress."

Not less important than the decision itself is the principle on which it is put. In supporting the statute the government counsel had relied on the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress power "to regulate commerce with . . . the Indian tribes." But the court boldly rejected this as "a very strained construction of this clause," and rested its decision upon no specific provision of the Constitution, but upon the just inferences to be drawn from the nature of the situation, namely, that the Indians are a decayed power, residing upon our soil and under the protection of the general government, — a people who must be governed by somebody, and whom, so long as their separate political existence is recognized by the United States, nobody but the United States has any right to govern. "The Constitution," says the court, "is almost silent in regard to the relations of the government . . . to the numerous tribes of Indians within its borders. . . . While we are not able

[1] Walker, The Indian Question, 125.

[2] United States *v.* Kagama, 118 U. S., 375.

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to see in either of these clauses of the Constitution" (namely, the one relating to the basis of representation, "excluding Indians not taxed," or the clause giving Congress power to regulate commerce with the Indian tribes) "any delegation of power to enact a code of criminal law, . . . [yet] these Indians are within the geographical limits of the United States. The soil and the people within those limits are under the political control [either] of the government of the United States or of the States of the Union. There exist . . . but these two. The territorial governments owe all their power to the statutes of the United States. . . . [But] Congress has defined a crime committed within the State and made it punishable in the courts of the United States. . . . Congress has done it. It can do it with regard to all offenses to which the federal authority extends. . . . This is within the competency of Congress. These Indian tribes *are* the wards of the nation. They are . . . *dependent*[1] on the United States, dependent largely for their daily food, dependent for their political rights. They owe no allegiance to the States and receive from them no protection. Because of the local ill feeling, the people of the States where they are found are often their deadliest enemies. From their very weakness and helplessness, so largely due to the course of dealing of the federal government with them and the treaties in which it has been promised them, arises the duty of protection, and with it the power. . . . The power of the general government . . . is necessary to their protection as well as to the safety of those among whom they dwell. It must exist in that government because it never has existed anywhere else, because the theatre of its exercise is within the geographical limits of the United States, because it never has been denied, and because it alone can enforce its laws on all the tribes."

[1] The italics are those of the court. There is a tacit reference to the famous phrases of an earlier opinion.

Here, it will be noticed, is a comprehensive and statesmanlike declaration. It covers the entire ground; the government, if it pleases, can go on to extend its law fully over the Indians while they are still a separate people. Observe, now, one thing. The existence of this right and power, and the clear and authoritative declaration of it by the Supreme Court of the United States for the first time in 1886, have brought home to the Congress of the United States and to us all, now within these recent years, a great weight of responsibility. It may have been thought possible before to deny the legal power fully to govern the Indians. It cannot be denied now. Under such circumstances, the mere neglect or refusal to act is itself action, and action of the worst kind.

(*c.*) The third and last of these statutes — and the last upon which I shall comment — is the General Land in Severalty Law (often known as the Dawes Bill). This was passed in February, 1887, within nine months of the great decision upon which I have just been remarking: the dates are May 10, 1886, and February 8, 1887. But it was pending in Congress at the time of that decision, and had long been pending there under bitter opposition. This great enactment opens the way, within a generation or two, to settle the whole Indian question. Whether it is to be regarded as a good law or a bad one, however, depends on the moderation with which it is administered. The peculiarity of it is not that its methods are new, for similar arrangements had repeatedly been made, for a score of years before, in the case of particular tribes, as the Winnebagoes in 1863, the Stockbridge Munsee Indians in 1871, the Utes in 1880, and the Omahas in 1882. But now, by a general law applicable to all reservations, the President is given power to make almost every Reservation

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Indian outside the civilized tribes a landowner in severalty and a citizen of the United States *against his will*. The right of citizenship is made to follow the ownership of land.

The scheme of the act is this: Whenever the President thinks that any Indian reservation, or any part of one, is advantageous for agricultural or grazing purposes, he may cause the whole or any part of the reservation to be surveyed and allotted in severalty, in specified amounts, among all the heads of families, single persons, and orphan children of the tribe or band. The Indian heads of families may select for their children, and the Indian agents for the orphans. If in four years from the ordering of an allotment no selection is made in any given case, it may be made by an agent on the order of the Secretary of the Interior. Patents (that is, deeds) are to be issued by the Secretary of the Interior on his approval of the allotments, setting forth that the United States will hold the land in trust for the allottee for twenty-five years, and then convey in fee to him or his heirs, free of all incumbrances. Meantime the allottee cannot convey or incumber the land, and, as it seems, it is not taxable. When these allotments and patents are all made (and perhaps sooner) the Indians are said by the terms of the statute to pass at once from the jurisdiction of the United States to that of the Territory or State in which the reservation is situated, and to become at once citizens of the United States. The construction of the law is doubtful, but it is the view, I believe, of the Indian Bureau at Washington that these results happen not merely when all is done, but man by man, as each has his allotment and his patent. I venture to question the soundness of that view. This statute also provides for allotments, with like results, to tribal Indians not on reservations who may settle upon the public lands. It makes citizens at once of all Indians who leave their tribe and voluntarily live apart from it, adopting the habits of civilized life. This last class of persons had been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, in November, 1884, not to be citizens of the United States, in the absence of such legislation. It is important, also, to notice that Indians are stimulated to take their allotments by a clause that this shall be a ground of preference in appointments on the Indian police and other public offices.

But the allotment may leave a surplus of land still belonging to the Indians. The Severalty Act provides that after the lands have been allotted to all the tribe, or sooner if the President thinks it for the interest of the tribe, such portions as they will consent to sell may be purchased by the United States, for the sole purpose of selling it again (in tracts of not over one hundred and sixty acres to any one person) to actual settlers, who are not to have a deed until after five years of occupancy. The money is to be held by the United States for the benefit of the Indians. One observes that this last provision for obtaining the surplus land requires the consent of the tribe; the allotment does not. What happens, then, if this consent is not given? Evidently the tribe and tribal ownership of land may continue for some purposes after all the allotments are made. There are other difficulties in the construction of the act; but these need not detain us.

Now this statute puts it in the power of the President to forward rapidly the absorption of the Indians into our body politic. It does not compel him to do it. How fast he will move we cannot tell; but it is manifestly possible for him to move a great deal faster than is wise. It cannot be well to incorporate into our Western Territories and States the bulk of the Reservation Indians as citizens within any short time. Observe what Senator Dawes said at the Mohonk Conference in October, 1887, soon after the passing of this law: "President

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Cleveland said that he did not intend, when he signed this bill, to apply it to more than one reservation at first, and so on, which I thought was very wise. But you see he has been led to apply it to half a dozen. The bill provides for capitalizing the remainder of the land for the benefit of the Indian, but the greed of the land-grabber is such as to press the application of this bill to the utmost. There is no danger but this will come most rapidly, — too rapidly, I think. The greed and hunger and thirst of the white man for the Indian's land are almost equal to his 'hunger and thirst for righteousness.' That is going to be the difficulty in the application of this bill. He is going to press it forward too fast." And the Senator added this advice: "Say that no Indian shall be put upon a homestead, under this act, until he realizes what is meant by it, and until he has such material round about him as will enable him to maintain himself there, and then let him work out his own destiny." That was wisely said.

In order to guard against this danger, there ought to be an amendment to the Severalty Law, requiring for many years to come the sort of evidence of fitness which has heretofore been demanded in several cases of allotments authorized by treaty or special law, as in that of certain Wisconsin Indians in 1865, and certain Kansas Indians in 1873. In the last-named case the provision was this: "If any adult member of said tribe shall desire to become a citizen of the United States, shall prove by at least two competent witnesses, to the satisfaction of the Circuit Court of the United States for the State of Kansas, that he or she is sufficiently intelligent and prudent to manage his or her own affairs, and has for the period of five years been able to maintain himself or herself and family, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, and shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States, as provided by law for the naturalization of aliens, he or she shall be declared by said court to be a citizen of the United States, which shall be entered of record, and a certificate thereof given to said party." This sort of provision, in the case of an adult, is a reasonable and fit one. Without it there is no sufficient assurance that the Indians will not be crowded out into the world much too fast. I notice that our excellent Indian commissioner, General Morgan, who will remain in his present office, I trust, until he is promoted to a higher one, expresses the very sensible opinion, in his last report, that the surplus land ought not to be negotiated for until the allotments are all made. Now consider what the pressure to get hold of these lands is going to be. "The greed of the land-grabber," like a strong mainspring, will be forever operating to secure the surplus land. If, as seems wise, the allotments must first be made, then it will be forever operating to secure allotments; and if, as the law is now interpreted, the Indians cannot have their allotments and patents without being thereby made citizens and subject to state and territorial law, the pressure of this dangerous and constant mainspring will be transferred to that point, and will be felt in a most serious way in hurrying them out from under the protection of the general government long before they should go. Consider what the condition of a vast proportion of them still is. "I wish," said the agent at the Santee Agency in Nebraska, in his report to the commissioner in August last, "to impress upon the department that these Indians are yet as overgrown children. But very few of the adults are able to speak English, and during this generation will need more or less encouragement and training." Remember the Messiah craze, and the state of advancement in civilization that it indicated. An agent on the Sac and Fox Reservation in Iowa reported to the commissioner last August: "I have lived near these people twenty years, and I

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can see but very little improvement among them during that time as a whole. . . . [Their] general appearance . . . to-day is one of filth, ignorance, laziness, and poverty."

Again, if it be true, as it is thought to be in some quarters (although I do not believe it), that the Indians, as fast as they get their allotments, are taken by this law wholly out from the possibility of control by such courts as may be constitutionally provided on the reservations for the tribal Indians who have not yet had allotments, then in that respect the law should be changed. They should not be so taken out. They should be held under the protection of the United States, as regulated through courts of its own upon the reservations, for a considerable period.

Still further, since the Indian land cannot be taxed for twenty-five years, the United States government should pay the local taxes; otherwise these poor people, when enlarged, cannot get any proper help from the authorities of their counties or States. What an undesirable neighbor will he be who pays no taxes, and expects other people to tax themselves to support him in the matter of roads, schools, and courts! This mischief has already been bitterly felt among the Omahas and others. Read, for instance, what the agent at the Sisseton Reservation in South Dakota says, in his report of September 29, 1890, to Commissioner Morgan. He is speaking of Indians who have lately been made citizens. "In this connection I will state that although the law of Congress and the department authorities direct these Indians to the county courts for the settlement of all minor crimes and civil cases, still it is apparent that this course at present is impracticable. The authorities of the counties decline to audit any expenses of prisoners, paupers, or litigants who hold lands under the allotment act. All the information I have upon this subject convinces me that Indians and mixed bloods who hold lands under the allotment act will not have the same privileges as the white man in the county courts. Nor will prisoners', paupers', and litigants' expenses be paid." Under the law as it now stands this result is almost unavoidable. Of course, also, education must be provided for, and we may well second and applaud the far-seeing plans of General Morgan to that end. I only wish that he would insist more upon one point, namely, that no education can be better for these Indians, as a preparation for the condition of citizenship, than practice in political usages and duties, — a chance, for instance, to vote in town meeting and serve on a jury, a chance to spend their own money and earn their own living, with the ordinary security and restraints of legal obligation and legal right, the ordinary stimulus of competition, and the ordinary hope of gain. There is no education, there is no civilizing agency, so important as this for the present generation of Indians who are beyond childhood, and so for all of them as they pass that line.

While, then, this great measure, the Severalty Law, in course of time is going to put an end to the strange anomaly of the Indian situation, in that form of it which now presses upon our attention, — that is, as touching the bulk of the tribal Indians outside the so-called civilized tribes, — the process must inevitably take many years. How many? The Commissioner of Indian Affairs informed me recently that in the four years and a half (nearly) since the Severalty Law was passed about 12,752 allotments have been made under its provisions, and about 1437 patents have been issued, — say at the average of 2800 allotments a year, and 600 patents. Patents, it will be remembered, are issued upon the approval of allotments by the Secretary of the Interior. That leaves about thirteen times as many more allotments to be made, and the time required for winding up the reservations, at that rate, would

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be nearly sixty years. Suppose it to be half that time, — this is quite too long to allow us to yield to the arguments of those who say: "Let the matter alone; it is a vanishing state of things; all will have passed away before you can mend matters." During this process of "vanishing," such bloody fruits of our present system are showing themselves, and will continue to show themselves, as the dreadful outbreak and slaughter of last winter. How soon we can mend matters depends on ourselves and our representatives at Washington. Matters can be mended at the next session of Congress if the people sternly demand it.

What then shall we do? (1.) We must not leave things alone for one or two generations, to be worked out by the Severalty Law unaided. We cannot do that. See what General Morgan says of the existing system, in his last report: "The entire system of dealing with them [the Indians] is vicious, involving as it does the installing of agents with semi-despotic power over ignorant, superstitious, and helpless subjects; the keeping of thousands of them on reservations practically as prisoners, isolated from civilized life, and dominated by fear and force; the issue of rations and annuities, which inevitably tends to breed pauperism; the disbursement of millions of dollars' worth of supplies by contract, which invites fraud; the maintenance of a system of licensed trade, which stimulates cupidity and extortion."

If it be thought that a wise and steady administration of the present system will answer well enough, I reply that we cannot have, under such a government as ours, a steady, firm, uniform administration of the merely political sort, in the case of so complicated a matter as our Indian affairs. Good administration is the weak point in our form of government; for the proof of that it is enough to appeal to the record of a hundred years. We may mend and patch, but the result will be bad oftener than good.

(2.) If it be said, "Very well, let us hurry through the allotments; let us do as was done with the slaves after the war, remove all civil disabilities at once and set up the Indians forthwith as citizens," I have already dealt with that sort of suggestion. But let me say a word or two more. This is, indeed, the kind of short cut which suits a democratic people when it is once aroused to the necessity of having a change; then the tendency is to go straight to the mark. One reason for this is the instinctive apprehension, in such a community, of its own weakness in administering any complicated system or adhering long and steadily to a purpose. The slow method (it says to itself), the method of gradual approach, is not safe. Accordingly, we all know that this sort of swift dispatch has been urged. It is the way which preoccupied and impatient minds are apt to recommend; and some others also. It was the one preferred by that excellent soldier and friend of the Indians, General Crook. Undoubtedly it has its advantages. To give the Indians the ballot at once would do for them what was done for the slaves; it would put into their hands a weapon which would powerfully help them in working out their political salvation among their neighbors. Whatever temporary disturbances may take place, the ultimate result is certain, that he who has the ballot is one who will be protected from abuse. Such was General Crook's reasoning about it.

But this course, as I have said, has insuperable objections. The great body of the tribal Indians are totally unfit for the ballot, and it would be inexcusable to force such a body of voters suddenly upon the States where they live. It was bad enough, although politically necessary, to do this sort of thing at the end of the war, in communities which had revolted, staked all upon war, and lost. It would be inexcusable to do it in the midst of a loyal population, who are

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entitled to have their wishes consulted by the government. And above all, it would be an abandonment by the government of its highest present duty to the red men, that of governing and sheltering them. In view of what has happened at the South with the negroes, and of the well-known local hostility to the Indians at the West, it cannot be doubted that they would suffer much. Remember that with the giving of full citizenship there would take place a loss of all power in the federal government to legislate specially for them. Nothing is clearer than that they need, and will need for a good while, the very careful and exceptional protection of the nation. The power to give this special and exceptional protection exists now, growing out of the strange political situation which I have expounded; and it is the one best thing there is about the present state of things. We must seize upon this and use it.

(3.) How shall we use it? That is the question that still recurs. We use our power now in dealing with the Indians by this vile process which pretends to leave them to govern themselves, and yet, in its actual application, denies them liberty and shuts them up on reservations; pauperizes them; insults and breaks down all of law, custom, and religion that they have inherited from their fathers and have been taught to venerate; excludes civilization, trade, law; and subjects them to the unsteady tyranny of the politicians. This way of using our power should be at once abandoned. But there is a wise way to use it, and I am glad to say that while Congress has lagged the Indian commissioners have made, since 1882, a slight but useful beginning in the right direction. Upon some agencies the agent is directed to appoint Indians to hear and judge the complaints of their fellows against one another, subject to the revision of the agent himself, and ultimately of the commissioner. The testimony is uniform, I think, as to the salutary and steadying effect of these "courts." Of course they are not courts in our ordinary sense, for they do not administer law, but merely certain rules of the Indian Department. They bear about the same relation to courts, in the proper sense of the term, that courts-martial do; they are really a branch of the executive department. But their effect in educating the Indians and assisting the department in its heavy burden of government has been such as to point clearly to the wisdom of following up this good beginning (the suggestion of Commissioner Hiram Price, I believe) and giving the Indians real courts and real law. This is what we must do, — extend law and courts of justice to the reservations.

A simple thing, indeed, is it not? Does this seem to my reader, I wonder, as it does to me, obviously just, obviously wise, obviously expedient? Yet our legislators at Washington let it linger year after year, and we cannot get it done. We must demand of them that they no longer neglect it, — that they abandon any attitude of obstruction upon this subject, any mistaken fancy that the Severalty Law has actually done all that has been made possible by it. I express the conviction not merely of one person, but of a vast number of the friends of the Indians, in declaring that the one most pressing and vital necessity to-day, in this matter, is that of bringing the Indians and all their affairs under the steady operation of law and courts. This is saying no new thing. Many of us who had the honor of advocating the Severalty Law before it was passed always coupled it with the demand for extending law to the Indians. This necessity has long been obvious; indeed, it sickens one to look back and see how uniform and how pressing has been the cry for this, during many years, as the thing most needful.

Let me repeat some of these utterances. Nearly twenty years ago, in

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1873, the Indian commissioner urged this matter in his report, and again, in 1874, pressed it, with careful specific recommendations for establishing a system of law among the Indians. In 1876 the Indian commissioner (J. Q. Smith) said in his annual report: "My predecessors have frequently called attention to the startling fact that we have within our midst 275,000 people, the least intelligent portion of our population, for whom we provide no law, either for their protection or for the punishment of crime committed among themselves. . . . Our Indians are remitted by a great civilized government to the control, if control it can be called, of the rude regulations of petty ignorant tribes. Year after year we expend millions of dollars for these people, in the faint hope that, without law, we can civilize them. That hope has been to a great degree a long disappointment, and year after year we repeat the folly of the past. That the benevolent efforts and purposes of the government have proved so largely fruitless is, in my judgment, due more to its failure to make these people amenable to our laws than to any other cause, or to all other causes combined. I believe it to be the duty of Congress at once to extend over Indian reservations the jurisdiction of United States courts, and to declare that each Indian in the United States shall occupy the same relation to law that a white man does. . . . I regard this suggestion as by far the most important which I have to make in this report."

In 1877 the wise and devoted Bishop Hare said, in a passage which was quoted at length by the Indian commissioner in his report of 1883 with renewed recommendations: "Civilization has loosened, in some places broken, the bonds which regulate and hold together Indian society in its wild state, and has failed to give the people law and officers of justice in their place. This evil still continues unabated. Women are brutally beaten and outraged; men are murdered in cold blood; the Indians who are friendly to schools and churches are intimidated and preyed upon by the evil-disposed; children are molested on their way to school, and schools are dispersed by bands of vagabonds: but there is no redress. This accursed condition of things is an outrage upon the one Lawgiver. It is a disgrace to our land. It should make every man who sits in the national halls of legislation blush. And, wish well to the Indians as we may, and do for them what we will, the efforts of civil agents, teachers, and missionaries are like the struggles of drowning men weighted with lead as long as, by the absence of law, Indian society is left without a base." In that same year (1877) Indian agents declared over and over again that a system of law on the reservations was the great need. "By far the greatest need of this agency," said one of them, "is civil law. Give us civil law and power to execute it." In 1878 the Indian commissioner in his report quoted Joseph, the famous and very able Nez Percé chief, as saying that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law by which controversies between Indians and between Indians and white men can be settled without appealing to physical force. . . . Indians . . . understand the operation of laws, and if there were any statutes the Indians would be perfectly content to place themselves in the hands of a proper tribunal, and would not take the righting of their wrongs into their own hands or retaliate, as they now do, without the law."

How many of my readers have ever read that wonderful, most moving story of this same Chief Joseph, sent by Bishop Hare to the North American Review, and published there in April, 1879? In introducing it the bishop expressed his own appreciation of it by saying, "I wish that I had words at command in which to express adequately the interest

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with which I have read the extraordinary narrative which follows." The emphasis that Joseph lays upon the need of law is striking. "There need be no trouble," he declares. "Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. . . . I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. . . . I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white race as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. . . . We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also." Bishop Hare enforces this request. "Indian chiefs," he says, "however able and influential, are really without power, and for this reason, as well as others, the Indians . . . should at the earliest practicable moment be given the support and protection of our government and of our law." In March of the same year, (1879) General Miles printed an article on The Indian Problem in the North American Review, in which he pressed the need of establishing law and courts of justice among the Indians. He quoted Chief Joseph's words that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law," etc., and added, "Do we need a savage to inform us of the necessity that has existed for a century?"

In 1881 General Crook, General Miles, and others, as commissioners appointed by the President to investigate certain matters relating to the Ponca tribe, closed their report as follows: "In conclusion we desire to give expression to the conviction forced upon us by our investigation of this case that it is of the utmost importance to white and red men alike that all Indians should have an opportunity of appealing to the courts for the protection and vindication of the rights of person and property. Indians cannot be expected to understand the duties of men living under the forms of civilization until they know, by being subject to it, the authority of stable law as administered by the courts, and are relieved from the uncertainties and oppression frequently attending subjection to arbitrary personal authority."

In 1884 Miss Alice Fletcher said, in a public address wholly devoted to the need of law on the Indian reservations: "Were the Indians as keen for crime as many believe them to be, not a human being could be safe in their midst during the present hiatus between the old tribal law and our failure to give the protection of the courts. Although matters are not at their worst, they are bad indeed, and it is almost futile to try to build up a people when the very stay and supports of industry and morality are lacking." These remarks were accompanied by convincing illustrations of their truth drawn from her experience among the Omahas. In Miss Fletcher's learned and thorough Special Report to the Bureau of Education on Indian Education and Civilization, published as a Senate Document by the United States in 1888 (page 142), she comments again upon "the need for recasting the entire legal position of Indians towards the state and towards each other, and of permitting the laws of the land to be fully extended over all the various reservations and tribes."

For many years that admirable association in Philadelphia of which Mr. Herbert Welsh is secretary has urged this matter, and as early as eight or ten years ago had prepared a bill which embodied it. In a report of Mr. Herbert Welsh to his society, made in 1885, he presses (to quote his own words) "the immediate introduction of law upon the reservations." For years, also, the Boston Indian Citizenship Committee has devoted itself to efforts for accomplishing this purpose. In February last it issued a memorial, in which the following language was used: "The Boston

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Indian Citizenship Committee, in view of recent events at the West, renews its solemn appeal to Congress and the country for the immediate extension of the ordinary laws of the land over the Indian reservations. . . . We desire to record our belief that this country has no duty towards the Indians so solemn and so instant as that of bringing these poor people under the protection and the control of the ordinary laws of the land." Year after year the same appeal has come from the Mohonk Conference.[1]

So long, so uniform, so weighty, so urgent, has been this appeal for a government of law for the Indians, and yet the thing is not done. Why? Perhaps the chief reasons are three: (1.) That there has been no one man in Congress who was deeply impressed with the importance of this particular step. Some men there appear to think the Severalty Law a finality, instead of one great step to be followed by others. (2.) That the whole Indian question gets little hold on public men, and is crowded aside by tariffs and silver and President-making and office-jobbing and pension-giving. (3.) That so far as questions of Indian policy get any attention, this is spent on matters of detail, and in administering and patching the present system. But, I may be asked, do you call all this effort for the education of the Indians and their religious teaching, and the improvement of the civil service among them, — all these things matters of detail? Well, it would be an extravagance to say that, and yet sometimes one can best convey his meaning and best intimate the truth by an extravagance. I am almost ready to answer, *Yes, I do.* This, at any rate, I will say: It is as true now as it was fifteen years ago, when Indian Commissioner J. Q. Smith put it on record in his annual report: "That the benevolent efforts and purposes of the government have proved so largely fruitless is . . . due more to its failure to make these people amenable to our laws than to any other cause, or to all other causes combined." It is as true to-day as it was fourteen years ago when Bishop Hare said it first, and as it was eight years ago when the Indian commissioner quoted it with approval in his annual report, and seven years ago when Miss Fletcher quoted and indorsed it, that, "Wish well to the Indians as we may, and do for them what we will, the efforts of civil agents, teachers, and missionaries are like the struggles of drowning men weighted with lead as long as, by the absence of law, Indian society is left without a base." It is as true now as it was thirteen years ago, when the Indian commissioner quoted it from one of the ablest of the Indian chiefs, that "the greatest want of the Indians is a system of law by which controversies between Indians and between Indians and white men can be settled without an appeal to physical force."

Will not my reader agree with me, then, in saying that the time has come when all causes of obstruction and delay must give way; when (1) we must find or place some men at Washington who *are* profoundly impressed with the necessity of a government of law for the Indians; when (2) we must cause it to be understood that this matter is no longer to be shoved aside by any question whatever; and when (3), in dealing with the Indian question, this matter of establishing law among the Indians must take precedence for the time being of all other aspects of the subject? The Indian associations of the country and all individual friends of the Indian

[1] And, finally, since this article was written, the American Bar Association, after listening to a valuable paper on this subject by Mr. William B. Hornblower, of New York, and after a debate in which the leaders of that body participated, on August 26 last unanimously resolved: "It is the opinion of this association that the United States should provide, at the earliest possible moment, courts and a system of law for the Indian reservations."

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should now gather themselves together and concentrate their efforts for a time upon this single point. They have very great influence when they unite; they can, if they please, make such an appeal to Congress and the Executive as will speedily be heeded.

Since the spring of 1888 a carefully prepared bill for accomplishing the objects I have named has been pending in the Senate of the United States. It has the support of some of the best lawyers in the country. It was prepared by a committee of the Mohonk Conference, and has been steadily supported by the leading Indian associations. That bill, or something better, should be passed at the next session of Congress.

James Bradley Thayer.

JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE.

THE birds and the beasts having a dispute as to their respective virtues, it was agreed to refer the question to arbitration; but the choice of an arbitrator raised a more thorny problem than the original, for the beasts refused a bird, and the birds would accept no beast, and they cawed and cackled, and howled and roared through a long summer afternoon without getting nearer an agreement than when they began. As the twilight came on, the bat flittered in, and, excusing herself for not answering the summons earlier in the day on the score of her weak eyes, offered her services. "I am, you know," she said, "the connecting link between you; my organization leads me to one side and my habit to the other, and as habit is second nature I may fairly put it in one scale and my constitution in the other. Nature meant me for a mouse, but necessity gave me wings, so that, though I can neither fly with the eagle nor run with the horse, I can better appreciate the speed of the one and the daring of the other than a more skillful performer on wing or foot." The owl thereupon proposed the bat, and the mole seconded the nomination, but I have not a record of the decision. It is likely that it satisfied neither party, and was torn up on report.

The debate between the believers in the virtues of the press (a term which modern journalism has arrogated to itself as if it monopolized the art of printing) and those of literature in the more deliberate, if we may not say the higher form, is like that of my apologue, and the amphibia are not wanting to advocate as well as adjudicate on it. I vote myself to the bench rather than to the bar, and the seconding of the editor is all that in our republic of letters is requisite as credentials; but if more were needed, I may say that I have flitted through pen-land for forty years, am acquainted with both ends of the critical bludgeon and both sides of journalistic responsibility, have a modest nook on the bookshelves, and have held a place on the staff of more than one great daily; and my experience may not be without value to the person who stands before the gate of this garden of delight, as he probably imagines it (though there are those who have found in it only desert sands and a lifelong, unquenchable thirst), desiring to enter in, though on the general question of merits and values it may possibly have no more importance to the public than a last year's editorial of the Times. From this point of view the discussion is and must be purely academical; it is like weighing a file of the London Times against the essays of Matthew Arnold, or Emerson

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against Horace Greeley; each man or woman out of the throng holds his or her judgment as infallible as if it were a matter of the *menu* of a dinner. That, in the severest logic of intimate cause and effect, the daily paper is the most deadly enemy of a noble literature is no argument to the business man, who must be informed every day of what took place the day before in Canton, London, Washington, San Francisco, and has no leisure, when he comes back from his counting-room, to read an essay of Bacon or a poem by Lowell; you might as well tell him that beefsteak is a better dish for his breakfast than buckwheat cakes. While you prepare to convince him, he has finished his cakes and is away to his office, reading his paper in the railway carriage as he goes, though he might have Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, or Bacon for the reading, or Emerson, Huxley, Holmes, or Hawthorne.

Men are divided broadly into journalists and eternalists, ephemera and immortals, and we can only match the multitude of the first with the permanence of the second. They have gone the way they chose; constitution or circumstance settled their determinations, and we have not to ponder over what we cannot unravel; was it fate, was it free-will, or the Zeitgeist? It does not matter; the ephemera have the immense majority, and until human nature changes are likely to have. I suppose that the mass of those who seek a literary occupation, as of those who have followed one, care more for what constitutes the success of journalism than for the artistic form of thought or for permanent influence, which indeed does not come for the seeking (though the art will if the roots of it are in the student); but if there be one who holds art dearer than success, let him look askance at the sanctum, and struggle against any temptation to join in a newspaper controversy. I remember that an artist friend of distinguished intellectual ability, whom I begged to contribute to a periodical devoted to art, for the conduct of which I was once responsible, replied that he had taken a vow never again to write for a newspaper, for the success of one letter he had been induced to write by his interest in the subject woke in him such a momentary fever for such triumphs that he saw at once that to give it its course would be the destruction of his content with art, for he could not serve the two ambitions. He felt that the passion for momentary success, the spring of which is notoriety, would stifle the serener aspiration for the perfection of his work, which is the one indispensable condition of happiness in art, — not always the guarantee of attainment, but ever the consolation for failure, as the only reward for struggle which can surely be depended on, for there are victories which are known only to the victor.

But beside the passion for the perfection of his work which is the characteristic of the true artist, there is another ideal which warns the student away from the excitements of journalistic success, namely, that of adding to the permanent intellectual wealth of humanity. No man says even to himself, "I will utter immortalities," but he only has a chance of so doing who turns his back resolutely on ephemeral triumphs, and, living with the immortals, learns to despise quick-caught applause. There is nothing in common, beyond the use of language, between the work that abides and spreads and in its slow conquest permeates all human forms of thought and the ready and superficial glitter or polish the perfection of which is found in French journalism, or the more solid and sober grasp of matters of daily interest which one finds at its best in the great English dailies. In highly cultivated communities there will always be a certain number of readers of the daily paper who thoroughly appreciate the element of culture, and who will therefore make it an important element in the success of the journal which shall attract

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it, but as a rule it weighs little with that large public which is necessary in this country for the pecuniary success of the journal. We continually hear complaints of the low character of modern journalism, but it is, and always will be, what the public calls for; and the community may always be known by its leading and most successful daily.

It is necessary to distinguish between journals. They divide themselves specifically into three classes: the daily newspaper, the journal of culture (including periodicals other than daily, and incorrectly called journals), and the paper devoted to moral reforms, like The Liberator of William Lloyd Garrison. The last I leave out of consideration, because those whom the passion of humanity seizes have no choice of paths and can make no question of inducements; culture may sharpen their weapons, but a divine conviction alone makes their support and efficiency, and the journal is to them only the accident of form. We have but to take off our hats and stand silent when they go by; they do not ask our applause and are indifferent to our criticism. In another sense than that in which Dante speaks, —

"Di lor non parliam, ma guarda e passa," —

they are indifferent not only to our opinions of what they do, but to the permanence of their literary work, as a gunner is to the smoke of his gun, thinking only whether he hits his mark or not.

As the journal of culture leads to scholarship and the sounder and broader general education of the public, its work passes under the classification of science and out of journalism proper; it is a branch and continuation of the university. We in the United States of America are proud of our educational system, and it is not an unfrequent boast that we are the best educated people in the world. In fact we are one of the worst. It may be true that in the United States there are more native boys of a given age who can read and write than in any other country, and that we have more colleges and universities than any two other countries combined; but the number of persons who are profoundly versed in any branch of learning, or who may be said to be really educated, is probably less than in most European countries. In such a question it is not the extent of the primary or secondary education that tells, but that of the superior. Nor is there any validity in the excuse that we are a young nation; we have all the advantages that heredity can give, and the concentrated results of all the culture the world has known, and the proof that we fully enjoy the advantages of this epoch and past epochs is that here and there an individual amongst us rises to the highest attainments of the culture of the day. But our education in any given branch out of the practical, the pursuit of the material, is extremely superficial, and we are content that it should be so. It is peculiarly and almost exclusively a newspaper education, and responds to the demands of the day, — calls for information, not for knowledge. And it is almost inevitable that it should remain so, at least for a long time, for the newspaper is the readiest of all appliances for cramming, and cramming is the vice not only of our country, but of our race, though eminently of our nation as compared with other nations of our race. America has in fact transformed journalism from what it once was, the periodical expression of the thought of the time, the opportune record of the questions and answers of contemporary life, into an agency for collecting, condensing, and assimilating the trivialities of the entire human existence. In this chase of the day's accidents we still keep the lead, as in the consequent neglect and oversight of what is permanent and therefore vital in its importance to intellectual character. The effect is disastrous, and affects the whole

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range of our mental activities; we develop hurry into a deliberate system, skimming of surfaces into a science, the pursuit of novelties and sensations into the normal business of our lives; our traveling is a competition to see the most in the least time, our learning the collection of the greatest number of facts concerning the greatest number of things, and our pride the multitude of subjects we know something about rather than the soundness and depth of the knowledge we possess of a few. We desire to be glib; we mistake glitter for luminousness; we force the note in whatever we undertake, for nothing is so repugnant to our standards as the calm of a serene philosophy. The most disastrous consequence of this condition of things is that even those of us who are earnest are driven into materialism in some of its shapes, if we would make an impression on contemporary development, and our lives are little by little deprived of the spiritual leaven that makes their true vitality. We are more proud of this electric-light brilliancy than we are of any of our real virtues, and strain to be sparkling until we but dimly perceive the difference between being funny and witty, more dimly that between being witty and wise. To sum up all that could be said on this score, we are more anxious to seem than to be. Our art, our literature, our politics, and our social organization are infected with the passion of an ostentation often mendacious, always superficial.

To lay all this to the charge of the daily newspaper would doubtless be unjust, for that is only the microbe that establishes itself in the constitution predisposed to disease, but the tone of our journalism is responsible for the rapid spread of the malady. Nor does it avail to point to individuals engaged in journalism here and there who have attained a high distinction in the finest culture; they are not the result of our system, but the instances of escape from it, — cases of survival from the influence of the surroundings in which the individuality was so strong that it resisted the tendency imposed on it. In the German system of education thoroughness is the end aimed at, and its attainment is the result of the system; while with us it is the virtue of the individual, which succeeds in spite of a system without definite aim. This is at least the general statement, and is not to be negatived by the local exceptions which may occur under partial influences. We boast of the practical character of our system of education, which means that we educate to enable men to increase their incomes; and the simplest means of gaining a living by a man who wishes to devote himself to writing is to get a place on a newspaper as soon as he leaves the university.

In time the determined student may find his way out of the wilderness of words into which the profession of journalist leads him, find time to think before writing; and if his scholarly tastes are strong enough, may become a scholar; if original, a thinker. But as long as he is a journalist he almost necessarily learns neither to think dispassionately nor to write nobly; he prints to-day what everybody will burn to-morrow, and the consciousness of this deprives his work of half its zest. He is only an ephemeral. Who reads now a word of the writing of Horace Greeley, the most successful and in many respects the ablest journalist America has yet produced? All the prose his paper ever contained is not worth a paragraph of a lecture of Emerson. To feed party passion and support political expedients, — to be Sisyphus, Ixion, or a Danaide filling the public sieve with water, — this is the lot of the journalist.

Admit that he escapes, finds a vein of thought which leads to better things, as one may on the journals of culture, and wanders away into pure literature: how much harder even then to unlearn what

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journalism has taught him than to learn from the beginning in the proper school! Vices of style, fallacies of thought, speciousnesses of reasoning, and probably a fatal facility of composition are all to be fought against for years, because as a journalist he must be quick even if he is empty, plausible even if he is absolutely in error; he must exert his powers to prove a party case, right or wrong, and support with all the appearance of conviction candidates and policies he may know to be utterly reprehensible. If any one dispute this statement as a fair representation of the condition of American journalism, let him go over the list of the political journals of the country and ascertain how many there are that are independent of party in their judgment and advocacy of public men and public measures; how many that, being devoted to practical politics, determine their position in party contests by fixed principles of right and wrong; how many in whose columns calm, deliberate elucidation of public duties and public morality prevails over appeals to party interest or personal or local prejudice. How many are there of our more than a thousand political journals that stand ready to support the best man for office and the soundest measures for legislation, in utter disregard of what the party leaders have decided shall be done? These are the "turn-coats," the mugwumps of our politics, and no bitterer insult can be launched against a journalist than to stigmatize him as a deserter from his party. How shall men whose education in literature has been in the deliberate misstatement of the principles of public morality and sound political economy, or at best in passionate self-delusion, in the earnest study how to make the worse appear the better reason, learn later in life to obey those imperious calls of the higher law written in the conscience, and the habitual violation of which effaces them gradually from the immortal tablet on which they were inscribed by our divine heredity? But the basis of our political organization, the collocation of our parties, and the law of our political morality are, that in politics there is only expediency, and no wrong or right; the only reason for advocating any measure is its probable success.

A noble literature implies the ambition of immortality, and truth alone is immortal; only that book survives which successive generations recognize as having anticipated its thought; only he finds the truth in its deeper streams who never left the guidance of its tiniest rills. The honesty of the writer may not make him immortal, but his insincerity and the willing sacrifice of the truth will certainly land him in the rubbish heap of the centuries; even the novelist who is willing to paint his passions in stage colors and sacrifice verity to sensational effect leaves to posterity only empty canvases. We pardon the mythology of Homer and the paganism of Dante because we find so intertwined with them the eternal elements of human nature that the fable becomes ennobled by the weaving. There is no literary work of permanent value which is not rendered so by the everlasting truth in it. No fancy, no imagination, that is not fed by essential verities can survive the generation that took it into fashion. And no man finds the way to truth by paltering with expediencies or toying with a lie because it serves the purposes of the day. I am aware of apparent exceptions in men who, in the midst of party rancors and the fury of materializing competition, do maintain the dignity of a personal independence free from partisan refraction of their vision, but they are hardly successful editors according to the present standard. Bryant was one of these, but it may be questioned if he would have been remembered as long as Horace Greeley but for gifts which had nothing to do with journalism; he

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certainly never wielded a tithe of the contemporary influence that Greeley did. Bryant was a passionate lover of truth as he saw it, but I worked under him long enough to know that even his vision was not free from that partisan refraction which was so conspicuous in Greeley, and which is an important if not essential quality of a party leader.

Nor is it merely in the willingness to look at truth in a distorting mirror that the efficiency of the journalist lies, not only in his readiness to see only so much of it as his partisan needs dictate: in the form he gives his work he must aim low to hit our masses, and the masses make politics. Here we come again to the salient difference between our public and that, for instance, of England or Germany, and find the reaction on our education of the daily papers, the partisan press; and so the vicious circle is closed. Compare the best known or the most widely circulated American journal with the London Times, which, though it does not print so many copies as some other English papers, still retains the primacy of the London press. In the former, anything beyond a certain standard of culture is wasted, and individuality is rooted out as a weed; in the latter, for three generations of its proprietorship the highest culture of England has found employment, because a considerable portion of the public of the Times demands a high standard of culture, comprising as it does a great proportion of highly educated men, who in their turn exercise an enormous influence on the opinions of the nation.

If, therefore, I take the Times as the gauge by which I shall measure the relation of journalism to literature, no one can say that I have not taken the highest standard of journalism at my disposal. But what even here are the conditions of intellectual activity? I beg leave to recall at this point the object with which I set out, — the contrast between the educations which make immortal work possible and ephemeral work successful. It is not to be denied that the ambitions of journalism may be noble, that its uses may be most vital to the political exigencies of the day. Twice since I have been in the habit of following the Times in its daily work has it changed for the better the course of European politics, and possibly on many other occasions which my observation did not reach; and the social power it exercises in England is enough to satisfy the ambitions of most men. But how many of its writers have struggled successfully against the absorption of individuality which its routine imposes? How many men who have fully succeeded on it have been able to extricate themselves from the fascination of the position or the advantages it offered? The primary condition of good journalistic work is that it shall at a moment's notice put into fitting form the dictation of the chief whose brain is the motor of the whole organization, and he in his turn obeys the political exigencies of the day. This suppleness of brain, indispensable to effective work in such a system, the dexterity of mental fence which enables a man to hold any assigned ground and make the position good, is of no use in the education of a thinker; on the contrary, it is the destruction of the power of discriminating quest. The fine clues of philosophic thought, the subtle web of induction, and the discriminations of spiritual insight are dispelled like the reflections on water by these intellectual athletes in their plunge into the pool.

But this is only one form of the devastating influence of the daily paper on the mental development; perhaps a worse is the constant devotion of the mind to the mere details of public life, — the accidents and incidents, elections, steamer explosions, wrecks, murders, disasters, sensations, the gratification of curiosities, trivial or morbid, whatever

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most piques or stimulates our attention. A diligent journalist, especially in the earlier stages of his career, is obliged to devote a large part of his time to skimming and sifting the papers of the day; he acquires a morbid habit of hunting items, news, opinions of men who may be in the public view, keeping always on the alert for trivialities; and the more earnest he is in his devotion to his occupation the more absorbing this passion grows, until he becomes what a diplomatic acquaintance used to distinguish as a "*croque-journal*," devourer of newspapers. To this man the effect of journalism is more disastrous than to the reader of journals, as an indigestion from omnivorousness must be worse than one from occasional indiscretion in the selection of one's food. This malady is the worst that can befall the mind.

In whatever way we regard journalism, then, a deadly danger to culture in the noble sense threatens the beginner; and except for those who deliberately choose it as their profession, and are willing to forego the chances of a purely literary success, it is a very Cerberus at the gate of the eternal abode; whatever one's function, one form of it awaits him. If it were possible to force culture into American journalism, and so make it the means of the higher national education, there would be the consolation of at least sacrificing one's self to the general good; but I do not believe this attainable in the present state of our social organization and political condition. The prime element in journalistic success in America is a rapid popularity; its great reward, power to-day. If the journalist, even when he has gained the most difficult of all achievements in journalism, a recognized individuality, succeeds in his ambition, he does but write on sands over which the tide flows every day; only the Garrisons survive through even the weekly paper. In Emerson's essay on Culture are these pertinent sentences; "What forests of laurel we bring and the tears of mankind to those who stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries!" "Let me say here that culture cannot begin too early." "The youth must rate at its true mark the inconceivable levity of local opinion." "Be willing to go to Coventry sometimes and let the populace bestow on you their coldest contempts." "He who should inspire and lead his race must be defended from traveling with the souls of other men; from living, breathing, reading, and writing in the daily, time-worn yoke of their opinions."

No man has fathomed and measured the depth and extent of American life with such an angel's rood as Emerson; and in this one sentence, "Whilst all the world is in pursuit of power, and of wealth as a means of power, culture corrects the theory of success," he has summed up its condition, its dangers, and its refuge. The fever of power and wealth is drying up the springs of our national life, and the men into whose hands the destinies of the state are given make war on culture as if they considered it the most relentless enemy of their success; they tax literature and art as if these were to be classified as articles dangerous to the prosperity of the state. The barbarous politician, whose intellectual world lies in his party paper, has no idea that there is a firmament above it. Books, pictures, statues, are the symbols of a life he has no knowledge of or sympathy with; they are odious to him as refinement is odious to a tramp. He has an instinct that there is a danger in them to the *régime* of political ignorance and corruption in which he thrives and attains power, and, like Caliban, he curses that which every day, and in spite of him, gives the lie to his "theory of success." His best friend is a partisan press.

Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case may be, for we can dimly discern

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the uses of wrong, the press, in all the shapes it has taken and some which it may yet take, is indispensable to our public life, almost to our private, and the disease, intellectual or moral, which it propagates must run its course; its excess may bring its remedy, and, by practical demonstration showing the insufficiency of the Sodom-apple harvest, awaken a spirit of reaction and reform. To this end the chief agent must be culture: literature in its unutilitarian forms, art in its purest, and every sort of intellectual activity which cannot be put to the base uses of the day. Whatever shows that a greater happiness is to be found in immaterial things tends to stifle the utilitarianism which is the cause of the growing paralysis of American life; and nothing more promotes this than education to the finer qualities of literature and art. Nothing in the range of Emerson's philosophy is better said, though to many of us it seems trite, than this: "A man is a beggar who only lives to the useful, and, however he may serve as a pin or a rivet in the social machine, cannot be said to have arrived at self-possession." In another passage of the essay quoted he says, "I think sculpture and painting have an effect to teach us manners and abolish hurry."

Our present journalism is the enemy of all these finer things. The telegraph has put out of the field the chief fruit of culture in journalism which remained to our fathers, the cultivated correspondent's letter; the interviewer has vulgarized and turned into offense what once was the charm of personality. The morning paper, read at breakfast or finished on the train to the city, has given the skimmings of the world's affairs, and letters and the arts, served to order by the most convenient member of the staff, are crowded into the space that can be spared for them, as things which must be alluded to *pro forma*, but have an altogether trivial importance, and, having been treated in haste, are regarded with a corresponding indifference; criticism being considered as the 'prentice work of the office, and given to whoever is not better occupied. In the London Times there still appear masterly literary reviews, and now and then in certain American papers, but the files of the daily papers printed in the language of the Anglo-Saxon race will be searched in vain for criticism of the arts that are worth the reading. For these we must go to the Gaul. The pleasure-loving Frenchman still retains the leisurely tastes which enable him to enjoy æsthetic impressions; lingering over them as a gourmand over the flavor of his after-dinner wine; taking his goods as if the gods, and not the devil, sent them. The frantic haste with which we bolt everything we take, seconded by the eager wish of the journalist not to be a day behind his competitor, abolishes deliberation from judgment and sound digestion from our mental constitutions. We have no time to go below surfaces, and as a general thing no disposition. Shall we end this state of things, or will it finally eat out all reality from our national life? Shall culture or journalism enlist our powers, or shall culture finally transform the daily paper, allay the fever of our intellectual and the insanity of our political lives? These are infinitely graver questions than that which most occupies us, — Which party shall govern the state?

It is truly a grave question for the young man who desires to follow literature and must work for his daily bread how he shall pay his way. I might say, with Dr. Johnson, that "I do not see the necessity;" and in fact the greater, far greater part of those who attempt it do not justify the experiment. But I will suppose that the individual in any one case is justified in devoting his life and all its energies to letters; that his calling is irresistible, or at least so strong that he is willing to do all but starve

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and freeze to be able to follow it. Even then I say, with all the energy of a life's experience put into my words, and a knowledge of every honorable phase of journalism to give them weight, Do not go on a daily journal unless the literature of a day's permanence satisfies your ambition. Now and then, with the possible frequency of being struck by lightning, you may, as a special correspondent, find a noble cause for which you may nobly give your whole soul, — once it has happened to me; but even this is not literature. Better teach school or take to farming, be a blacksmith or a shoemaker (and no trade has furnished more thinkers than that of the shoemaker), and give your leisure to the study you require. Read and digest, get Emerson by heart, carry Bacon's essays in your pocket and read them when you have to be idle for a moment, earn your daily wages in absolute independence of thought and speech, but never subject yourself to the indignities of reporterism, the waste of life of the special correspondent, or the abdication of freedom of research and individuality of the staff writer, to say nothing of the passions and perversions of partisan politics. That now and then the genius of a man survives all these and escapes above them is not a reason for voluntarily exposing ourselves to the risks of the encounter; and who can tell us how much of the charm of the highest art those successful ones have lost in the experience? For what we get by culture is art, be it on canvas or in letters. Study, fine distinction, the perfection of form, the fittest phrase, the *labor limæ* and the purgation from immaterialities of ornament or fact, and the putting of what we ought to say in the purest, simplest, and permanent form, — these are what our literature must have, and these are not qualities to be cultivated on the daily press. Of no pursuit can it be said more justly than of literature, that "culture corrects the theory of success."

W. J. Stillman.

TWO FRENCH MEN OF LETTERS.

THE third volume of Gustave Flaubert's correspondence [1] opens in 1854, two years before the publication of Madame Bovary, and covers the years devoted to researches for the *milieu* of Salammbô and to the writing of that book. A strong literary and personal interest attaches to this volume, which shows Flaubert at the height of his intellectual activity, and at that period of life when of the tendencies and promises of youth there remains what has become incorporated for better for worse into a man's existence. The elements which formed from within and from without the personality of Flaubert were of too antagonistic and in part of too accidental a nature to mix in a smooth paste. It would appear that there were in him from the first, together with his superb physical endowments, a sensitiveness of organization and a dreamy, morbid tendency rarely found in a frame of such vigor and health. M. Bourget, in his Psychologie Contemporaine, a book which, if it did not stand a little outside the technical boundaries of criticism, might be cited as the most intellectual and artistic achievement of latter-day French critical literature, has drawn an unforgettable portrait of Flaubert, showing him as a man in contradiction with his age, his surroundings, and himself,

[1] *Gustave Flaubert.* Correspondance. Troisième Série. (1854–1869.) Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier. 1891.

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as a *romantique* forced into realism; living throughout his youth in a state of continual exaltation; making vast demands upon happiness, and doomed to perpetual bitterness and disappointment. Turgeneff makes the hero of his Faust say, "In my youth I had dreamed much of happiness, the habitual dream of those for whom life has no such destiny in store." It is peculiarly the preoccupation of minds unhappily constituted; and Flaubert, who, as he says in one of his letters, was "born with little belief in happiness," was perhaps a resolute and conscious dreamer rather than an involuntary and disillusioned one. It was a glimpse of the reality which determined his choice of the romantic.

The building of his Palace of Art was a labor not only of love, but also of unswerving resolution. He attached himself fervently to literature, and to that romantic literature which had opened up new possibilities, which offered an ideal to replace the stupidity or the pettiness of every-day existence. He formed passionate friendships, based upon literary sympathies with school and college comrades; he "bawled" (*gueulait*) great mouthfuls of Victor Hugo and other poets; he planned ambitious works and talked with vehemence, indulging in tirades against commonplace and in mimicry and far-fetched jests. This is the Flaubert of Maxime du Camp's Souvenirs Littéraires, and of the first volumes of the Correspondance. Vigorous and sympathetic where his intellectual enthusiasms were concerned, his mind offered a sheer resistance to matters lying outside that range. He studied law in obedience to his father's wishes, not only in constant revolt against the dullness of the course, but, according to his own testimony and that of M. du Camp, with an absolute inability to comprehend the sense of lectures and text-books, — a fact which is significant as pointing not to a deficiency of capacity, but rather to an inherent difficulty of concentration. His enforced studies over, he had found the way open to the career of his choice when the disease declared itself which seemed to put a negative upon all his hopes, not only of personal happiness, but of creative work. His iron will, which was called upon not to oppose but to second this longing, allied with his great physical strength, proved successful in resisting nervous waste, depression, and intellectual hindrance. Ten years later he had written a book destined to take a very high place in literature; and one which, in spite of the romantic traditions of his youth and the romantic sympathies of all his life, was to be hailed, rightly or wrongly, by the world as a masterpiece of realism. He had not escaped from despair, and the hopelessness which filled the background of his life after as before the realization of his literary ambitions, if they could be said to have been realized, had only intensified that rage against stupidity and the *bourgeois* which takes at times in his letters an almost inhuman ring. And yet a certain adjustment has been made, a certain bitter but brave resignation arrived at, which gives to the present volume a different stamp from its predecessors.

There are no longer any letters to Madame X.: that great passion has died a natural or unnatural death. We have the letters to his intimate friends as affectionate and loyal in tone as ever, with all their coarse epithets of endearment, and several very interesting ones to a correspondent whom he had never seen, Mademoiselle Leroyer de Chantepie. Next to the most intimate and congenial of correspondents, an unknown one is perhaps the best recipient of thoughts and confidences, as talk flows more freely in the dark. This lady, who appears to have appealed to Flaubert's sympathy by her unhappiness amid uncongenial surroundings, received from him letters which are none the less sincere for being written in a more formal tone than his

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epistles to literary comrades of his own sex, and treating questions in a somewhat different manner, with more authority and seriousness. In fact, Flaubert's nature was essentially grave, and the humor which fell to his share as one of the romantic school could hardly have found a more incongruous lodging even in France, where it was an imported adjunct of the movement. In these letters to a woman of literary tastes, Flaubert enters with almost womanly tenderness into all the sufferings, real or imaginary, confided to him by his correspondent; and in so doing reveals frankly and without egotism much of his own experience.

"You ask me how I cured myself of the nervous hallucinations to which I used to be subject. By two methods: first, by studying them scientifically, — that is, by endeavoring to understand them; and second, by *force of will*. I have often felt madness coming upon me. There was such a whirlpool of ideas and images in my poor brain that it seemed to me that my consciousness, my *ego*, was going down like a ship in a storm. But I held fast to my reason. It kept the command, though beaten and besieged. . . . There is a feeling, or rather a habit of mind, which you seem to me to lack; that is, the *love of contemplation*. Take life, its passions, and your own self as a *subject* of intellectual exercise. You revolt against the injustice of the world, against its meanness, its tyranny, and all the turpitude and fetidness of existence. But do you know all these things? Have you studied everything? Are you God? How do you know that your human judgment is infallible, that your feeling is not deceiving you? How can we, with our limited senses and our finite intelligence, arrive at an absolute knowledge of the true and the good? Do we ever really lay hold of the absolute? One must, if one will live at all, renounce any definite idea of anything whatever. *Such is humanity*, there is no question of changing but of learning to know it. Think *less of yourself*. Give up the hope of a solution. It rests in the bosom of the Father: he alone possesses and has not communicated it. But there are in *ardor of study* ideal joys created for noble souls. . . . Try to give up *living in yourself*. Read extensively. Take a plan of study which is severe and continuous. Read history, especially ancient history. *Bind yourself to a regular and fatiguing work*. Life is so hideous that the only way to endure it is to avoid it. . . .

"No great genius ever came to a conclusion, and no great book, because humanity itself is always on the way, and never reaches a conclusion. Homer does not conclude, nor Shakespeare, nor Goethe, nor the Bible itself. For this reason the phrase now so much in vogue, *the social problem*, is profoundly distasteful to me. The day it is solved will be the last of the planet. Life is an eternal problem, and history also, and everything. There are figures incessantly added to the sum. How can you count the spokes of a wheel as it turns?"

This philosophy of acceptance and endurance life rubs into a good many of its subjects. What is more remarkable here than the philosophical attitude is the strong helpfulness of tone: the italics are so many stakes driven in where they may be of most use, and the ideas appear to be brought forward at the prompting of another's need rather than suggested by the personal experience in which they have their root. The letters to Louis Bouilhet contain also much of this friendliness. Belief in his friend's genius was a necessary element of Flaubert's affection. It is touching to read his appeals to Bouilhet to enter more into the world, and make for himself a social career as a stepping-stone to a literary one. He presses the point without overlooking for a moment his

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friend's sensitiveness, yet in a spirit of almost paternal solicitude for his success. This tenderness in Flaubert's personal relations goes a long way to atone for his bitterness of recrimination against the world at large, due partly to suffering, partly to an indignation like Carlyle's, but also in part to an enforced concentration of his emotions and interests. The phenomenon of Flaubert's individuality is that of a vast uncontrolled intellect which is brought by sheer force of will under an arbitrary but narrow and partial control.

As a subject of investigation in what may be called literary physiology, Flaubert, "an invalid of literature" as M. Bourget calls him, is almost unique. His idiosyncrasies, his temperament, and the accidents of his existence all contributed to the organization of a literary method which he not only practiced, but analyzed and expounded at every turn. We can watch the great engine of his brain in intellectual motion: the passage of life into literature and of idea into phrase is in his case more clearly traceable in its most minute processes than in any other writer. It is this fact which gives such high literary value to his correspondence. His judgments upon books are seldom impersonal, and often exaggerated and accidental, but the observations upon art and style from the point of view of his own method of workmanship, which are scattered throughout the letters, are of incalculable interest to those of us who like to see the wheels go round, and to explain all that is explicable in the phenomenon of creative production.

M. Maxime du Camp speaks of Flaubert as having an essentially idyllic talent, and M. Bourget classes him as a romantic writer. We cannot venture to set down as erroneous the judgment of his personal friend and his most sympathetic critic upon his character and gift, yet we note in the present volume a tendency more and more pronounced in the direction of what we may call realism of thought, while the maxims upon writing are calculated to serve as the creed of a widely different school from that which found its watchword in the famous Preface to Cromwell. His convictions remained to the last romantic, or he thought they did; it was a part of his loyalty to cling to the old enthusiasms, a part of his suffering and acuteness of indignation to wage war against the stupidity of commonplace and the hideousness of fact.

"They think me in love with the real, whereas I execrate it; it is out of hatred of realism that I have undertaken this novel. But I have no less detestation for the false idealism by which we are fooled in these days. . . . I beg, however, that you will not judge me by this book. La Bovary has been for me a matter of deliberate choice, a set theme. All that I love is not there. I will give you in a little while something more elevated, in a more appropriate setting." This is to a lady, and may be taken partly as a gracious way of putting things. But to one of his critics he writes in the same tone: "Do you believe that this ignoble reality, the reproduction of which disgusts you, does not turn my stomach as well as yours? If you knew me better, you would know that I execrate every-day life. I have always kept away from it personally as much as I could. But æsthetically I wanted this once, and only this once, to go to the bottom of it. Accordingly I went at the thing in an heroic manner, — I mean in a minute one, — accepting everything, saying everything, painting everything; which is an ambitious way of expressing it." And later, to the same correspondent, in a tone which would contradict his apparent disavowal of Madame Bovary, but confirms the real tenor of his testimony to its reality: "You attack details; you should take exception to the whole. The brutal element is ingrained, and not on

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the surface. We cannot whiten negroes, and we cannot alter the blood of a book; all that can be done is to impoverish it."

This is coming very near to the kernel of the matter. The blood of a book is not a deliberate infusion; the author who writes a great work in opposition to his theory is not concealing, but declaring, the true color of his conception of life. It is not necessary, in order to be a realist, to love "ignoble realities;" it is a matter of truth, not of sentiment; and the feeling which penetrates to a sense of something higher behind the ignoble reality is to be valued only as it brings more and truer tones into the picture. The truth of Madame Bovary has stamped its impress deeply into literature, and the word "realism" would have to be widely diverted from its simple and spontaneous meaning to exclude such a work from its category. When Flaubert speaks of art as "thought in form made concrete, a feeling of *violent* nature, and arrived at its highest term of idealism in expression," he touches the point at which the two words "idealism" and "realism" join. His confidences in regard to the difficulty of composition show that his constant care was to write close to his thought; to make form and expression, as he himself says, "like body and soul." It is a suggestive circumstance in this matter of realism that two of its greatest masters should in different ways have denied or deserted its standard. Flaubert, after writing Madame Bovary "out of hatred of reality," sought refuge in history and the past to avoid another picture of the actual life of his day; and Tolstóy, after seeing with such clearness of vision in Anna Karénin the good and the ignoble at once, has hidden his head in the sand of a fatalistic religion. Is the perception of every-day truth as fatal to its prophets as are the visions of poetry to the bard "blasted with excess of light"?

M. Barbey d'Aurevilly appears to have been troubled by no such uncomfortable insight. There is no question as to the literary school which had the honor of forming his talent and of retaining his services. His ideas exhibit no taint of realism, and his life, as recorded in desultory fashion by his fervent admirer M. Buet,[1] seems to have been planned and carried out in accordance with his conception of what the life of a gentleman, a man of letters, and an original genius should be. Born in 1808, at St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, of a noble Norman family, he was a Legitimist in politics, a Catholic in religion, a romanticist in art, and an upholder of the nobility in his own person. He made his studies at Caen, where he formed a friendship with Trébutien, with whom he was afterwards associated in editing the Guérin journals; he went to Paris to embark upon a literary career, and became intimate with Maurice de Guérin, and later with Baudelaire and other men of letters. Though living by his pen, in a small and obscure lodging, he surrounded himself with a certain fantastic elegance, dressed in a costume consisting of an Oriental tunic with a cross on the breast and a papal cap, became the historian of the dandies, and adopted a social code which inscribed him in their ranks; the picture which M. Buet draws of him suggests a sort of Bohemian Pelham. He was an *homme d'esprit* and a great coiner of witticisms. His History of Dandyism brought him early into notice, and was followed later by some novels, Un Prêtre Marié, L'Ensorcelée, and others, written under the influence of Edgar Poe, but exhibiting in their choice of subject and a certain mysticism of tone more affinity with Hawthorne. A romanticist of 1830, though his romances were not published till ten years and more after that epoch, he had its literary extravagances together with the

[1] *J. Barbey d'Aurevilly.* Impressions et Souvenirs. Par CHARLES BUET. Deuxième Édition. Paris: Albert Savine. 1891.

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prejudices and convictions of the Soirées de St. Pétersbourg, minus the keenness of intellect and logical faculty of Joseph de Maistre. His novels had their admirers, but took little hold on the general public. In his latter years, Barbey d'Aurevilly, living in his old quarters in the Faubourg St. Germain, wearing his Eastern-ecclesiastical costume and wielding his pen, had become a mere name to the younger world of Paris, which supposed him to have died with his epoch. He lived to the age of eighty. The revival of his name is probably due rather to the active manufacture of literary history, which is so marked a branch of the book industry in France, than to any widening in that small and select circle of readers who M. Buet tells us have been till now the only appreciators of D'Aurevilly's genius. M. Buet, who speaks of his subject with bated breath as "this great man," appears confident that the circle is widening; we can only hope that it is not, "till by broad spreading it disperse to naught," but we can see little in the genius of Barbey d'Aurevilly or in this record of his life to warrant any sanguine belief in the permanency of his late-found fame.

The *mots* collected by M. Buet as testimony to the wit of M. d'Aurevilly show a similar unevenness. There are a few clever ones of rather careful manufacture, as well as a number which a Frenchman of real wit with a reputation to keep or lose would have refrained from uttering. To refrain was not, however, a part of the romantic programme. Barbey d'Aurevilly's *sang-froid* took on the color of impetuosity; it is amusing to find him writing to Trébutien, with many expressions of breathless haste and carelessness, letters which, as he was all the time well aware, his friend copied carefully in his best handwriting on the finest parchment paper, to preserve them for future publication. He seems to have possessed enormous self-esteem together with his other romantic and heroic qualities. The impression we get of him from M. Buet's book, to which sketches have been contributed by many noted writers, is, however, on the whole, vague and lacking in real fibre; he is a costume, a pose, a mood, rather than a man. Nevertheless the book is a readable one, and serves a certain purpose of literary history, giving glimpses of various groups: a little about the Guérins, not particularly new; an account of Pontmartin, with whom Barbey d'Aurevilly was on terms of intimate enmity; and some instantaneous photographs of younger writers, M. Bourget among the number, who appear to have belonged to the little circle of admirers of Barbey d'Aurevilly's talent. An interesting episode is the account of an impecunious scribe, Nicolardot, who lived on his friends and abused them. This man, to whose support Barbey d'Aurevilly contributed for years, was the original of M. Bourget's Monsieur Legrimaudet in Nouveaux Pastels.

M. Buet's book is a collection of literary notes put together without connecting links, and filled out with rambling remarks, fragments of criticism, and chance quotations. The author appears to have been occasionally "graveled for lack of matter," as when he applies to friendship the saying about love that it is "the devotion of the other," and goes on to say that Barbey d'Aurevilly was "the devoted, and also the other." This is a little incoherent, and one cannot help wondering how he interprets the phrase which he quotes. It is impossible to find sense in his comment, though we may see in it an instance of "the devotion of the other" to a friend and hero who was a striking and brilliant figure in his day and in his way, but hardly a great man.

The posthumous publication before us,[1]

[1] *Littérature Étrangère.* Par J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

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a reprint of articles many of which date very far back, shows him as a critic of foreign, chiefly English literature. The essays exhibit a real and intimate acquaintance with the books of which they treat, and a complete freedom not only from natural prejudice, but from those errors of statement and detail so often found in French writers on English subjects. Their point of view can hardly be said to be Gallic any more than Anglo-Saxon; it is rather intensely individual. Barbey d'Aurevilly was a great admirer of Shakespeare, on whom he has some glowing pages, written in his brilliant, impetuous, uneven style, with warm feeling for the poet, and slashing denunciation of all his critics and commentators. After the essays on Shakespeare come a worshipful eulogy of Sterne, a fierce invective against Swift, and a review of Guy Livingstone, written just after its appearance in a French translation, and extolling it as the great result in thought and moral force of the century; a critical anti-climax which irresistibly reminds us of Landor's declaration that he hated his brother Bob, but would do him the justice to say that he had written the finest dramas since Shakespeare. Barbey d'Aurevilly's criticism is of the romantic school, and to demand of it consistency or standards would be seeking to gather figs from thistles.

THE GODS IN GREECE.

It has become a commonplace that much that is beautiful, enlightening, and progressive in our modern civilization is an inheritance from the ancient world, — a rich inheritance brilliantly transmuted into something new and strange. Perhaps not all of us would admit as strictly true the assertion of Sir Henry Maine that, "except the forces of nature, nothing moves in the world which is not Greek in origin," but we can hardly deny that many of the best influences at work among us are Hellenic, and that it is important we should duly recognize and appreciate them; for it is chiefly as they are intelligently apprehended that they become most potent and helpful.

Many essays in appreciation have been attempted in these days, and the field of Greek religious thought and sentiment has not been overlooked. The extraordinary proposition once maintained, that the Greeks, whose distinctive share in the discipline of humanity has been "the education of the reason and of the taste," were not a religious people in any true sense of the word, and that they made no permanent contributions to the progress of religion in general, no longer finds advocates among men of intelligence. It is now seen to be an absurdity to insist that the marvelous development of literature, art, science, philosophy, achieved by the Greeks — a race upon whom as upon no other nature had imprinted the need of harmonious and symmetrical growth — was attended by an atrophy or disintegration of the religious sense, and that in consequence we have nothing to learn from their religion, although their every utterance, whether in words or in works, upon all other matters is universally felt to be at once authoritative and instructive.

"A man's religion," Mr. Carlyle has said, "is the most important thing about him," and the remark is true of a race as well. The Greek pantheon was peopled with ideals; for this is the meaning of Aristotle's saying that the Greeks

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made the gods in their own image. Hence would one at all understand the Greeks and their part in human history he must know their gods. Christianity herself is nowadays admitting that she has much to learn — if only the better to understand herself and many of the forces subtly active within her since the beginning — from the people who shaped her earliest and most momentous history. Indeed, one may truly say with Augustine that in Hellas is to be found no small part of that *vera religio* which, dimly existing without specific designation among ancient races, received the name of Christianity at last when Christ came.

It is, however, no easy matter to obtain the true view and the discriminating estimate of ancient Greek religious thought which alone are valuable. Two things prevent: first, our tendency to indulge in what Mr. Arnold used to call the "pathetic fallacy." We are prone to conceive and to explain the ancient world — which, knit to us by many ties, is yet in many respects an alien world — in terms of modern thought; and thus it is not antiquity itself that we find in our researches, but our "own phantom chanting hymns." Then, too, the blindness of our self-constituted guides, due in part to a lack of genuine knowledge, in part to a prepossession by false conceptions, causes them and us to go astray. No one, unless he were intimately acquainted at first hand with both Norman-French and English, would venture to speak with authority upon the characteristics of the former speech, nor on the relation of the two to each other; and yet many a person rushes in and delivers a cheap and ready judgment upon the religion of the ancients, although his knowledge of it is a matter of the shreds and tatters of other men's learning. In these states of half knowledge which affect completeness, the student, forgetting that the scholar must often practice the virtue *nescire aliquid*, leaps at wild conclusions, and arrives at theories and explanations that are mutually inconsistent and destructive; and the warning voices, raised only too seldom, are unheard or pass unheeded.

The religion of the Greeks was made up of beliefs, hopes, emotions, conduct, — all with reference to the superior power or personalities on which they as moral beings felt themselves dependent. The beliefs were often fanciful and poetic, touching merely or mainly the imagination, — a dream-world of charming fiction, æsthetically pleasing or thrilling. Such in fact was the greater part of the mythology of the Greeks, of which one may safely say with Mr. Dyer[1] that, though all religions are of the nature of poetry, the poetry of the people, this is the very poetry of the poets. In the remotest period these beliefs were of the simplest sort, inheritances from a pre-ethnic time, and they gathered about some few rude tales or ceremonies, which appear to have suggested originally nature's operations and man's relations to nature. Soon these stories lost their primitive simplicity, and, though they retained their essential features, were, by the splendid mythopœic tendency of the Greeks, which was ever controlled by an unerring artistic instinct, often brilliantly transformed and transfigured. Others of these beliefs were of the nature of practical convictions as to man's relation to the divine, moral in their influence; they searched the soul, shaped ideals, guided resolution, — the acknowledged though often unheeded arbiters of life. Between these two great classes of beliefs — that is, between the speculative creed and the dominating religious sentiment — there was at times no slight divergence. The

[1] *Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated.* Being eight Lectures given in 1890 at the Lowell Institute. By Louis Dyer, B. A. Oxon., late Assistant Professor in Harvard University. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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mythology and the theology of the Greeks, and of other people as well, often are or seem to be immoral, as also the creed based upon them, while the religious sentiment is pure, elevating, and ethically stimulating. From the two indistinguishably confounded arises the vast nexus of cult and ritual, in which one may find side by side symbols and ceremonies of the profoundest meaning and those that strike him as foolish and trivial. In the progress of time all these elements act and react upon one another, and in particular, under the influence of an ethical consciousness that grows more and more enlightened, the cult and ritual become the bearers of new and momentous truths. The serious student of Greek religious thought is therefore interested less in the earliest literal meaning of myth and cult than in what these stood for and suggested, at this time and that, to the devout and the undevout Greek. Then, as now, to many the story or ceremony was merely a story or ceremony, a pretty poem or pageant, while to others it was a symbol and intimation of something larger and deeper. These differences in the content and significance of myth and ritual confront us not only at different stages in national development, but also in different persons and classes at the same stage. The *Credo* of the philosopher and of the superstitious peasant, identical in uttered form, how unlike in inner meaning! When we have ascertained the original sense of Greek myth, legend, and cult, we have by no means solved our problem, though we have gained many a useful clue. Quite as little do we understand Christendom of to-day in her noblest forms when we content ourselves with ascertaining the literal meaning that was put into her creeds by their original framers.

The nature of the problem undertaken by the student of Greek religion and the conditions of its successful solution will be made clearer if we suggest a comparison. The Greek language and Greek religion are both, as it were, institutions of society; each is of the nature of an expression, with its outward form and inner meaning. The Greek language, in its original elements, was an inheritance from an earlier period, received from a distant land: it was simple though flexible in structure, rich in substance, capable of splendid development. The people who spoke this tongue, anciently undivided, settled down in different parts of Hellas in detached masses which early entered upon independent careers. In due time, as they grew in knowledge and came into contact with new and manifold phenomena, there sprang up, at various points, marked dialectic differences, sharpest where the several cantons were most separated. In these new conditions the ancient inheritance was modified; old words and idioms took on new meanings, though retaining also the old ones. With the introduction of new conceptions from over the seas, conceptions often of wonderful power, there were adopted new words and turns of thought, wholly un-Hellenic, from foreign neighbors or visitors. This appropriation took place, at first, at some particular locality or localities, whence the new expressions gradually spread into adjacent districts. As time passed, this fresh material was so wrought into the ancient texture of speech as only faintly to suggest its foreign origin. Then, too, as intercommunication set in with greater vigor between the different cantons, it not infrequently happened that some ancient native word in a certain locality came to be used in the new and sometimes divergent senses that it had acquired in other parts of the motherland. When, finally, all the barriers were broken down, and literature had done her work, and the Hellenic people were fused into one, the language took on a Panhellenic character. A common dialect established itself, and was recognized as the proper speech of

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the cultivated, though still in many a far-off corner the simpler and racier idiom of the rustic folk continued to be heard with its *naïvetés* of sound and meaning, unaffected in all essentials by the normal or classic speech of the great centres of national life. And yet, from the earliest times to the latest, from one end of Hellas to the other, for the sage and for the peasant, it was ever the same speech; but how momentous the differences, how vast the changes wrought within it!

Our figure indicates many of its own applications. Is not thought impossible without language? some mistakenly ask. Then there would seem to be no such thing as religious feeling unless it were to find utterance in some form of religion. Language is a mighty instrument whereby thought is not only expressed, but also developed from feeble beginnings to magnificent issues. So religious feeling finds in enlightened creed and ceremony a fountain, as it were, for its own deeper spiritual growth. When alien races unite there often results, in the fusion of speech, a new language which far surpasses in power, vividness, and resourcefulness the earlier simpler tongues. Even so may two religions meet and mingle, and in the new form, as never before, sound and satisfy the depths of the human need of the divine. Ennius once said that he had three hearts, because he could speak Greek, Latin, and Oscan; and in Goethe's assertion that he who knows but one language knows none lurks a suggestion of no small meaning. From our comparison we receive also an intimation that the methods of investigation for the study of a language and of a religion must resemble each other. The student of Greek religion is little concerned with mere theories as to the origin and early history of religions in general or of the Greek religion in particular, except as these may aid him in his historical inquiries. He begins with the local and the individual; undertakes as his first duty the collection and wise classification of all the phenomena as they reveal themselves, both originally and under development, at various local centres of influence. He notes all the formative agencies, whether at home or from abroad, at work in these local manifestations and in the larger development of national religion. He heeds the lesson to be learned from similar processes in the religious history of cognate or even of alien races. He is interested more in the inner connotation than in the outward form, and in the latter only as it throws light upon the former, and is above all marked by openness of mind and an unswerving devotion to truth.

In Mr. Dyer's The Gods in Greece the conditions imposed by the problem in hand have been admirably fulfilled. The spirit in which this attractive and suggestive book is written is always that of generous and sympathetic appreciation, and in the presentation of the subject the author has shown a happy and helpful sense of proportion and perspective. The truth that we have attempted to justify, that Greek religious thought is to be studied above all in its local manifestations and historically, has been heeded, and the available material has been explored with diligence and discretion. Greek religion left record of itself, often only implicitly and by intimation, in literature, in art, and in institutions, ancient and modern; indeed, as Curt Wachsmuth has pointed out, — a writer whom Mr. Dyer might have quoted upon this point with startling effect, — it still survives, thinly disguised under Christian forms, in many of the usages and traditions of the Greeks of to-day. Making due use of these various sources of information, and under the inspiration imparted by a vision gained by visiting the ancient holy places, Mr. Dyer has been able to charm back into existence and to render more intelligible to the modern reader not a few of the gracious and impressive figures that haunted the sublimest dreams and kin-

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dled the highest hopes of the vanished ancient world.

After an introduction, in which, with delicate insight, the essential features of Greek religion are sketched and hints thrown out as to the place this religion holds in history, the author speaks of Apollo at Delphi, "the highest and really most supreme divinity in that poetry of poetry, Greek religion." He next considers Demeter and Persephone, the two great goddesses of Eleusis. Then Dionysus is studied in his earliest and latest history, in Thrace, in Icaria, in Attica, and in the culmination of his splendid cult at Athens. Before speaking of Æsculapius as worshiped at Epidaurus and Athens, and as revealed in the discoveries made in these places, Mr. Dyer describes with rare beauty and vividness the common worship of Demeter and Dionysus as carried on at Eleusis, in part within the sacred precincts only lately uncovered to view. After an account of Æsculapius and his cult, in which is traced the history of the two ancient streams of medical theory and practice in Greece, there comes a study of Aphrodite at Paphos. In the eighth and last lecture Apollo at Delos is considered.

Scattered throughout the book are ten appendices, besides innumerable footnotes, to which are consigned many matters of curious and of explanatory lore. In an eleventh appendix is given a long and useful list of photographs, many of which were used by Mr. Dyer in illustrating his lectures, and all of which may be obtained. These photographs are mainly of Greek sites, and were taken in part by Mr. Dyer and the late Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, and in part by Mr. Walter Leaf. There are, finally, ample and excellent indexes.

The task undertaken in the lectures was a vast one, encompassed with grave difficulties. It is therefore not altogether surprising that, with Mr. Dyer's subtlety, brilliancy, and exuberance of thought and style, and notwithstanding a strongly developed pictorial sense, his book should be hard reading. He is at his best in the glimpses given of natural scenery, and in his accounts and estimates of literary works. In the analysis and disentanglement — alike from the points of view of religious psychology and of historical development — of the various elements that entered into the myths and legends discussed he has shown great lucidity. Especially successful from this standpoint are the chapters on Dionysus and on the gods at Eleusis. Now and then the reader comes across sentences which either for aptness and charm or for paradoxical truth cling to the memory. Such, among others that we have noted at random in the first few pages, are: "That old-time worship of ideals, by some miscalled idolatry." "Judge Greek religion not by all its moods, but by all its highest and most characteristic ones." "The religion of Greece . . . may be compared to a wayward prayer poetically prayed, according to the whimseys of many daring flights of devotional ecstasy." "Greece, the common and inalienable fatherland of generous souls." "The most profitable state of mind for one who would learn about Greek religion treats each god and goddess in turn as if he or she alone existed, and at the same time always bears in vivid mind the history and attributes of all and several of the other gods." "The Greek religion of polytheism was more monotheistic than theism itself, for the Greeks were not content with one only God Almighty and Supreme; they had and they worshiped many such." This last sentence suggests the remark that it is very difficult for us who are familiar, by tradition and education, with the contrast between monotheism and polytheism to understand how, in the mind of the Greeks, the diversity of persons and the unity of divine power could have coexisted.

Valuable though this beautiful book

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is as a contribution to popular knowledge, and helpful as it must prove in securing a delicate appreciation of the interesting part which the divinities considered in it played in the thoughts and lives of the ancient Greeks, it by no means speaks the last word upon the subject. Indeed, there are no last words, and there can be none. Even after all the facts have been gathered in, as we fancy, and all the possible inferences have been wisely drawn, each new generation of men wins, in ways as unaccountable as are nature's changes, new points of vantage and of view with broader outlook, where the earlier vision is seen to be imperfect if not false. As knowledge increases, the scholar finds that his own work and that of his predecessors have become outworn, and that his task is never done. The old problems require new solutions for each new epoch. "If Greek literature is not to pass away, it seems to be necessary that in every age some one who has drunk deeply from the original fountain should renew the love of it in the world, and once more present that old life, with its great ideas and great actions, its creations in politics and in art, like the distant remembrance of youth, before the delighted eyes of mankind." What Professor Jowett here says of literature, which must always be the chief concernment of the classical scholar, holds true with equal force of all the other media whereby we may approach nearer the manifold life of the ancients. It is only as this truth is constantly borne in mind, as we draw again and again from the fountain-heads of knowledge and light, that the study of antiquity in all its most significant manifestations can continue to be at once fruitful and fructifying.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Science and Philosophy. In the Evolution Series, a fortnightly issue (Appleton), Nos. 3 and 4 are The Scientific Method, by F. E. Abbot, and Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy, by Benjamin F. Underwood. No. 5 is The Evolution of Chemistry, by Robert G. Eccles; No. 6, The Evolution of Electric and Magnetic Physics, by Arthur E. Kennelly; No. 7, The Evolution of Botany, by Frederic J. Wulling; and No. 8, Zoölogy as related to Evolution, by John C. Kimball. The publication appears to be under the auspices of the Brooklyn Ethical Association. — The History of Human Marriage, by Edward Westermarck. (Macmillan.) Mr. Westermarck is Lecturer on Sociology at the University of Finland, and is introduced to the English public by Alfred R. Wallace. His work is one of scientific method, and is marked by indefatigable research, not only in the published writings of travelers and students, but through correspondence with observers living among savage or half-civilized people. The independence of the writer is as noticeable as his industry, and is evinced by his criticism of generally accepted authorities. He lays the foundation of his study in an examination of the habits of other animals than man, and reaches the conclusion that there was an annual pairing time in the infancy of mankind; he opposes the view held by many of promiscuous intercourse in early periods; he discusses the bearing of natural selection upon marriage, the question of kinship in its relation to marriage, marriage ceremonies and rites, the forms of human marriage, and finally the duration of human marriage. Everywhere there is indication of great thoroughness of research and patience in discrimination. — The Science of Language, founded on Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863, by F. Max Müller. In two volumes. (Scribners.) This is a new, revised and enlarged edition of the Lectures on the Science of Language which made Max Müller's name familiar to stu-

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dents a generation ago. There is the same charm of friendliness about these chapters that captivated readers unaccustomed to so fresh a treatment of great scientific subjects. Müller has had many disciples since, but no one has altogether caught the grace and attractiveness of this accomplished writer, and this new edition, with all the mellowness of the author's ripe scholarship, will doubtless win new readers equally ready with the old to be fascinated by the treatment. — The Soul of Man, an Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology, by Dr. Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) Dr. Carus has attempted in this book to classify and harmonize the results of physiological psychology so as to account for the more hidden processes of evolution resulting in the consciousness of man, if not for its origin. He approaches and pursues his subject with a reverent spirit, and under the limitations which he sets seems to reach definite results ; but we suspect his philosophy, though it professes to take account of "the communism of soul-life," is based so exclusively upon the phenomena of individualism as to miss the aid which is derivable from historic investigation. It is too much, perhaps, to ask that a student of physiological psychology should also be a student of history, but the conclusions reached by the one would pretty surely be modified by those reached by the other, since the almost inevitable tendency of thought in the student of history is toward that notion of relationship which in its highest consciousness exclaimed, "I and my Father are one." — This same writer has brought out a second and revised edition of his Fundamental Problems, the Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge. (The Open Court Publishing Co.) In an appendix of a hundred pages he replies to criticisms made upon his essays when they first appeared. — Intimations of Eternal Life, by Caroline C. Leighton. (Lee & Shepard.) Mrs. Leighton, reading here and there in physical and biological treatises, and not disregarding the folk-lore of unscientific men, has mused over the great question of the continuity of life. From the suggestions of science she has by analogy found fragments of evidence in favor of personal immortality. The book is the thoughtful product of a thoughtful woman, and may stimulate thought in others. — Mind is Matter, or The Substance of the Soul, by William Hemstreet. (Fowler & Wells Co.) "On the materiality of electricity stands or falls the immortality of the soul. Within two years this will be universally accepted." Thus the author in his preface, dated with significant precision April 1, 1891. As we have now reached November, only seventeen months remain for such decadent opinions as the commenter may cherish. — Origin, Purpose, and Destiny of Man, or Philosophy of the Three Ethers, by William Thornton. (The Author, Boston.) The main purpose of the writer appears to be to substitute a Transmission for the Germ theory of disease. He holds that the evolution going on in man is to issue in "the gradational throwing off of this material concrete which we call man's body, until an ultimately developed spiritual state shall become the order of things." If we could only hasten this development, and throw off this material concrete in August and resume it in October ! — Beyond the Bourn, Reports of a Traveller returned from "The Undiscovered Country." Submitted to the world by Amos K. Fiske. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Under the somewhat worn subterfuge of a melancholy stranger depositing a manuscript with him, the author gives forth the supposititious disclosures of a person who, bereft of all that makes life dear, himself passed through the gate of death. Brushing aside all this accumulation of needless rubbish, the reader enters upon a discussion of the divine in its relation to the human. It can hardly be said that this contribution to the revelation which comes from reason is likely to appeal to many minds as adding much to the author's argument that all revelation is but the human reason speaking to the human reason. — Heredity, Health and Personal Beauty, by John V. Shoemaker. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) A somewhat rambling, discursive series of chapters by a writer of philosophic mind, who travels leisurely from a consideration of the law of life and growth through man's spiritual and physical place in nature to the art of walking, the skin as an organ of the body, the bath, care of the face, hands, feet, hair, nails, eye, nose, with inquiry into the evolution of the American girl, ventilation with relation to health, a list of medicated

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soaps, and a concluding chapter on household remedies. The book is an odd mixture of practical sense and harmless speculation. We cannot answer for Dr. Shoemaker's recipes, and we think he is a little too much given to pushing nature by means of specifics, but his general observations are reasonable.

Literature and Criticism. We have not come to the end of the period which has been so rich in new and scholarly editions of English writers, and we welcome with special pleasure the first volume of a new edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, edited by Charles G. Crump, and published in London by J. M. Dent & Co., in New York by Macmillan & Co. The most convenient edition hitherto has been the neat and handy one of Roberts Brothers, which had, we think, an advantage over this in ease of reading; but Mr. Crump has furnished very serviceable bibliographical and explanatory notes, which treat the reader with respect, and do not class him among schoolboys. The Introduction by the editor is discriminating and reserved. We question the force of his criticism upon Landor's anachronism in making Xenophon and Alcibiades, for example, discuss the expedition of Cyrus. How does this impair Landor's dramatic art, more than any of his collocations of the dead and the living? His characters are taken for their permanent qualities, not necessarily for their contemporaneousness. The style of this volume is exceedingly pretty, and is a fresh illustration of the approach of the English taste to the American as regards size. The last English edition of Landor, if we mistake not, was in octavo form. — A special Landor publication is an American edition of his Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare (Dodd, Mead & Co.), with an Introduction by H. W. Mabie. As Mr. Mabie points out, Landor was peculiarly at home in Warwickshire, and easily in sympathy with the boyish escapade of the great poet. The work is one of the most artistically complete of Landor's, since, besides the grace of style that was his birthright, the form is one which enables him to avoid the defects that creep into some of his Conversations. Added to the Citation is the conference between Spenser and Essex. Landor unites in himself the Elizabethan and the classic. — The Harpers have issued in pretty paper covers Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth. — Kinglake's Eothen forms the thirty-third number of the attractive Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. (Putnams.) The book is an interesting illustration of the power of art to keep alive what would seem otherwise to have only an ephemeral existence. What multitudes of books of travel have been written, and how very few are those which last beyond the year in which they appear! It is true that in Eothen the author was dealing with a country which has permanent antiquity, but the reason for the permanence of his book is the same that preserves Herodotus, whom we read not so much to find out what the ancients knew by traveling as to enjoy a delightful narrative by a delightful story-teller. — In the pretty Temple Library (J. M. Dent & Co., London) the Essays and Poems of Leigh Hunt are presented in a most careful selection by R. B. Johnson, and accompanied by some dainty etchings. Mr. Johnson has given a very good idea of the range of Hunt's genius by his choice of papers, and is especially to be commended for introducing so many, either in whole or in part, that illustrate his personal history, as the stinging paper which caused his arrest, and the prospectuses to his several journalistic ventures. The choice of poems, also, is good, and the two volumes afford one an excellent notion of Hunt at his best. He was a man of instinctive literary faculty, who found much of his material in other literature, yet had withal a native gift of poetic sensibility which made him warmly sympathetic with all forms of beauty, whether in nature, in art, or in character. His faults of affectation were partly those of his time, when a minor poet was pretty sure to be overcharged with feeling, and partly the result of rich pasturage in other literature. Mr. Johnson's biographic sketch is not very interpretative, but the portrait which prefaces the first volume largely atones for this. — Impressions and Opinions, by George Moore. (David Nutt, London; Scribners, New York.) Mr. Moore as a novelist lets himself loose, and glories in his looseness. In his criticism he is sometimes insolent, but in general his admirations and his detestations are so frankly expressed as to attract the ingenuous reader. His freedom in saying what he thinks, though it may lead him

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occasionally into mere audacity, more often enables him to strike a true note with great emphasis, so that his criticisms have at times almost the character of revelations. His irritation at conventions is, after all, a somewhat negative virtue. His real merit is in his incisive and ruthless unveiling of shams. In this volume his attention is divided between the drama, the novel, and the picture, with special studies of particular plays, books, and paintings. The subjects which attract him most, and on which he writes with the greatest positiveness, are those connected with the theatre, and we think his best work is here. — Volume III. Part I. of Murray's A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles runs from *E* to *Every*, and is prepared by Henry Bradley. (Macmillan.) A good illustration of the method of this dictionary is to be seen in its treatment of the word *either*. After indicating the pronunciation and classifying it as *a.* and *adv.*, it gives the several graphic forms which the word takes in old English; then follows a paragraph upon the development of the use of the word, showing that in old English and middle English it had only its original sense of "each of two," "both," but about the beginning of the fourteenth century it assumed the disjunctive sense "one or the other of two," which properly belonged to an old form, "outher." Another paragraph deals with the pronunciation, and then come two columns of discriminated uses with illustrative quotations. It is treated first as an adjective: "I. Each of the two," and under this there are some eight subdivisions; then, "II. One or other of the two," and under this half a dozen more subdivisions. As an adverb there are corresponding uses with the adjective. The illustrative examples range from 893 to 1881. One may learn what authority there is for usage with a plural or a singular verb, and may glow with national pride as he finds Howells cited as authority for its use as an equivalent to "each" when more than two things are spoken of. — Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley, Historical and Biographical Sketches, by W. H. Venable. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) Mr. Venable has done a real service to the history of American literature by bringing together in this octavo volume a great deal of information about the persons who from pioneer days till now have had to do with education, art, literature, religion, and politics in the Ohio Valley. He has not labored to fix the place in history of these persons, but has occupied himself with sketches of their careers and anecdotes which serve to give piquancy to his narrative. Much that he has inwoven is the result of private communication, and bibliographical details together with a full index add to the usefulness of the book. — The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Volume XIX. (The Century Co.), shows an unusual range in topics and pictures. Mr. Cole's engraving of Mona Lisa presents in rich tones the great enigma, and Mr. Low's Grecian girl tracing the outline of her lover's shade has a warmth in its light which suggestions from the antique rarely possess. The Californian adventure covers a good deal of space, and out of the various narratives one may pick and choose. Mr. Rockhill's travels in Tibet — where has the *h* gone to? — make a noticeable series, and for stories have we not Colonel Carter and The Faith Doctor? But as one runs through the six numbers he is most struck by the richness and brilliancy of the woodcuts. Such a paper as that on Two French Sculptors gains immensely by its illustrations. — The University of Pennsylvania issues publications, and in the Series in Philology, Literature, and Archæology (N. D. C. Hodges, New York) the third number of the first volume is occupied by two papers, one on πρὸς with the accusative, and the other a Note on the Antigone, by W. A. Lamberton.

Fiction. Khaled, a Tale of Arabia, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) One is almost disposed to call this novelist astute, so cleverly does he keep his public in good humor and constant by the diversity of his efforts to entertain them. The East, England, Italy; Italy, England, the East, — so does he ring the changes, and in each place he seems thoroughly at home. If Khaled has not the engrossing character of some of his tales, it has the clean finish of them all; perhaps the fable which lies at its base is responsible for the reader's restraint of absorption. Yet the real and the supersensual are as finely interlocked here as the romantic and supersensual are in Undine. The culmination of the story is an admirable piece of writing. The tem-

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per of Mr. Crawford's English is like that of a Damascene sword. — Dally, by Maria Louise Pool. (Harpers.) Dally was a North Carolina waif whom a benevolent lady rescued from squalid surroundings and sent for rearing to a conscientious Yankee widow. The contact of this piece of "poor white trash," albeit possessed of a native charm, with the fixed ways of a thrifty New England woman offers a chance not only for most amusing incidents, but for the more subtle disclosure of the reciprocal influence of the two characters. There is introduced also the girl's dreadful brother, Barker, who is a masterly production. The book is indeed one of striking merit in the matter of characterization, and if Miss Pool's own writing were as good as her dialectic parts the book would be one of rare excellence, but the rudeness of the country element calls for greater delicacy in the setting. In spite of obvious defects, however, the book is decidedly one to be read. — Recent numbers of Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series of paper novels are, Which Wins? by Mary H. Ford, who calls it further a Story of Social Conditions, and dedicates it to the Farmers' Alliance; Sweet and Twenty, by Mary Farley Sanborn, a brightly written novel of the conventional sort, — a society man and country lass, with interference, misunderstanding, reconciliation, and bliss. These two novels are new; a third is a reissue of a collection of J. T. Trowbridge's rememberable stories, Coupon Bonds, Madam Waldoborough's Carriage, The Man who stole a Meeting-House, and others; the twelfth number is a reissue of Amanda M. Douglas's tale of Osborne of Arrochar, an American story with figures and scenes more or less consciously copied from English fiction. — Carine, a Story of Sweden, by Louis Enault. Translated by Linda da Kowalewska. With illustrations by Louis K. Harlow. (Little, Brown & Co.) A pretty story, told in a kind of falsetto voice, of a young girl whose mind has been unhinged by a cruel disappointment in love, and who moves through the tale as in a sort of dream, waking at last to reality through the medium of the love of the hero of the tale. The pictures of Swedish life are not native but foreign, and a French accent touches all the speech. — Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi stories, by Octave Thanet. (Houghton.) The scene of the stories is chiefly in Arkansas, and though the writer is not a native of the region she has known it by sojourn so intimately as to be able to write with confidence. Something more, however, than intimate acquaintance with a country is requisite before one can speak its language artistically; there must be penetration, sympathy, selective power, apprehension of what is common as well as perception of what is distinctive. These Octave Thanet has; and more than this, she has the pervasive humor which makes her work full of a fine humanity and rich feeling. She tells a story well, and thus her separate pieces are not mere sketches of trans-Mississippi life; they are artistic wholes. — Passion-Flowers and the Cross, by Emma Howard Wight. (Calendar Publishing Co., Baltimore.) Stuff. "A robe of some soft clinging stuff," "perfumed hair," and all the other well-worn phrases of the amatory novelist. — Masters and Men, by Eugene J. Hall. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) The author of this story intended, apparently, to make it a contribution toward the solution of labor problems. It may be said that a political economist should not be judged by his success or failure as a novelist, but one may be permitted to doubt the value of his studies in the science of society when his productions in the art of society are so mechanical and unreal. — Chattanooga, a Romance of the American Civil War, by F. A. Mitchel. (American News Co.) All things are possible in a romance which deals with the adventures of a spy, and so the hero of this tale, besides carrying out his mission to learn the movements of the Confederate army, brings back a wife whom he has captured by some sleight of human nature from her Confederate lover. There is a capital study of a boy who wears stupidity as a mask. — A Prince of Good Fellows. (American News Co.) This story is located among the cotton plantations lying on the Mississippi River. The author affects to be a Virginian gentleman, and appears to be a reader of Thackeray, with the result that, though there are many individual scenes and pictures of interest, the novel as a whole is a somewhat elaborately tedious tale. — Fourteen to One, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) A collection of

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stories, some of which have already won their place in popular favor. There is nothing of the idle singer in Mrs. Ward, for she writes stories only when the theme of the story has possessed her, and thus the outcome is always a distinct contribution, some positive expression of faith ; for, however artful she may be in construction, her art holds some bit of human action tried by the highest standards. — Diana Fontaine, by Algernon Ridgeway. (Lippincott.) A novel of Virginian life, in which the old and the new are curiously blended. The story is slight enough, the author's chief end being to sketch a few characters to whom he is attracted. The old "Southern" type of fiction is faintly remembered by the reader, but war and new industry have affected the novelist as well as the life portrayed. There are many interesting passages, such as the description of the dance after the tournament, and frequent keen reflections, as in the comment on the Southern mind during the early reconstruction period. With more of a story to tell, the author might easily have made a book of much significance. — Balaam and his Master, and Other Sketches and Stories, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Houghton.) The staying qualities of Mr. Harris's work are to be referred to the depth of his portraiture. However grotesque the external features of his characters and scenes, there is always to be found, whether the figures are black or white, a fundamental, substantial, and firmly drawn piece of human nature, so that the impression produced is a solid and not a superficial one. The half dozen stories and sketches which make up this volume (the title-story, A Conscript's Christmas, Ananias, Where 's Duncan ? Mom Bi, The Old Bascom Place) have a power to fix themselves in the reader's memory which merely graphic tales do not possess.

Humor. Farming, by Richard Kendall Munkittrick. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. (Harpers.) The army of potato bugs marching across the cover of this showy book notifies the reader before he opens it that he is to have the travesty and not the serious side. The facetious conception of the city-bred man making a somersault and coming up a farmer, only to execute another turn at the end of the year and become once more a sadder and a wiser city man, is worked out with somewhat sparse humor. Even Mr. Frost's pictures seem to have caught something of the indifference which results from using so well worn a theme. — Diary of a Pilgrimage (and Six Essays), by Jerome K. Jerome. (Holt.) The pilgrimage was to Ober-Ammergau to see the Passion Play, and Mr. Jerome stops laughing when he comes to this point, and does not begin again till he has passed it. High spirits confused by vigorous effort at sentiment and subsequent exhaustion characterize this book like others of the writer's production. Was it for this America was discovered, that American humor should revisit England ? There is humor in the book, yet so slouchy is the style that, after reading it, one finds Mark Twain severe and Burnand a classic to be examined in. — The Life-Romance of an Algebraist, by George Winslow Pierce. (J. G. Cupples, Boston.) Mr. Pierce stirs a mixture of algebra, verse, philosophy, nonsense, and sentiment, and leaves the reader to decide whether it is half baked or good for human nature's daily food.

History and Biography. Boston, by Henry Cabot Lodge, is a volume in the English series of Historic Towns. (Longmans.) Mr. Lodge has had a clear conception of the task to be undertaken, which was to set forth the Puritan ideas as demonstrated in the most noteworthy concentrated product of those ideas. In tracing the development of Boston, he has found it necessary, therefore, to spend a good deal of his strength in expounding what is in effect the history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Possibly this course could not be avoided, but we think something has been lost in the vividness of the impression to be made by the town itself. There has been a loss also in this regard, that the proportions of the subject have suffered, and not enough space was reserved for a portrait of Boston in its latest historical phase. That is to say, there was a true culmination in the history of the town to be found in Boston just before the influx of immigrants and the efflux of Bostonians. Then it was that the provincial town showed the finest flower of its two hundred years of cultivation, and indicated what generations of seclusion from Europe had accomplished under Puritan ideas. Mr. Lodge gives a slight hint of this in his closing chapter, but we think he scarcely dis-

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closes the marked difference between the Boston of 1840 and that of 1890. The past fifty years have seen great changes which are still in progress, but the perspective permitted by this space of time renders the Boston of 1840 a fit conclusion to the study of the town as an historic one. Mr. Lodge writes with the ease of one to whom the subject in its larger aspects is familiar. — Theodoric the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization, by Thomas Hodgkin. (Putnams.) A volume in Heroes of the Nations Series, and written with a clear notion of what the readers of such a series desire. Mr. Hodgkin shows excellent selective power in setting forth, freed from the entanglement of historic speculation, the figure of this man born before his time. His chapters illustrative of the civilization of Rome at the period are especially interesting, and he is often quite happy in making his points clear by a comparison with modern conditions and events. Mr. Hodgkin, in attempting to explain the affinity of Theodoric and other barbaric heroes with Arianism in its contest with the Athanasian believers, possibly overlooks the influence of the Arian notion of the Godhead which tends to emphasize the objective, kingly notion, so obvious to these commanders and rulers. — Peel, by J. R. Thursfield (Macmillan), is one of the series of Twelve English Statesmen, and answers well the design of the series to present "in historic order the lives and work of those leading actors who by their direct influence have left an abiding mark on the policy, the institutions, and the position of Great Britain among states." Nothing so well illustrates the distinction between English and American political life as these studies of statesmen, and the career of Peel, devoted by his father to public life as religiously as a New England woman might devote her son to the Christian ministry, is an example of the profound influence in public affairs of the person who made statesmanship a profession at a time when the governing body of England was small, and whoever was at the centre of things had it in his power to mould institutions and laws much as the ruling authority in a great railroad corporation may do to-day. Mr. Thursfield writes with vigor and with discrimination. Indeed, the history of statesmanship in England is so much the biography of statesmen that there has grown up a school of political writers whose main strength lies in their psychological analysis. It is so much more satisfactory to study the working of one man's mind than that of a mob of men. — Colonel F. Maurice has reprinted, with additions, his article War, first issued in the Encyclopædia Britannica. (Macmillan.) The article was written for the general public, not for military critics, and the book appeals in like manner to the student of history by the skill with which it translates into the vernacular principles of the military art which necessarily find more technical expression among soldiers. Colonel Maurice, in fact, seeks constantly for the fundamental principles, not in the formulæ of writers on military movements, but in the course of action followed by great commanders, and by putting himself as far as possible in the place of those who have made war. He recognizes clearly that in the marvelous change of conditions the only permanent elements are those which lie in human thought. — The Story of the Filibusters, by James Jeffrey Roche; to which is added the Life of Colonel David Crockett. (Macmillan.) A volume in The Adventure Series, of which about half is devoted to William Walker's expedition. Mr. Roche looks upon these adventures from the point of view of the dramatist rather than of the moralist, and his narrative is full of picturesque details. The spectacle of a man indifferent to the odds against him, and especially insolent in his habit as regards national relations, has for our author a peculiar interest, and despite the fundamental difference there is sufficient likeness between the temper of filibuster and Fenian to make the subject one to win his sympathy. He has done his work capitally. The latter part is occupied by a reprint in abridged form of Crockett's racy autobiography. — The Story of Portugal, in The Story of the Nations Series (Putnams), by H. Morse Stephens, is more distinctively an annalistic history than the other volumes of the series, the author being driven to this treatment by the lack of existing histories of the country. The contact of this little nation with the rest of the world in its great period renders its history full of variety and incident. Indeed, the smallness of the unit lends to it a peculiar attraction. What Mr. Stephens

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says of the occupation by Portugal of Brazil is of special interest in view of the present autonomy of the greater Portugal in America. The book is one of the freshest and most useful in the series. — Choses d'Amérique, les Crises Économique et Religieuse aux États-Unis, by Max Leclerc. (E. Plon, Paris.) The author was in this country in the summer of 1890, and the two subjects which appear to have especially engaged his attention were the McKinley bill and the relation held to America by the Church of Rome. What, he asks, is the part which this church is to play? With its ancient order and its new environment, how is it to continue Catholic and yet become national? Mr. Leclerc's travels took him into Kentucky, and he gives a lively account of the new South as illustrated by Middleborough. He devotes a chapter to American characteristics, and an enthusiastic one to the portraiture of Cardinal Gibbons. The book is an interesting addition to the literature of its class. — The second number of Harvard Historical Monographs (Ginn) is Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's Introduction to the Study of Federal Government. The work is rather a syllabus of the subject than an extended treatise, and is marked by the author's careful, minute analysis and scrupulous thoroughness. After discussing the theory of federal government, he takes up the subject historically, dealing with Ancient Confederations, Mediæval Leagues, and National Confederations; then he describes the four great existing federations of the United States, Switzerland, Germany, and Canada, and closes with a chapter on Latin-American federations. The Appendix contains a conspectus of the federal constitutions of the four great federations, and a bibliography of federal government. — Struggles of the Nations, or The Principal Wars, Battles, Sieges, and Treaties of the World, by S. M. Burnham. (Lee & Shepard.) Two volumes octavo are required by Mr. Burnham for the explication of his subject. He is not content, like Mr. Creasy, to limit himself to the decisive battles of the world, but goes over the ground by countries. Thus his first chapter is devoted to the ancient peoples of North Africa; his second and third chapters take in the nations of Western Asia; his fourth Central and Eastern Asia; and then by way of Turkey, Russia, and Scandinavian countries he comes to Greece and Rome. A queer chapter in its combination is the tenth, which includes the Gothic Race, the German Empire, the Austrian Empire, Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland. The British Empire has fifty pages given it, and the last two chapters of the first volume take in South and Central America. The whole of the second volume is given to the United States and a chapter on Treaties. This is a compilation of facts run mad. Proportion is lost sight of. Cause and effect retire into the corner, but dates, figures, and names are rampant. The space given to the United States permits more detail for single engagements, and one might possibly read this volume, but we defy anybody but a proof-reader to read the first.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bucolic Reading.

BEFORE me lies a pile of curiously interesting periodicals, giving a glimpse into a world nearly unknown to cities, although so well "exploited" for dialect stories.

These papers are almost a new product of our fecund civilization. Their like exists nowhere else, and they are wholly American. That they flourish with us proves conclusively that the hard-working women to whose tastes they minister and whose needs they supply are brighter in every way than their kind in any other country.

These periodicals do not belong to the "literary" world. They are about the most obscure of printed things. Not one in a hundred readers of these lines ever saw them. Their cheap paper and type denote their humble sphere, and by their general

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appearance indicate the thrift and economy which are their attributes. Having already reached tens of thousands of country kitchens, they are tireless in their efforts to extend their domain; and their premium lists are both interesting and suggestive. A Western paper offers ice-cream freezers, corsets, and cheap jewelry, evidently with an eye to farm girls. An Eastern one bids for the patronage of girls in the "singing-seats" by an offer of small church organs. These periodicals are the most neighborly of visitors. No literary formality reminds that one is reading print, and not chatting over the stove or Monday's line. Their easy sociability comes of the fact that the shrewd editors allow the housewives themselves to fill much of the paper with what they call Kitchen Chats, written on the back doorstep, or, as one of them says, "sitting on the corner of the wood-box." These chats establish communication between remote sections. The farmeress in Maine writes to her paper her way of dyeing carpet rags or whitewashing her pantry. By and by a farmeress in far Oregon writes to the same journal thanking the Maine wife, and describing her own rag-mats or her way of making cheese. Not unfrequently the two are thus brought into a personal and private correspondence, exchanging recipes, patterns, flower seeds, and what not. One such correspondence between a Montana claim and a New Hampshire farm is already three years old. The writers exchange photographs and family histories; name their cows and chickens, as well as their children, for each other. They will probably never meet unless in a world where kitchens are no more, but in this one, at least, they are a "solid comfort" to each other.

The English of this "chatter" is not quietly classic. It is gasping and breathless, as if the suds were boiling over or the scent of scorching cake in the air. Cooking, washing, ironing, mending, making, the care of children, flowers, birds, poultry, etc., furnish subjects more interesting than ever came up in Noctes Ambrosianæ.

These periodicals all give stories. Nothing in the stories tempts to rainbow-following for fairy gold. The lights are all vertical, the forms definite. Nothing is there to breed discontent with the farms, where they are chiefly read, although — and here is greater than expected wisdom — even the farm is not gilded and refined, but merely brightened with the clear daylight of good temper and good sense.

In all these homespun and bucolic stories nobody travels in Europe. Ours might be a world without cathedrals and castles, without traditions, without even a past, for all these guileless stories tell. No heroine is haunted by pale memories shrieking piteously through the night; none trample the grass over graves by day with shuddering feet; and never a man covets his neighbor's wife, however he may admire her fishballs and doughnuts.

Rustic picnics, unexpected company, helpful guests or hindering, tea parties, washday meals, triumphant lunches and disastrous dinners, take the place of music and *moonlight, raiment and cooings*, in more sentimental fiction. One story is founded upon the religious effect of a change from salt-rising to yeast bread. Another is based upon the moral influence of carpet rags. Occasionally a deft touch in these stories, written chiefly in farmhouses, surprises, and makes one wonder how much real literary talent is born to blush unseen and to wither there.

In the homes so plainly pictured here almost everything is "home-made." The extraordinary prescience which finds treasures in apparently chaotic refuse savors of Robinson Crusoe's romantic realism.

The "poetry," which the editors announce will *not* be paid for, is not, strange to say, in the least sylvan, pastoral, or romantic. Neither is it picturesque, "yearning," or passionate. No Psyche soul beats its radiant wings against adamantine fate. Either hunger for the Vague has not penetrated to our American farms, or its plaints have been "declined with thanks" as insufficiently "moral" and didactic.

We other women, for whom all things are "ready-made," from dish-mops to coiffures, may imagine such lives burdened to the last degree. We need but to read these periodicals, and mark the bright enthusiasm shimmering over every line, to realize that the necessity of work is one of humanity's blessings, and that in intelligent labor is the happiness of these active women, with their beelike and birdlike instincts to gather and build and hum.

The farm larder is seen to be, except for

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groceries, almost exclusively of home culture. Receipts for cooking pork, corned beef, salt codfish, poultry, eggs, and "canned stuff" abound. Corn meal, rye, buckwheat, and rice are largely *en évidence*. But the cakes and puddings are of the plainest, and the aim of every offered receipt is for a result as good as has ever been offered before, and cheaper.

It is not uninteresting to know that farm tables, no less than oblique-eyed heathen, illustrate ways that are dark, even if not tricks that are vain. They offer "suet puddings" in which is no suet, but chopped salt pork. In various cakes this salt pork economizes the butter saved for market. "Chicken salad" is evolved from fresh pork and cabbage; and salt pork wrapped in sage dressing masquerades as "poor man's goose." Dried apples, most unlovely of farm products, are compounded into cakes as well as into pies and puddings. There are mock mince pies without meat; oyster "patties" straight from the garden; mock custards from the pump, when the cows are dry, or the milk goes to fatten the summer boarder.

The Exchange Department, prominent in all these papers, is also interesting. Women raise rare hens' eggs to exchange for "crazy scraps" and carpet rags. From West Virginia comes an offer of Indian arrow points for shells from the Atlantic coast. Pampas grasses from California can be exchanged for the back breadths of old gowns suitable for making over for children. Texas proposes cinnamon bulblets for two yards of calico; and Montana will send petrified wood and moss agates for soiled ribbons that can be dyed. Vermont offers a sure cure for rheumatism in exchange for a book on etiquette. Patterns for garments, especially children's, are an active circulating medium, as also are flower seeds and bulbs and "reading matter." "Seasides" fly about like birds. It is certain that even our insufficient copyright law would never have been enacted had farm kitchens had a voice in the matter.

The exchange of books is a begetter of great cheer. In a secluded life anything is that lends excitement to the arrival of the mail. A "Shut-in" — that is, one confined to the house by a chronic malady — writes to the Shut-in Department, where are represented dozens like herself. She tells what she most needs to brighten her darkness, whether materials for work or reading matter. Usually she receives what she asks, for the kindly spirit and desire to do good, among back doorsteps, are as vital as they are beautiful. Books are not always given outright. Sometimes they are "put in circulation." Thus every reader of traveling Middlemarch, Jane Eyre, or John Halifax writes her name in it and the date of her holding as she passes it on. In time it returns to its owner enriched with many autographs, and doubtless also much spent in its gracious service.

There is almost no demand among either "Shut-ins" or the untrammeled Exchange for the literary sensations of the hour. Robert Elsmere and John Ward are not sought for, Craddock seems unknown. There is not even a whisper of Henry James, Julian Hawthorne, or Fawcett, scarcely one of Howells. It is a little singular that Ouida has almost no askers. Nobody calls for Browning, but Whittier and Longfellow are in demand. Black, Hardy, George Meredith, are out of court. Tolstóy, Ibsen, De Maupassant, are unborn to this world. The Atlantic, Harper's, Century, Scribner's, are very much less in demand than Peterson's, Godey's, Modern Priscilla, Dorcas, Lady's Companion, Park's Magazine, Floral Cabinet, and the New York Ledger. Nobody wants the Arena, Forum, North American Review, but the various "Homes," "Hearths," "Firesides," and "Households" are clamored for. The Duchess, Florence Warden, Laura Jean Libby, are in request; also Ben-Hur, and even now The Wide, Wide World and The Lamplighter. There are calls for hymn books, but none for Walt Whitman; for Talmage's sermons, but none for The Quick and the Dead.

It is evident that in her kitchen the American farmeress has "a pretty good time." She likes her business, and so far as may be makes an art of it. She has a fair purpose if indeed a "Philistine" one, and her successes are satisfactory even though not thrilling. It is seen, too, that she does almost none of the rude labor which falls to wives of *petits cultivateurs* in Europe. Now and then a Western girl writes of binding wheat and trampling hay, but such is only the picturesque toil of Homer's maids, who were not the worse for

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it, but immortal. These periodicals recognize the poultry yard as belonging to the farmer's wife, but not the kitchen garden; the dairy, but not the cows.

Housekeeping and home-making are the only responsibilities of the farmer's wife lucky enough to be American.

Semper Eadem. — If Mr. Edison could give us flashes not only of the distant in space, but of the distant in time, with what eagerness would many of us ask for a glimpse of old Athens, its streets, its houses, its spectacles, its manners! Yet something like this is already in our power, if we would but profit by it. The Characters of Theophrastus is a camera obscura, though blurred and mutilated, of Athens twenty-two centuries ago. We can quaff largely, if not our fill, of the "sweet Lesbian wine," as Aristotle styled his disciple, that philosopher and walking dictionary of his time who, though a centenarian, complained that man was so short-lived compared with stags and crows, and that death surprised him just as he was beginning to acquire knowledge. In 1786 a more correct text of the Characters, with two additional chapters, was discovered in the Vatican library, and if the Egyptian papyrus at the British Museum had contained other fragments of the work, instead of that constitution of Athens which certain scholars now deny to be Aristotle's, and others would be glad to think was not, some of us would have been better pleased. Yet the Characters, whether fragmentary or whether extracted or compiled from a larger work, is little known except as an appendix to La Bruyère, whose imitation, though a masterpiece, is of much inferior interest if only on account of its modernness. Few English translations of the work exist, and for ninety years (according to Poole) only a single article on it has appeared in any American or English magazine.

It shows human nature to be the same in all ages and climes. This picture of men's foibles and meannesses three centuries before Christ might have been drawn only yesterday. Then as now there were selfish churls, who when asked a favor pretended to be very busy or very short of money, promised to think it over, and slunk into a by-street to avoid meeting a would-be borrower. There were absent-minded men, who forgot to keep appointments, could not remember where they had put things, and having already salted a dish salted it again, so that it was uneatable. There were fidgets, who got up in the middle of the night to make sure that all was safe and that the front door was bolted, rose before a meal was ended to go and bait their horses, and were so afraid of losing the money in their purses that they were constantly counting it over. There were people devoid of tact, who interfered in a quarrel and made it worse, took the most unseasonable moment for asking a favor, brought up unsavory subjects at meals, railed against women at a wedding feast, stopped you with trivial conversation as you were starting on a journey, dragged you about sight-seeing just as you had arrived and needed rest, and if commissioned to draw up an epitaph inserted the very fact which the family wished to ignore. There were flatterers, who told you of compliments paid you behind your back, congratulated you on your good looks and youthful appearance, praised your viands, your house, or your garden, applauded an idealized portrait as a striking likeness, caressed and extolled your children, declared them to be the picture of their father, laughed immoderately at your poor witticisms, told you when fitting a boot that your handsome foot required a better shaped article, and sought to win the good graces of every foreigner by vaunting his countrymen as far superior to their own. There were grumblers and croakers, who found fault with everything, regretted the good old times, suspected everybody's sincerity, complained of habitual ill luck, were jealous of your attentions to others, found some drawback to every success, repented a purchase as soon as they had made it, and felt no gratitude for a good turn. There were scandal-mongers, who knew everything to a man's discredit, raked up disreputable ancestries, and indulged in backbiting. There were bores, who told you their dreams, gave you minute descriptions of their diningsout, chattered ceaselessly about themselves, their families, the price of provisions, informed you that rain was much wanted, asked you the day of the month, told you to-morrow was such and such a festival, apprised you they were going to the barber's, prevented your hearing the play at

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the theatre, entered into all their little ailments, and missed an appointment rather than stop chattering. Their tongues wag, says Theophrastus, as incessantly as a fish moves in the water, and flight is the only escape from their garrulity. Closely related to them were men who, anxious to be thought well informed, glibly invented circumstantial accounts of battles or other important events. There were boors, who talked in a loud tone, spoke with their mouths full, were addicted to spitting, would first refuse to lend money, and then lend it with the cynical remark that they never expected to get it back. There were dandies, who prided themselves on being well shaven, on having clean teeth (a laudable quality, surely), on having many suits of expensive clothes, on being well perfumed. There were slovens, who seldom patronized baths, or used a disagreeable-smelling oil, wore clothes too short and light or threadbare and greasy, and had long dirty nails. There were butter-fingered people, who would let fall a cup while making libations in the temple, and would giggle at their own clumsiness. There were boasters, who paraded their offerings for religious purposes, plumed themselves on their good vegetables and excellent cookery, enumerated on retiring from office all the good works they had done, magnified their wealth, claimed intimacy with famous men, pretended that a hired house was their own property, and talked of going into a larger one to accommodate their numerous visitors. There were niggards, who went only on free days to the theatre, or crept in during the performance when the money-taker had left; beat down the price of goods and insisted on getting a trifle over the weight; exacted payment of the odd farthings of a bill, but in settling one had a few drachmas counted short. They grudged every cup of wine drunk by a guest, stinted their servants' food and made them pay for breakage, rummaged the whole house to find a trifling coin, gave the smallest contributions to the temples, slunk off when a collection or subscription was imminent, reminded you of the drachma you borrowed a month ago, and claimed compound interest on loans; they forbade their wives to lend salt or flour to a neighbor, would not allow a passer-by to pluck a single fig from an overhanging tree, borrowed a garment to save their own, kept their children at home when the school term had many holidays, or pretended that they were absent from illness at the time of making presents to the master, and went into the country to escape giving a wedding present to a friend's daughter.

The reader will suspect that some of these touches are modern, or at least modernized, but they are taken literally from Theophrastus, the oldest collector of human types; for the descriptions of the sluggard, the drunkard, and the profligate in Proverbs, though probably four centuries earlier, are themes for moralizing, whereas Theophrastus simply describes, and does not moralize; neither does he idealize like the historians, nor caricature like the dramatists. His portrait gallery makes us apply to human nature the French adage, "Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose."

Playing Second Fiddle.

— I have always been disposed to pity men who come to be known, wholly or mainly, as the husbands of their wives. Such a second-hand reputation, not to call it a second-hand personality, must prove a constant humiliation, it would seem, though I gladly admit the possibility of heights and depths of conjugal unselfishness quite beyond the conception of any darkened bachelor understanding. At all events, my own feeling upon the subject is so strong that when a young friend confided to me, some time ago, his betrothal to a rising young novelist (what middle-aged unmarried man does not feel the happier for such confidences?) I urged him by no means to suffer his own youthful literary ambition to flag, lest he should be pointed at all his life, and written about after his death, as "the husband of Mrs. So-and-So." The caution was kindly meant, though I am not sure how well it was relished; but "pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall," and even while I was putting my friend upon his guard I was myself falling, not into the selfsame pit, to be sure, but into one quite as miry, if not quite so hard to get out of.

Within a comparatively short time I have moved into a rural village, bringing with me a young dog of very engaging appearance, and still more engaging manners; so very engaging, in fact, — to blurt the ugly truth out at once, — that I find

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myself recognized principally as his owner. If I venture abroad without him, as I like to assert my independence by now and then doing, the first boy I meet inquires, seemingly with no thought of disrespect, "Where 's your dog?" Indeed, I was asked that question lately by a man of sixty or seventy years. I know neither his name nor his dwelling-place (he lives in an adjoining town, I suspect), but as he drove past me he looked this way and that, evidently missing something, and then in all seriousness asked this question. The ladies, also, are without exception on good terms with Joe; smiling upon him, calling him pet names, and patting his head. This in itself is not so bad; but some of the prettiest of them, after thus greeting the dog, turn their eyes away demurely as they meet his master, who, it is to be said, has never been honored with an introduction to their acquaintance. Yet I know what they are thinking of, all the same: not "That 's Mr. So-and-So," but "What a beauty of a dog that man has!"

Only the day before yesterday, as I was trudging along a lonely road, Joe lagging in the rear, intent upon some one of his numberless errands, I heard behind me the rattle of wheels, and, turning about, saw a carriage approaching. Pretty soon some one called out briskly, "Hullo, Joe!" followed at once by a full chorus of youthful voices: "Joe!" "Joe!" "Hullo, Joe!" A minute more and the carriage drove past me without a word or a sign. In it were a man and woman, with an indefinite number of children. It was a large family, perhaps; or, for aught I know, it may have been a small Sunday-school. Whichever it was, the members of it all knew Joe, and if they thought of me it was only as a kind of appendage to him. Experiences of this sort may be wholesome, but they cannot be regarded as flattering to a man's vanity.

A week or two ago, to mention but one more of such painful occurrences, I came out of the city in rather unusual spirits. Browsing in a reading-room, I had taken up a copy of that famous journal the Revue des Deux Mondes, and in it had happened upon a not uncomplimentary reference (it was *only* a reference, I must acknowledge) to my literary ventures. This was better even than an occasional request for an autograph. I must really be getting famous. But as I stepped off the train and started homeward up the hill I overtook two small boys. One of them saluted me with a courteous "Good-morning," and after I had passed I heard the other say, "Who *is* that man?" "Oh, that 's the man that owns Joe," was the reply; "I don't know what his name is." Verily, as Poor Richard does not say, a man is known by the dog he keeps. I am expecting any day to receive my letters through the post-office addressed, —

Mr. C—— D——,
Mystic Lowlands,
Care of Joe. *Conn.*

A Child's Recollection of Liszt.

— Several summers of my childhood were passed at Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Roman pontiff, a short distance from Rome. Alongside of the crumbling wall of the palace garden a little steep street ascends to the *piazza* and the parish church. The villa in which my parents had their summer home was at the foot of this street, — a curious old house, large and low, with windows that looked out in front over a wide stretch of the Campagna towards the Eternal City, and at the back into the pontifical garden, of which the centre piece and chief glory was a stiff box-bordered flower-bed in the form of the papal tiara surmounted with the keys.

The house belonged to an old priest, a native of Corsica, whose birth was nearly contemporaneous with that of the great Napoleon, and whose mind was an unlocked cabinet of treasured anecdotes concerning the great man. We lived on the second story, with the priest, in a simple apartment with whitewashed walls. The first floor, the so-called *piano nobile*, on which our host had been more lavish of decoration, was let to a Polish lady of cultivated musical tastes, who had her piano in the salon, a quaint room hung with ancient tapestry representing the fasts and feast of the prodigal son. Our apartment boasted no musical instrument, and as I had begun to take lessons the Polish lady very kindly offered to let me practice on her piano every day during the hour of her afternoon drive.

Then I had sole possession of the tapestried room, and I confess that more dreaming than work went on there, under the

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eyes of the prodigal son and his kin. I used to study their history, my favorite picture being the banquet, where a man was inserting a knife into a large pie, revealing what looked like plump pigeons under the crust; and I remember that on one occasion, when the cook upstairs had spoiled the dinner, the sight of that pie was almost too much for a hungry child. I delighted in the piano, too, and sat playing by ear airs out of operas, and little songs such as seem to float in the very air of Italy, when I ought to have practiced my scales and five-finger exercises. But I was proud of being allowed to learn some little pieces, particularly a duet from Lucia di Lammermoor, which I looked upon as a masterpiece of subtlety and execution.

I was thumping away at that morsel one afternoon, with my eight-year-old hands stretched at last to the full extent of an octave, and my eight-year-old mind happy in the thought of having mastered all the technical difficulties of the composition, when the door opened softly and closed again, and I looked up to see a white-haired man, with a handsome, kindly, and to me very venerable countenance, standing beside me. I stopped playing in alarm, but he motioned me not to move, and said gently, in Italian: "Go on, my little girl; never mind me. I should like to hear that piece over again." Half reassured by the kindness of his manner, I began again nervously at Lucia, and somehow managed to get through it. "It is not bad," said my listener. He took hold of my hand, and showed me how the notes should be struck, and what I must aim at in practicing. "And now, if you like, I will play to you," and he sat down and played Lucia to show me how it should be done. From that he went on to other music, very different, but which seemed to me wonderfully grand, and so on and on, till, stopping at last, he saw me standing there, with eyes big with wonder and full of tears.

"You have a soul for music, child," he said; "study hard, and you will get on."

At this moment my father's voice called me from the stairway. I gathered up my books to go. The old gentleman patted me on the head as I thanked him shyly, and I ran away full of wonder and excitement.

Afterwards I heard, and later still I understood, that the musical treat of that afternoon was a privilege which many would have envied me; that the piano in the tapestried salon had vibrated under the touch of genius; that I had been listening to the great pianist, the Abbé Liszt, and, what is appalling to think of, had been playing to him.

Penelope. — What can we now affirm as to the kingliness of the "king of men," the eloquence of Nestor, the fierce valor of Achilles, worthies of the world's childhood? For that matter, how can we be sure about the attributes which memory attaches to the Homeric figures of our individual childhood? Do these figures shine by their own or by a borrowed light of morning-time fancy? I, for one, am inclined to accept without discount my childhood's galaxy of worthies. Among these a certain but half-familiar personage plays some such part in my imagination as the Scholar-Gipsy might have enacted, reappearing by rare and fugitive glimpses; especially, as, like the Scholar-Gipsy, he now seems to me to have been always awaiting the "spark from heaven."

My first distinct recollection of this personage refers to an April morning, when I, an eight-year-old child, was trying to suit the springy steps of that age to the halting ones of my grandfather, in his discontented and pleasureless daily walk. He, poor man, was bent nearly double by the ravages of rheumatism, in this respect resembling no one so much as Chaucer's graybeard who knocketh evermore upon the earth, and crieth, "Leeve mother, let me in!" As we went along the village path, our painful progress was stopped by my fancy's friend, who, after inquiring very particularly about my grandfather's perennial malady, added cheerfully: "But you must keep up good hope, sir. We all of us live on hope, you know." Now it was not the light, mellifluous, ingratiating voice of our interlocutor that so deeply impressed me, nor yet was it his notable figure, the symmetrical head and shoulders with their adornment of golden-gray hair; but it was the sudden uplifting of the face that accompanied his little homily on hope, and a certain mystical air of scrutiny where there could be no scrutiny, — for my fancy's friend was blind! To my young companions and myself he was "Blind

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'Lisha," if indeed our seniors knew him by any more formal appellation. Each year, about those days when the schoolboy listens for the little bird whose note gives the welcome warning "Time to go a-fishing!" Blind 'Lisha was wont to make his appearance, — whence coming we knew not; that and his passing, after a short sojourn and round of visiting in the village, are now most delightfully shrouded in mystery. He again crossed the orbit of our tranquil world and its interests in the autumn, doubtless then on his return to winter quarters with some relative. I only know that he could bring my mother gratefully received news from distant cousins and seldom seen friends who lived in the Purple Land of the hillward prospect. He was also made the depositary of all the most interesting recent occurrences in our neighborhood, beside being charged with many messages for those living yet farther than ourselves from the delectable Purple Land. Sitting at evening upon our doorsteps, to all that was thus imparted and enjoined he maintained an attitude of intent listening, slightly leaning forward, and always with the subtle characteristic smile of the blind playing over his handsome old face. But none of these details, however significant now, was the one which my childhood regarded as of first importance. To me the remarkable thing about Blind 'Lisha's appearance was the slender silver trumpet which hung by a cord around his neck; and yet more attractive than the trumpet itself were the trumpet's decorations, — knots and loops of various-colored ribbons, these ribbons no sooner disappearing than replaced by others as bright and as talismanic. Disappearing, I repeat, for on his arrival among us the children of the neighborhood at once flocked around him, and, expectant, raised the expected clamor, "'Lisha, please give us a ribbon!" But beyond the joy which this boon afforded was that anticipated in the question, "'Lisha, won't you tell us the name of the trumpet?" Invariable was the answer: "Penelope. And remember, children, it was Penelope gave you the ribbon, with her love."

The trumpet had its own good reason for being. It was, so to speak, the blind man's "voice crying in the wilderness;" for if on the well-known road of his summer wanderings any perplexity overtook him, he had but to blow the trumpet, which was no less effective in bringing aid than was the bugle-horn sounded in Sherwood Forest. Moreover, when he supposed himself to be near any village or "four corners," he gave a warning blast; for 'Lisha dearly loved the many-voiced and hospitable welcome which never failed him, both as an unfortunate fellow-mortal and as the purveyor of much pleasant gossip. So the trumpet was not an inexplicable matter, but how about Penelope? I wish, when I had received my blue ribbon (*blue* because I had been privately informed by the almoner of her favors that Penelope herself liked blue best), — I wish I had asked about the trumpet's christening. But I did not ask, and I have now for sole explanation only the romantic constructions of latter-day musings, based upon an apocryphal rumor of the neighborhood. There came a spring when the wanderer did not return with the little angler's sing-song bird. Commenting upon the inroads which the past winter had made upon old mortality, the report went abroad that 'Lisha would come no more. To which report it was added that in the short illness which closed his days he had asked for his trumpet. "For," he said, "I 'm coming into town, and I want to give them warning I 'm coming!" In the attempt to lift the trumpet to his lips he had dropped it, uttering some indistinct word, which those about him had conjectured to be "Penelope;" and a further interpretation had been ventured, that the sweetheart of his youth had herself come to lead him into the Celestial City.

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